

Bibliographical Note

AN UNRECORDED REISSUE OF FANSHAWE'S TRANSLATION OF THE *LUSIADS* (1664)

PORTUGAL's great epic poem *Os Lusíadas* by Luís Vaz de Camões was first published in Lisbon in 1572. By 1600 there were at least five Portuguese editions (1572, two editions; 1584, 1591, and 1597, one edition each), and by 1700 the epic had been published in Spanish, Latin, Italian, and English. The first English translation of the *Lusiads* appeared in 1655, the work of Sir Richard Fanshawe who several years later became England's ambassador to Portugal (1662-3) and Spain (1664-6). This translation is significant in that the poem is one of the few Portuguese works to be rendered into English during the seventeenth century. In his 'Epistle Dedicatorie' to the Earl of Strafford which precedes the poem, Fanshawe revealed both his admiration for Camões and his cognizance of the fact that Portuguese was being little cultivated. 'My good Lord,' he commenced, 'I can not tell how your lordship may take it, that in so uncourted a language as that of Portugall, should be found extant a Poet to rival your beloved Tasso.'

That Portuguese was 'uncourted' in England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries can be seen both from Henry Thomas's article 'English translations of Portuguese books before 1640' (*The Library*, IV, ii (1927), 1-30) and from an examination of the entries made in the *Stationers' register* during the sixteenth century as well as up to and after 1640. In the *Register* we note a preponderance of works translated or to be so from the French, a goodly number from Latin and Italian, and a smaller number from Spanish (though larger than from Portuguese). Of the Portuguese books translated before 1640 Thomas mentioned a scant forty among which only a few were translated from the original.

One of the more notable translations made after 1640, however, was of Camões's *Lusiadas*, which was entered in the *Stationers' register* by Humphrey Moseley on 16 August 1655. While no second edition of this English verse translation by Fanshawe appeared until almost three centuries later, a reissue of it was published in 1664 by Moseley's wife Anne. No record of the reissue has been found in any of the standard bibliographies and catalogues examined, which is not the case with Fanshawe's English version of Guarini's *Il pastor fido*, published by Mrs. Moseley in a second edition that same year. A copy of this unrecorded seventeenth-century reissue of the *Lusiads* has recently been discovered in the University of Illinois Library, Urbana.¹ The book was acquired by them on 21 October 1940 from an English bookseller named Brown, and bears the entry 'E libris Rev. Ricarde Smith, Edenson,

¹ Credit for this discovery goes to Professor Francis M. Rogers of Harvard University, who brought this copy to my attention while I was teaching at Illinois.

Chatsworth, Derbyshire'. I have compared this second issue with seven copies of the first edition of 1655: two at the Library of Harvard University, and one each at the Boston Public Library, the New York Public Library, the University of Illinois at Urbana, the Newberry Library, and the Hispanic Society of America. The method of procedure followed was to make a page-for-page and line-for-line collation of the second issue with the two copies of the first edition at Harvard. The differences were recorded and then checked against the remaining five copies. The results are noted below. The variant readings among the preliminaries occur only in the Latin text of leaf A3^v, and are as follows:

Line	1655	1664
10	<i>partum</i>	<i>partam</i>
10-11	<i>Effugien- dum</i>	<i>Effugien- endum</i>
11	<i>utilitate</i>	<i>vilitate</i>
16	<i>versum</i>	<i>visam</i>
16	<i>belli</i>	<i>billi</i>
22	<i>ultimam</i>	<i>ultimum</i>

The next list comprises the variations noted between the reading of the 1655 text of the *Lusiads* and that bearing the 1664 title-page. The asterisks in the far right column below designate the same reading in another copy—one for the Boston Public Library and two for the Hispanic Society of America.

Page	<i>Lusiads</i>	1655	1664
3	I. 9. 3	such,	such
3	I. 11. 8	true.	true
6	I. 24. 4	Lutus	Lusus
6	I. 25. 5	Castilian-warrior	Castillian-warrior
38	II. 75. 8	command	commands
82	IV. 35. 2	he art	heart
102	V. 34. 2	Forthwith	Forth with
102	V. 34. 5	nought	nough t
113	V. 86. 2	desp rate	desprate
113	V. 88. 7	slaves;	slaves
113	V. 89. 3	Harpies	Harpis
120	VI. 23. 6	cockles	cackles
126	VI. 50. 6	Knight	Khight
145	VII. 45. 8	Tow'r	Tower*
145	VII. 47. 7	God-Man	God Man*
145	VII. 48. 1	paire	payre*
164	VIII. 52. 8	Grandeas	Grandes**

In the preliminaries of the reissue the variants *partam*, *Effugien- | endum*, *billi*, and *ultimum*, and in the *Lusiads* the variants *such*, *true*, *commands*, *Forth with*, *nough t*, *desprate*, *slaves*, *Harpis*, *cackles*, *Khight*, *God Man*, and *Grandes* were not those intended. This would suggest that they represent earlier states and that the 1655 readings given in the lists above are actually press

corrections of them. This explanation would also apply to v. 89. 2 where the *l* of *Calypsoes*, in the reissue only, was replaced by the foot of an em quad, itself presumably replaced later by the missing *l*. Aside from *vilitate*

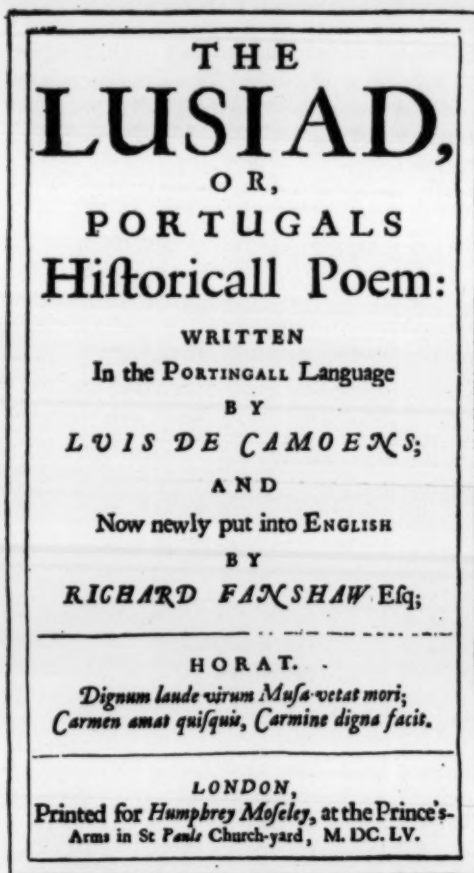


FIG. 1. By courtesy of the University of Illinois Library, Urbana.
Size of original (within outer rules): 254 × 135 mm.

and *visam* in the preliminaries, and *Lusus* and *heart* in the epic, there is no further evidence to show that the reissue may have taken place to correct the numerous typographical errors found in the first edition that Fanshawe himself had complained about. On the contrary, the reissue contains most of the misprints and raised, lowered, and broken letters observed in the first edition of 1655. Obvious errors taken at random such as *nnfaln* (ii. 36. 2), *benmms* (iv. 84. 6), *Alexanedrs* (v. 95. 2), and *rnn* (ix. 74. 6), for example, are

found in all eight copies. In n. 86. 8 *honor* is found in the reissue and in the copies at the Boston Public Library, the Hispanic Society of America, and in those at Harvard. The reissue of the *Lusiads* most likely occurred while

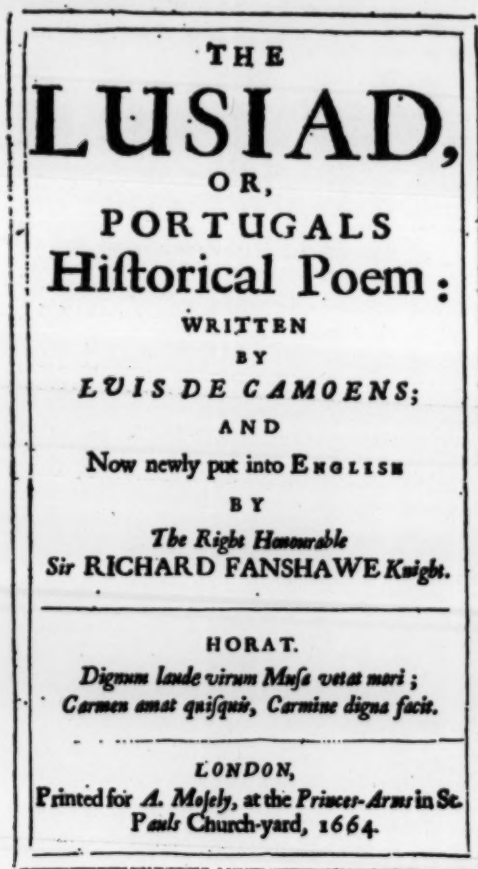


FIG. 2. By courtesy of the University of Illinois Library, Urbana.
Size of original (within outer rules): 251 × 130 mm.

Fanshawe was out of the country. He had left England for Spain on 31 January 1664 and arrived at Cadiz towards the end of February. His absence could have conveniently afforded Mrs. Moseley the opportunity to reissue with a new title-page the old 1655 sheets she still had on hand.

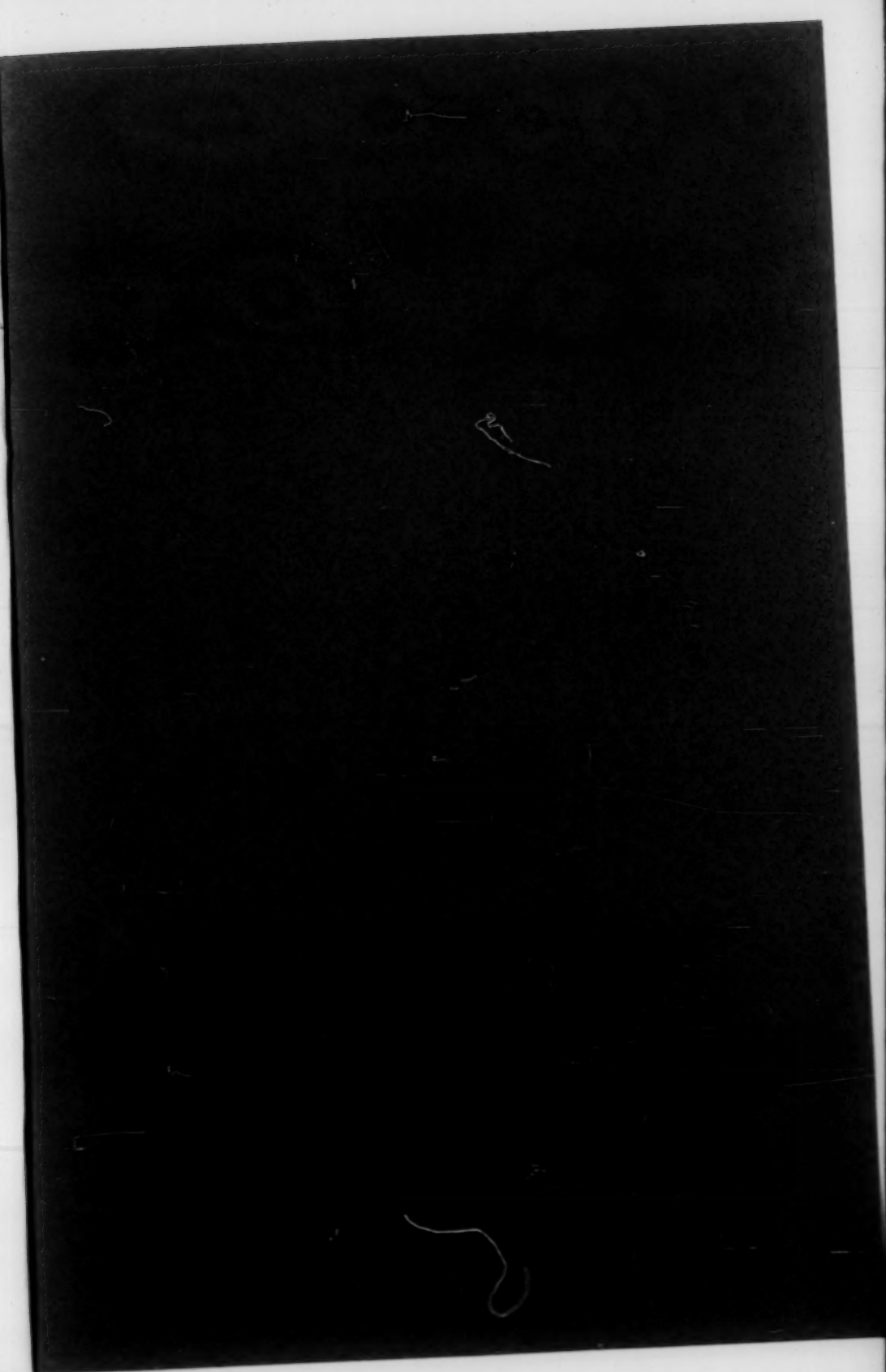
In any event all that was new was the title-page. In comparing it with that of the first edition (Figs. 1 and 2) we note several contrasts in spelling and punctuation—*Historicall*/*Historical*, *Fanshaw*/*Fanshawe*, *Prince's-Arms*/

Princes-Arms, and *St/St.*. Further alterations in the 1664 title-page include the omissions of *In the PORTINGALL Language* and of all save one of the several swash letters found in the title-page of the first edition. There is also a difference in the titles used with Fanshawe's name and a change in publisher from Humphrey Moseley to his wife Anne who had taken over her husband's business after his death in 1661. With regard to the titles, that of *Right Honourable* pays due respect to Fanshawe's appointment in 1662 as Privy Councillor of Ireland, and in 1663, of England. In 1650 he was made a baronet, hence the *Sir* prefixed to his name, although it was not included on the earlier title-page. The title of *knight* is the result of Fanshawe's having been knighted by Charles II in 1660, even though he had already received the higher rank of baronet.

Although the 1664 reissue of the first edition of the *Lusiads* is not included in Wing, the largest number of books entered in Wing that bear Anne Moseley's imprint is for that year. These books, six in all, were also published previously by her husband and were put out by her either as a reissue or in the form of a new edition.

Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts

MILDRED E. VIEIRA



THE
LUSIAD,
OR,
PORTUGALS
Historical Poem:

WRITTEN

BY

LUIS DE CAMOENS;

AND

Now newly put into ENGLISH

BY

The Right Honourable
Sir RICHARD FANSHAWE Knight.

HORAT.

*Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori ;
Carmen amat quisquis, Carmine digna facit.*

LONDON,

Printed for *A. Mosely*, at the *Princes-Arms* in *St. Pauls Church-yard*, 1664.

LVIS DE

CAMOENS



SPAIN *gaue me noble Birth: Coimbra, Acts:*
 LISBON, *a high-plac't loue, and Courtly parts:*
 AFFRICK, *a Refuge when the Court did frowne:*
 WARRE, *at an Eye's expence, a faire renowne*
 TRAVAYLE, *experience, with noe short sight*
Of India, and the World; both which I write
 INDIA *a life, which I gaue there for Lost*
On Mecons waues (a wreck and Exile) tost
To boot, this POEM, held up in one hand
Whilst with the other I swam safe to land.
 TASSO, *a sonet; and (what's greater yit)*
The honour to giue Hints to such a witt
 PHILIP *a Cordiall, (the ill Fortune see!)*
To cure my Wants when those had new kill'd mee
My Country (Nothing — yes) Immortall Prayse
(so did I, Her) Beasts cannot browze on Bayes.

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THE
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OF
PORTUGALS
Historical Poem:

TRANSLATED
BY
JOSEPH CAMDEN
AND

Now newly put into English

BY
The Right Honourable
Sir RICHARD FANSHAW Knight.

PROLOGUE
Carmen ante disquis, Carmine digna facit
Disquis laude virum Musa vocat mores;

LONDON
Printed for A. Moxley, at the Princes-Arms in St.
Pauls Church-yard, 1664



To the Right Honorable

W I L L I A M

E A R L of

S T R A F F O R D, &c.

My good Lord,



Can *not* tell how your Lordship may take it, that in so *uncourted* a language, as that of PORTUGALL, should be found extant a Poet to rival your beloved TASSO. How *himself* took it, I *can*; for he was heard to say (his great JERUSALEM being then an *Embrio*) HE FEARED NO MAN BUT

CAMOENS: Notwithstanding which, he bestow'd a Sonet in his praise. But, admitting the TUSCAN Superior; yet, as He (with some anger) of GUARINI, when he saw, by the unquestionable *Verdict* of all ITALY, so famous a LAUREATE as *himself* by that man's PASTOR FIDO outstript in the Dramatick way of Poetry; SE NON HAVUTO VISTO IL MIO AMINTA ---- (because indeed the *younger*, for a *List* in this kind, was *beholding* to the Elder): So, and for the same

cause,

A 2

1113566

The Epistle DEDICATORIE.

cause, might my PORTINGALL have retorted upon Him with reference to his own *Epick* way; IF HE HAD NOT SEEN MY LUSIAD, HE HAD NOT EXCELL'D IT.

Since then I find, HORACE, in the days of old, held himself accountable to his potent friend LOLLIO for the profits of those vacant hours, which he past in his proper *Villa*, whilst LOLLIO lay *Ledger* in ROME about that which was the great *Domestick* glory of the ROMAN NOBILITIE of those Times;

Hor. lib. 3.
Epist. 2.

*Trojani belli Scriptorem, maxime Lolli,
Dum Tu declamas Romæ, Præneste relegi :*

Whilst thou (Great LOLLIO) in ROME dost plead,
I, in PRÆNESTE, have all HOMER Read :

How much more obliged am I to bring unto your Lordship this TREASURE-TROVE, which (as to the second life, or rather *Being*, it hath from me in the *English-Tongue*) is so truly a *Native* of YORKSHIRE, and holding of your Lordship, that, from the hour I began it, to the end thereof, I slept not once out of these Walls ?

And, if the same HORACE proceed;

*Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid Turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plinius ac melius Cbrysippo & Crantore, dicit :*

Who, what is *Right*, what *not*, what *brave*, what *base*,
Clearer and better then the STOICKS, says :)

Whether this Poet also (however *disfigur'd* in the translating, yet still retaining the old materials, both *Politick* and *Moral*, on a truer and more Modern Frame of Story and Geography then that of HOMER

— *Et, quamvis plebeio tectus Amictu,
Indocilis privata loqui)*

Shall

The Epistle DEDICATORIE.

shall not be valuable upon the like account, I appeal to
your Lordship, whose *devoted* (since he turn'd *Englisb-*
man) he *is*, by the *title* I have already mentioned, and by
as many more, as I am

MY LORD,

*From your Lordships
Park of Tankersley
May 1. 1655.*

Your Lordships

humble servant

RICHARD FANSHAW.

Petronii



Petronii Arbitri SATYRICON :

pag. 48.



Multos, inquit *Eumolpus*, O juvenes, *carmen* decipit. Nam ut quisque versum pedibus instruxit, sensumque teneriorem verborum ambitu intexuit, putavit se continuo in *Helliconem* venisse. Sic forensibus Ministeriis excercitati, frequenter ad carminis tranquillitatem, tanquam ad portum faciliorem refugerunt: credentes facilius *Poema* extrui posse, quam *controversiam* sententiolis vibrantibus pictam. Cæterum neque generosior spiritus vanitatem amat, neque concipere aut edere partam mens potest, nisi ingenti flumine literarum inundata. Effugiendum est ab omni verborum (ut ita dicam) vilitate, & sumendæ voces à plebe summotæ, ut fiat, *Odi profanum vulgus & arceo*. Præterea curandum est, ne sententiæ emineant extra corpus rationis expressæ, sed intexto Vestibus colore niteant. *HOMERUS* testis, & *Lyrici*, Romanusque *VIRGILIUS*, & *HORATII* curiosa felicitas. Cæteri enim aut non viderunt viam quâ iretur ad carmen, aut visam timuerunt calcare. Ecce *bisli civilis* ingens opus! quisquis attigerit, nisi plenus literis, sub onere labetur. Non enim res gestæ versibus comprehendendæ sunt (quod longè melius historici faciunt) sed per ambages Deorumque ministeria, & fabulosum sententiarum tormentum præcipitandus est liber spiritus: ut potius furentis animi vaticinatio appareat, quam religiosæ orationis sub testibus fides: Tanquam si placet hic imperus etfi nondum recepit ultimum manum.

Orbem jam totum victor Romanus habebat:
Qua mare, qua terræ, qua fidus currit utrumque:
Nec satiatus erat. Gravidis freta pulsa carinis
Jam peragrabantur. Siquis Sinus abditus ultra,
Siqua foret tellus quæ fulvum mitteret aurum,
Hostis erat: fatisque in tristia bella paratis
Quærebantur opes. Non vulgò nota placebant
Gaudia: non usu plebeio trita voluptas.
Æs Ephyræum laudabat miles: in udâ
Quæsitus tellure nitor certaverat ostro:
Hinc Numidæ lapides, illinc nova vellera feres,
Atque Arabum populus sua despoliaverat arva.
Ecce aliæ clades, & læsæ vulnera pacis.
Quæritur in Sylvis Mauris fera: & ultimus Hammon
Afrorum excutitur: ne desit bellua dente
Ad mortes pretiosa: fames premit advena classes:

Tygris



Out of the Satyr of Petronius Arbiter, pag 48.

Young men, young men, (said Eumolpus) this same thing called Poetry hath deceived many: for if a man have but set a Verse upon it's feet, and swathed his weaker matter with a winding about of words, he thinks himself presently over head and eares in Helicon. Therefore, those who have got the practice of pleading or declaiming in publike, have frequently fled to the tranquillity of versifying, as to a gentler port: believing it easier to compile a Poem, than an Argument embelish'd with little sparkling Sentences. But neither doth a more generous spirit affect a tympany, nor a mind conceive, or can be delivered of this birth, that overflows not with a mighty torrent of learning: There must be a flying all cheapness (as I may say) of words, and such language cull'd out as is above the common people. This is to hate the lay vulgar, and to make them know their distance. Moreover there must be a Care that the Sentences do not hang out like tassels from the body of the matter, but shine woven thereinto like gold into a silken-garment; witness HOMER, and the Lyricks, and Roman VIRGIL, and HORACE his curious felicity. For others either saw not the way of Poetry, or (seeing) feared to tread it. Behold a great Task, THE CIVIL WAR: Whoever will touch that burthen (unless abounding with letters) shall sink under it. For not things done should be comprehended in verse, (which is much better performed by Historians) but the free spirit must throw it self headlong in digressions, and in personatings of Gods, and in fabulous ornaments upon the rack of invention: that it may seem rather an ebullition of some prophetick truths, amidst a world of pleasant extravagancies, from a breast-inflamed with fury; than a deposition, as of sworn witnesses to tell the truth, all the truth, and nothing but the truth: As for example, this rapture, though it have not received the last hand.

Now conquering Rome did all the world controule,
From East to West, from one to th'other pole:
Yet was not satisfied. The plough'd-up Sea
With brazen keels, was made her common way.
If any nook were hid, if any Land
(Which yellow Gold afforded) lay beyond;
It was a foe, and covetous anger seiz'd
Whatever wealth. No vulgar pleasure pleas'd:
No worn plebeian joy. The Soldiers dight
Their meat in Silver: and (from Rivers fishes)
The Purple of the Land rivall'd the Sea's.
Here Lybian stones, there silks (the new disease)
And their perfum'd fields, ARABIANS' fleece.
Lo other spoils and wounds of injur'd Peace!
In woods is sought the Mauritanian beast,
And AFRICK's farthest Hammon hunted, least

That

Furor Petroniensis.

Tigris, & auratâ gradiens vectatur in aulâ,
Ut bibat humanum (populo plaudente) cruorem.
Heu pudet-effari, perituraque prodere fata!
Perfarum ritu male pubescentibus annis
Suri puère viros, exectaue viscera ferro
In venerem fregère: atque ut fuga mobilis ævi
Circumscripta mora properantes differat annos:
Quærit se natura, nec invenit: omnibus ergo
Scorta placent, fractique enervi corpore gressus
Et laxi crines, & tot nova nomina vestis,
Quæque virum quærunt. Ecce Afris eruta terris
Citrea mensa, greges servorum, ostrumque renidens
Ponitur, ac maculis imitatur vilibus aurum:
Quæ turbant censum, hostile, ac male nobile lignum
Turba sepulta mero circumvenit, omniaque orbis
Præmia correptis miles vagus extruit armis.
Ingeniosa gula est: Siculo scarus æquore merfus
Ad mensam vivus perducitur: inde Lucrinis
Eruta littoribus condunt conchylia cænas:
Ut renovent per damna famem: jam Phasidos unda
Orbata est avibus, multoque in litore cantum
Solæ desertis aspirant frondibus auræ.
Nec minor in campo furor est: emptique Quirites
Ad prædam strepitumque lucri suffragia vertunt.
Venalis populus: venalis curia Patrum:
Est favor in pretio: senibus quoque libera virtus
Exciderat: sparsisque opibus conversa potestas:
Ipsaque majestas auro corrupta jacebat.
Pellitur à populo victus Cato: tristior ille est
Qui vicit, fascesque pudet rapuisse Catoni.
Namque hoc dedecus est populi, morumque ruina.
Non homo pulsus erat, sed in uno victa potestas,
Romanumque decus: quare tam perdita Roma
Ipsa sui merces erat, & sine vindice præda.
Præterea gemino deprensam gurgite prædam,
Fænoris ingluvies, ulusque exederat æris.
Nulla est certa domus: nullum sine pignore corpus:
Sed veluti tabes tacitis concepta medullis,
Intra membra furens, hiris latrantibus errat.
Arma placent miseris; detritaue commodo luxu
Vulneribus reparantur: inops audacia tuta est.
Hoc merfam cæno Romam, somnoque jacentem
Quæ poterant artes sanâ ratione movere,
Ni furor, & bellum, furoque excita libido:
Tres tulerat fortuna duces, quos obruit omnes
Armorum stræ diversâ feralis Enyo.
Crassum Parthus habet: Libyco jacet æquore Magnus:
Julius ingratham perfudit sanguine Romam.
Et, quasi non possêt tot Tellus ferre Sepulchra,
Divicit cineres: hos gloria reddit honores,

Petronius his Rapture.

*That Monster should be wanting, which is slain
Because his tooth sells deare, instead of Graine.
Armenian Tigers our Corn-fleets import,
To be led stalking in a gilded Court :
And quaffe (the people clapping) humane blood.
I blush to speak, and broach Fates violent flood.
In Persian guise (yeares ripening to their harm)
They grub man up, and with a knife disarm
The apt for Venus wars : and, whiles this checks
Time's horse in his full speed, lost nature seeks
And cannot find her self : so all approve
Male Concubines, and which, like Geldings move
Broke to a pace : Love-locks and Cloaths which speak
All Countreys, and no man. Behold they break
Numidian ground ! a Citrian board comes out
On painted Carpets plac'd, and round about
A Troop of waiters stand : and, drown'd in wine,
Upon the floor wallows an herd of Swine.
A Tree which did a Patrimony cost,
Fetcht (for the ruine of a Land) to boast
A new Nobility, did counterfeit
With spots the cheaper gold : On which were set
By the Earth-rounding-Soldier (that now hurl'd
His Arms aside) the spoils of all the world.
His throat had wit. A Terbot, that did dive
In Corfick Seas, rose at his Board alive,
There Oysters pull'd out of the Lucrine lake,
Onely for Sawce to lure his hunger back.
Now Phasian waves are of their birds bereft :
And the dumb banks (save winds) have nothing left
To sing amongst the widowed leaves : As dire
Is the field's fury : The base Romans hire
Their votes out for the chime, and touch of Gold.
A venal people : venal Senate fold
Favour : even Age let her free vertue fall,
And right by bribes was justled to the wall :
And Majesty lay flat, with gold sought out,
Cato himself repuls'd was by the rout.
He that o'recame more sad, who blush'd to see
That Cato should have fewer votes than he :
For 'twas the people's, and the time's disgrace :
'Twas not a man, but virtue lost the place,
And the old Roman honor : here then lyes
Rome her own Merchant, and own merchandise :
Besides now use on use, mens principals
So swell'd, it overwhelm'd them. No man calls
His house his own. None mingag'd : but debt
Like to a lingering disease, doth fret
Into their barking bowels, being pain'd
They cry to Arms : and wealth with ryor drayn'd
Must heal with wounds : safe W A N T sets on fire.*

Cast

Furor Petronienſis.

Eſt locus exciſo penitus demerſus hiatu,
Parthenopen inter, magnæque Dicharchidos arva,
Cocytâ perſuſus aquâ, nam ſpiritus extra
Qui furit effuſus funeſto ſpargitur æſtu.
Non hæc Autumno tellus viret, aut alit herbas
Ceſpite lætus ager: non verno perſona cantu
Mollia diſcordi ſtrepitu virgulta loquuntur:
Sed chaos, & nigro ſquallentia pumice ſaxa
Gaudent ferali circumtumulata cupreſſu;
Has inter ſedes Ditis pater extulit ora,
Buſtorum flammis & canâ ſparſa favillâ:
Ac tali volucrem Fortunam voce laceſſit.

Rerum humanarum, divinarumque potestas,
Fors cui nulla placet nimium ſecura potestas,
Quæ nova ſemper amas & mox poſſeſſa relinquis:
Ecquid Romano ſentis te pondere victam?
Nec poſſe ulterius perituram extollere molem?
Ipſa tuas vires odit Romana juventus,
Et quas ſtruxit opes, male ſuſtinet, aspice lætæ
Luxuriam ſpoliorum & cenſum in dæmna furentem.
Ædificant atro ſedesque ad ſydera mittunt.
Expelluntur aquæ ſaxis: mare naſcitur arvis,
Et permutatâ rerum ſtatione rebellant.
En etiam mea regna petunt, profeſſa dehincit
Molibus inſanis tellus, jam montibus hauſtis
Antra gemunt: & dum varios lapis invenit uſus,
Inferni manes cœlum ſperare jubentur.
Quare age, Fors, muta pacatum in prælia vulgum
Romanosque cie, ac noſtris da funera regnis.
Jam pridem nullo perfundimus ora cruore,
Nec mea Tiſiphone ſitientes perluit artus,
Ex quo ſullanus bibit enſis & horrida tellus
Extulit in lucem nutritas ſanguine fruges.

Hæc ubi dicta dedit dextræ conjungere dextram
Conatus, rupto tellurem ſolvit hiatu.

Tunc Fortuna levi defudit pectore voces:

O genitor, cui Cocyti, penetralia parent
Si modo vera mihi fas eſt impune profari,
Vota tibi cedent, nec enim minor ira rebellat
Pectore in hoc, leviorque exurit flamma medullas.
Omnia quæ tribui Romanis arcibus, odi;
Muneribusque meis irasco: deſtruet iſtas
Idem, qui poſuit moles Deus, & mihi cordi
Quippe cremare viros, & ſanguine paſcere luxum.
Cerno equidem geminâ jam ſtratos morte Philippos,
Theſſaliaque rogos, & funera gentis Iberæ.
Jam fragor armorum trepidantes perſonat aures.
Et Libyæ cerno tua Nile gementia clauſtra
Actiacosque Sinus, & Apollonis arma frementis.
Pande age terrarum ſitientia regna tuarum;

Petronius his Rapture.

Cast in this sleep, and ~~nowling~~ *in this mizer*
 What reasons can make Rome, ~~but war and blood~~
 Which till th' are felt, are never ~~understood~~

Fortune had rais'd three Captains, all which feel
 In several ways Enyo's mortal fell.
 In Asia Crassus; Affrick Pompey slain;
 Ungrateful Rome great Julius blood did stain
 And Earth, to poize her load, by portions just,
 (Greatness found this respect) divides their dust.

A wide-mouth'd vault descends to Hell's black-ball;
 'Twixt great Dicarchis fields, and Naples mall,
 Lav'd with Cocytus streams, whence all the beath
 About is blasted with a Sulph'rous breath:
 Where Autumn is the mother of no fruits,
 Out of the Summers Turf no glad herb sheets,
 No tender sprigs, inspir'd by vernal songs,
 Are heard to warble with melodious tongues:
 But Chaos, and rocks sweating with black dew,
 Delight in Canopies of fatal hue.

Here Pluto rose in funeral flames and smoke,
 And with these words light Fortune did provoke,

Divine-and-humane-things-commanding-Power,
 Fortune, that likest no height that's too secure,
 That lov'st new things, and (gain'd) discard'st them straight,
 Shrink'st thou not yet beneath the Roman weight,
 Unable longer to support the Tower

Of Romes recoyling Greatness? Their own Power
 The Roman youth abhor, nor bear the piles
 Of wealth they rais'd. See their vast Lux of spoyles,
 And riches curs'd into a punishment!

They build in Gold, and to the Firmament
 Exalt their seats. Here Seas with stones expel,

There let them in with Sluces, and rebel
 Against inverted Nature. Not I'scape

The earth delv'd through for their wild Heaps doib gape;
 The Mountains shovell'd down: the caves now groan

There, whilst for several uses they dig stone.
 Th' Infernal Ghosts are bid to hope for day:

Then Fortune turn thy smiles to dreadful frow:
 Possess with rage the Roman breasts, and throng

Our Realms with funerals. Methinks 'tis long
 Since these black jaws have been with Gore imbrew'd;

Since my Tisiphone hath bath'd in blood
 Her thirsty limbs: since Sylla's sword was drunke,

And horrid Earth nurs'd fruits from humane trunk,
 This said, and striving to give her his hand,

With reaching up he brake the cleaving Land:
 Then Fortune thus from fickle bosome says,

O Sire, whom all on that side Styx obeys,
 If without danger I the crush may tell

Thy wish is granted thee: nor to rebel

Furor Petronianus.

Atque animas arcesse novas. Vix navia Portumque

Sufficiet simulacra virum tradere cimba.

Classe opus est. Tuque ingenti fadare ruina

Pallida Tisiphone, confiscae vulnera mande.

Ad Stygios manes laceratus ducitur orbis.

Vix dum finierat, quum fulgure rupta ceresce

Intremuit nubes, elisoque abiecit ignes.

Subsedit pater umbrarum, gremioque seducto

Telluris, pavitans fraternos palluit ictus.

Continuo clades hominum venturaque caecum

Auspiciis patuere Deum, namque ora crevulo

Deformis Titan vultus edigine texit.

Civiles acies jam tum spirare putares.

Parte alia plenos extinxit Cynthia vultus,

Et lucem sceleri subduxit. rupta sonabant

Verticibus lassos montis juga, nec vaga passum

Flumina per notas ibant morientia ripas.

Armorum strepitu coelum fuit & tuba Martem

Sideribus transmissa ciet, jamque Aetna voratur

Ignibus insolitis, & in aethera fulmina misce.

Ecce inter tumulos atque ossa carentia bustis

Vmbrarum facies diris stridore minatur.

Fax stellis comitata novis incendia ducit;

Sanguineoque recens descendit Juppiter imbre.

Hæc ostenta brevi solvit Deus. Exiit omnes

Quippe moras Cæsar, vindictæque actus amore

Gallica projecit, civilia sustulit arma.

Alpibus aeris, ubi Graio nomine pulsæ

Descendunt rupes, & se patiuntur adiri,

Est locus Herculeis aris sacer, hunc nive dura

Claudat hiems, canoque ad sydera vertice tollit:

Coelum illinc cecidisse putēs. non solum adulei

Manufescit radiis, non verni temporis aura:

Sed glacie concreta rigens, hiemisque pruinis

Totum ferre potest humeris immanibus orbem.

Hæc ubi calcavit Cæsar juga milite læto,

Optavitque locum, summo de vertice montis

Hesperia campos late prospexit, & ambas

Intentans cum voce manus ad sidera, dixit:

Juppiter omnipotens, & tu Sarrania Tellus

Armis læta meis, olimque onerata triumphis:

Testor ad has acies invitum arcescere Martem,

Invitas me ferre manus, sed vulnere cogor,

Pulsus ab urbe mea, dum Rhenum sanguine vineo,

Dum Gallos iterum Caputolia nostra petentes

Alpibus excludo: vincendo, certior exul:

Sanguine Germano, sexagintaque triumphis,

Esse nocens coepi, quanquam quos gloria terret,

Aut qui sunt, qui bella volunt: mercibus emptæ,

Ac viles operæ; quorum est mea Roma nocera,

Petronius his Rapture.

Have I less mind than thou: or boyles my womb
With a less rage. All I bestow'd on Rome
I hate, and am fallen out with my delight:
The God that rais'd these walls, the same shall slight.
The sweet of burning Towns, of sucking blood,
Is by me also fully understood.
I see Philippi with two Chiefs there slain:
Thessalian tombs: and funerals of Spain.
The clash of Arms now strikes my trembling care:
The groans of Libya: and her Nile I hear:
And Actian waves: and Sol cry, on. Expand
The thirsty Kingdoms of thy silent Land:
And get more Furies help. A boat's too small
For Charon to waft o're his souls withal:
It asks a FLEET: and pale Tisiphone
With the great ruine do thou gorged be:
With ragged tushes chaw the tender wounds:
The mangled world descends to Stygian sounds:
Scarce had she spoke, when (elest with lightning sheen)
Trembles a cloud, and darts squeez'd, fire between.
The King of Shades into earth's bosome sunk:
And from his Brother's thunder frighted, shrunk.
Forthwith the fates of men, and ills to come
Heaven shows by signes: for the deformed Sun
Veils with a mist his blushing face, as far
From giving count'enance to a civil war.
The Moon at full (to leave them grasping) pops
Her light out too. The palsy'd Mountain-tops
(Supported with weak necks) come thundring down.
Nor wand'ring Rivers run in channels known,
To dye a natural death. Armies appear
In th'Ayre, and Trumpets (even in his own sphere)
Alarm Mars. Now hotter Aetna burns,
And thunderbolts for thunderbolts returns.
Lo! 'mongst the Tombs and disinterred bones,
The Gasty shadows send up baleful groans!
A blazing-Star draws an unusual train:
And a new Jove descends in bloody rain:
Heav'n soon these signes expounds: for Cæsar drove
With his own speed, and sweet revenges love,
Threw down the Gallick, Civil Arms took up.
On cloudy Alps, where, winding to the top,
The rocks made passable by Græcian hands,
A Temple sacred to Alcides stands.
'Tis thatch'd with crusted Snow, and blends its gray
Head to the Stars: how like the milky way!
It thaws not with the Sun's Meridian rays,
Nor with the Spring's warm breath: but paw'd with loys
Of Ice and feathered Rain, the Heaven it bears:
For it both threatens and supports the spheres.
When He (the Soldier glad) these cliffs did tread,

And

Furor Petroniensis. 9

Ut reor, haud impune; nec hanc sine vindice dextram
 Vinciet ignavus. victores ire ferentes
 Ite mei comites, & causam dicite ferro.
 Namque omnes unum crimen vocat, omnibus una
 Impeadet clades. reddenda est gratia vobis:
 Non solus vici. quare, quia poena trophæis
 Imminet, & sordes meruit victoria nostra.
 Iudice fortuna cadat alea sumite bellum,
 Et tentate manus, certe mea causa peracta est.
 Inter tot fortes armatus nescio vinci.

Hæc ubi personavit, de coelo Delphicus ales
 Omnia læta dedit, pepulitque meatibus antras.
 Nec non horrendi nemoris de parte sinistra
 Insolita voces flamma sonuere sequenti.
 Ipse nitor Phœbi vulgato lætior orbe
 Crevit, & aurato præcinxit fulgure vultus.
 Fortior omnibus movit Mavortia signa
 Cæsar; & insolito gressu, prior occupat haustus.
 Prima quidem glacies, & cana iuncta pruina
 Non pugnavit humus, mitique horrore quievit:
 Sed postquam turmæ nimbos fregere ligatos,
 Et pavidus quadrupes undarum vincula rupit,
 Incaluerunt nives, mox flumina montibus altis
 Undabant modo nata: sed hæc quoque iussa putares.
 Stabant & vinctæ fluctus stupuere pruina:
 Et paulo ante lues jam concidenda jacebat.
 Tum vero malefida prius vestigia lussit,
 Decepitque pedes. passim turmæque virique,
 Armaque congesta strue deplorata jacebant.
 Ecce etiam rigido concussæ flamine nubes
 Exonerabantur, nec rupti turbine venti
 Deerant aut tumida contractum grandine coelum:
 Ipsæ jam nubes ruptæ super arma cadebant,
 Et concreta gelu Ponti velut unda ruebat.
 Victa erat ingenti Tellus nive, victaque coeli
 Sidera, victa suis hærentia flumina ripis:
 Nondum Cæsar erat: sed magnam nixus in hastam
 Horrida securis frangebatur gressibus arva:
 Qualis Caucaëa decurrens arduus arce
 Amphitryoniades, aut torvo Juppiter ore,
 Quum se verticibus magni demisit Olympi,
 Et periturorum disjecit tela Gigantum.
 Dum Cæsar tumidas iratus deprimat arces:
 Interea volucer motis conterrita pennis
 Fama volat, summique petit juga celsa Palati:
 Atque hoc Romano attonito fert omnia signa:
 Jam classes fluitare mari, totasque per Alpes
 Fervere Germano perfusas sanguine turmas.
 Arma cruor, cædes, incendia, totaque bella
 Ante oculos volitant, ergo pulsata tumultu

Petronius his Rapture.

*And touch'd his wishes, from the Mountains head
Stretching his voice, (the Latian fields survey'd)*

And both his hands to Heav'n, thus Cæsar said.

*All powerful Jove, and thou Saturnian Land
Triumphant oft, safe always by my hand,*

Witness I come unwilling to this warre,

Unwilling Clash: but such my prand wrongs are,

Expos'd my Country, whilst I paint with blood

The Rhine, whilst I the Galls the Alps exclude,

Threat'ning again the Capitoll. Exil'd

Farther by conquering more: the Germanes foy'd,

And sixty triumphs are my crime. But who

Denounce this war? Blind with our beams a crew

Of trading Soules step-children to my Rome,

But they (I think) shall know too upon whom

Nor shall mechanick hands bind these with cords.

Go mine: Go victors: plead the Cause with Swords.

We all are in one fault: one shame threats all:

You conquer'd too. If punishment must fall

On them that beat, if this our triumph be,

Let the Dye fall, and Fortune judge for me.

Take up the war they throw you: try your force:

If overcome, my case can be no worse.

But arm'd, and with such men, that ne're can hap.

This said, the Delphick bird her wings did clap,

(An Omen good) and in a wood beside

A Bay-tree crackling in strange fire was 'sp'd.

Apollo's self shone brighter then he w'd,

And had a golden glory circumfus'd:

Stronger then Omens, Cæsar did advance,

And with unwonted pace first snatch'd a Lance.

First bound with ice, and candied with the driffe

The earth was quiet with dull horror stiffe:

But when the Troops the clouds gives off, did take,

And trembling horses the waves fatters brake,

The heat snaws melted, streight new rivers hurst

Out of the hills: these also streight were forc'd

To make a stand: whilst (so) new ice appoures,

And liquid late make work for Pioneers:

Then first deceiv'd the feet the slipp'ry ground,

And tript them up, Men, Arms, and whole Ranks, (round)

In heaps deplor'd: big clouds with tempest's stroke,

Their burthens threw. Nor blasts with whistle-winds broke,

Were wanting there, or volleys of gross haile.

The concrete raine fell rattling on the Mayle,

Like showres of Arrows from a Parthian bow:

The Earth was overcome with a deep snow:

The Lamps of heaven o'recome, with Christal his

The Rivers overcome, Cæsar not yet:

But leaning on his speare, that would not yield,

With sagme steps he brake the horrid field:

Furor Petronienſis.

Pectora per dubias ſcinduntur territa cauſas.
Huic fuga per terras illi magis unda probatur.
Et patria eſt Pontus, jam tutior eſt magis arma
Qui tentata velit: fatiſque iubentibus actus.
Quantum quiſque timet, tantum fugit: ocyor ipſe
Hos inter motus populus, miſerabile viſu,
Quo mens iſta iubet, deſertâ ducitur urbe:
Gaudet Roma fugâ, debillatiſque Quirites
Rumoris ſonitu mærentia teſta relinquunt
Ille manu trepidâ natos tener, ille penates
Occultat gremio, deploratumque relinquit.
Limen, & abſentem votis interficit hoſtem.
Sunt qui conjugibus mærentia pectora jungant,
Grandevoſque patres: oneriſque ignara iuuentus
Id pro quo metuit tantum trahit omnia ſecum
Hic vehit imprudens, prædamque in prælia ducit.
Ac velut ex alto quum magnus Inhorruit Auſter,
Et pulſas evertit aquas non arma miniſtris,
Non regimen prodeſt: ligat alter pondera pinûs,
Alter tuta ſinu tranquillaque littora quærit:
Hic dat vela fugæ Fortuna:que omnia credit.
Quid tam parua queror? Geminò cum conſule Magnus
Ille tremor Ponti, ſævi quoque terror Hydæſpis
Et piratarum ſcopulus: modo quem ter ovantem
Iuppiter horruerat, quem fracto in gurgite Pontus,
Et veneratus erat ſubmiſſâ Boſphorus undâ
Proh pudor! Imperii deſerto nomine fugit,
Ut Fortuna levis Magni quoque terga videret.
Tergo tanta lues Divûm quoque numina vidit;
Conſenſitque fugæ cæli timor. Ecce per orbem
Mitis turba Deûm, terras exola furentes
Deſerit; atque hominum damnatum avertitur agmen
Pax prima ante alias niveos pulſata lacertos
Abſcondit galeâ victum caput, atque relicto
Orbe fugax Ditiſ petit implacabile regnum.
Huic comes it ſyncera Fides, & crine ſoluto
Juſtitia, & mærens lacera Concordia palla.
At contra, ſedes Erebi quâ rupta dehifcit,
Emergit latè Ditiſ chorus horrida Erynnyſ,
Et Bellona minax, facibusque armata Megæra:
Læthumque Inſidiæque, & lurida mortis imago.
Quas inter Furor, abruptis ceu liber habenis
Sanguineum latè tollit caput, oraquæ mille
Vulneribus conſoſſa cruentâ caſſide velat.
Hæret detritus lævâ Mavortius umbo,
Innumerabilibus telis gravis: atque flagranti
Stipite dextra minax terris incendia portat.
Sencit terra Deos, mirataque ſydæra pondus
Quæſivère ſuum, namque omnis regia cæli
In partes diducta ruit: primumque Dione

Petronius his Rapture.

*As when Alcmena's son marched apace,
Down Caucasus: or with an angry face
When Jove descended the Olympian hill,
With Giants blood Phlegrean plains to fill.
' Mean while swift Fame is born with frightened wings,
And perching on the Capitol, sad things
Tells the affrighted Romans: that the Maine
Is swarm'd with ships: The Alps of a light flame
With Troops, yet reeking with Sicambrian gore,
Arms, Blood, Death, Fire, and War is drawn before
Their eyes from head to foot: which makes them erre,
And see their danger double through their feare.
This flies by land, this by, and that to Sea,
So for no land his native changes he.
He's safest now, the Chance of war that tryes,
And follows fates instinct: He farthest flies
Whose feare is longest winged: (A grief to say!)
The people led by wild amazement, stray
They know not whither: Rome delights in flight,
And scar'd Quirites their sad mansions quise;
At the bare rumour of approaching Arms,
Those clasp with trembling hand their tender barnes:
These in their bosomes hold their Houshold-Gods:
And hurry from their desolate aboads:
And in their prayers kill the absent Foe:
There are that to their wives sad bosomes grow;
And bedrid parents: youths impatient heat
Takes onely her, on whom his soul is set.
Some all, and to the war unwisely sweep
The prey, for which 'tis made. —*

— *As when the deep
Is plough'd up by Northwinds, and her roul'd hills
Are knock'd together: And the Seamen's skills
Avail not now, one binds the splitting mast,
Another to the quiet shore doth hast,
A third to Sea and Fortune trusts with all.
What talk I of small things? the Generall
With both the Consuls The great Pompey, He
Terror of dire Hydaspes, and the Sea,
The Pyrates rock, whom (thrice triumphing late)
Jove trembled at, lest he should shake his state:
Whom Pontus (having crush'd it's watry braves)
And Bosphorus ador'd with crouching waves:
(Oh shame) deserting the State's rudder, fled:
That fickle Fortune might t'have seen be sed
Ev'n Pompey's back. A flight authoriz'd so,
Involv'd the Gods, and Heaven his back did show:
See a mild troop of Gods (loathing the rage
That regins in mortals) take a pilgrimage,
From a damn'd crew of Earthlings: And first Peace
(Beating her snowy Arms) her vanquish'd face*

Furor Petronienſis.

Cæſaris acta ſui ducit. comes additur illi
Pallas, & ingentem quatens Mavortius haſtam:
Magnaſque cum Phœbo ſoror, & Cyllenia proles
Excipit, ac totis ſimilis Tyrrhinius actis.
Infremuere tubæ, ac ſciſſo Diſcordia crine
Extulit ad ſuperos Stygium caput. hujus in ore
Concretus ſanguis, contuſæque lumina flebant.
Stabant ærati ſcabra rubigine dentes,
Tabo lingua fluens, obſeſſa draconibus ora
Atque intertorto laceratam pectore veſtem
Sanguineam tremula quatiebat lampada dextra.
Hæc ut Cocyti tenebras, & Tartara liquit,
Alta petit gradiens juga nobilis Apennini,
Unde omnes terras, atque omnia littora poſſet
Aſpicere, ac toto fluitantes orbe catervas:
Atque has erumpit furibundo pectore voces:
Sumite nunc gentes accenſis mentibus arma,
Sumite, & in medias immittite lampadas urbes.
Vincetur quicumque latet, non ſœmina ceſſet,
Non puer, aut ævo jam deſolata ſenectus.
Ipſa tremat Tellus. lacerataque teſta rebellent.
Tu legem Marcelle tene: tu concute plebem
Curio, tu fortem ne ſupprime Lentule Martem.
Quid porro tu Dive tuis cunctaris in armis?
Non frangis portas? non muris oppida ſolvis,
Theſaurosque rapis? neſcis tu Magne tueri
Romanas acies? Epidauria moenia quære,
Theſſalicoſque ſinus humano ſanguine tingue.
Factum eſt in terris, quicquid Diſcordia juſſit.

Petronius his Rapture.

Hides with a cask, and flying from the light,
seeks the hush'd mansions of eternal Night :
With Her pure FAITH, and JUSTICE, (her sword broke)
And CONCORD in a rent and mourning Cloak.
On th'other side where Hell's wide jaws respire,
Grim Pluto's train springs rife : Erinys dire,
And fierce Bellona, and flame-girt Megeare,
And Death, and Fraud, and multiplying Feare.
Amongst whom Rage, like Bacchus (his reins broke)
Runs headlong, and with bloody helm doth Cloake
A thousand ugly faces digg'd with wounds
With heavy shafts : a Martial Target sounds
Worn with his left, and from his right hand hurl'd
A blazing fire-brand terrifies the world.
The stars are pos'd : light-headed Atlas reels,
Wond'ring to miss the weight that pos'd heaven's wheels.
The fationous Gods come down on earth to side.
And Venus first her Cæsar justify'de,
Pallas with her, and Mars that shakes a whole
Oak for a speare ; and with his Sister, SOL :
And ATLAS GRANDSON and Alcides (found
Like him in all his acts) The trumpets sound,
And DISCORD with torn hair, her Stygian head
Advances from a dell, her dim eyes shed
Instead of tears a blotted show'r of blood :
Two tire of brazen grinders rusty stood :
Her tongue o'reflows with gore : her snaky locks
Hang down, over her face : and through her Frocks
Wide-gaping Rents, thrusting a bloody hand
About her head she tost a flaming brand.
She leaving Hell, and where sad rivers joyne,
Touch'd the high top of noble Appennine :
From whence each realm and sea she might command,
And view the Troops that roule on every Land :
Then burst into these words, with fury warm,
Arm all the world with fell intentions : arm :
Shoot flames in midst of Towns (who e're he be
That stands a Newter, is the Victor's fee.)
Fight Boys, fight Maids, fight Old men neer your end.
Quake Earth, and shattered stones rebel. — Defend
The laws Marcellus. — Do thou Curio preach
Up tumults. — Lentulus do not impeach
Thy Martial spirits working. — What mak'st thou
Julius the while freezing in Armour ? now
Enter the gates, or scale the walls, and break
The Roman Fisk. — Pompey art thou too weak
To keep Rome's Towers ? to EPIDAMNUM pass
The Ominous Scene, and dye Theffalian grass
With Roman blood. To all that DISCORD said,
EARTH cry'd 'Tis done : and her command obey'd.



The Translator's POSTSCRIPT.

HERE PETRONIUS breaks off abruptly, *thereby* as well as in many imperfect places of his own Copy, proving as good as his word, that he had *not added thereto the last hand*. In which thing alone I have translated him to the life, for neither have I added *mine* to the *English*: onely making so much use thereof, as to shew the *Rule and Model*, which (*indubitably*) guided our CAMOENS in the raising his GREAT BUILDING, and which (except *himself*) that I know of, no POET ever followed that wrought in great, whether ancient, or modern. For (to name no more) the Greek HOMER, the Latin VIRGIL, our SPENGER, and even the Italian TASSO (who had a true, a great, and no obsolete story, to work upon) are in effect wholly fabulous: and LUCAN (though worthily admired) is as much censured by some on the other side, for sticking too close to truth. As FABIUS for one; — LUCAN full of flame and vigour, and most perspicuous in his Sentences: yet (that I may speak what I think) rather to be reckoned amongst the ORATORS than the POETS. And SERVIUS for another, with less manners in his expression; That which I said, that the Art of Poetry is forbidden to set down a naked story, is certain: for LUCAN deserved not to be in the number of POETS, because he seems to have compiled a HISTORY, rather than a POEM. Amounting to the same which is objected above in the Introduction to this Essay (which glanceth particularly at LUCAN) and mended (as the Author thereof conceived) by the Essay it self, which is of a mixt nature between Fable and History.




TORQUATO TASSO. in his 6 Part.
fol. 47.

VASCO, te cui felici ardite Antenne
Incontro al *Sol*, che ne riporta il *giorno*,
Spiegar le vele, e fer colà Ritorno,
Dove egli par che di cadere accenne :
Non piu di *Te* per aspro mar sosteme
Quel, che fece a C I C L O P E oltraggio, & scorno:
Ne chi turbo l' *Arpie* nel suo soggiorno,
Ne diè piu bel *Subgetto*. a Colte penne.
Et hor *quella* del colto, e buon L U I G I
Tant' oltre stende il glorioso volo
Che j tuoi spalmati *Legni* andar men lunge.
Ond' a *quelli*, a cui S'alza il nostro *pelo*,
Et a chi ferina incontra j suoi vestigi,
Per lui del corso tuo la fama aggiunge.

VASCO, whose bold and happy ships against
The Rising Sun (who freights them home with day)
Display'd their wings, and back again advanc'd
To where in Seas all Night he steeps his Ray:
Not more then Thou on rugged Billows felt,
He that bor'd out the Eye of POLYPHEME;
Nor He that spoyl'd the HARPYES where they dwelt,
Afforded Learned Pens a fairer Theam.
And this of Learn'd and honest CAMOENS
So far beyond now takes it's glorious flight,
That thy breath'd Sables went a less Journey, Whence
To Those on whom the Northern Pole shines bright,
And Those who set their feet to ours, The boast
Of thy Long Voyage Travails at his Cost.

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VASCO DE

GAMA



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THE
L V S I A D
OF
Lewis Camoens.

First Canto.

STANZA. 1.



*Rmes, and the Men above the vulgar File,
Who from the Western Lusitanian shore
Past ev'n beyond the Trapobanian-Isle,
Through Seas which never Ship had sayld before;
Who (brave in action, patient in long Toyle,
Beyond what strength of humane nature bore.)
'Mongst Nations, under other Stars, acquir'd
A modern Scepter which to Heaven aspir'd.*

2.

Likewise those *Kings* of glorious memory,
Who sow'd and propagated where they past
The Faith with the new Empire (making dry
The Breasts of ASIA, and laying waste
Black AFFRICK's vitious Glebe; And Those who by
Their deeds at home left not their names defac't,
My Song shall spread where ever there are Men,
If Wit and Art will so much guide my Pen.

B

Ceas

3.

Cease *man of TROY*, and cease thou *Sage of GREECE*,
 To boast the *Navigations* great ye made;
 Let the high Fame of *ALEXANDER* cease,
 And *TRAIAN'S* Banners in the *EAST* display'd:
 For to a *Man* recorded in this *Peece*
NEPTUNE his *Trident* yielded, *MARS* his *Blade*.
 Cease *All*, whose *Actions* *ancient Bards* exprest:
 A brighter *Valour* rises in the *West*.

4.

And you (*my TAGUS'S Nymphs*) since ye did raise
 My *Wis* t'a more then ordinary flame;
 If I in *low*, yet *tuneful Verse*, the praise
 Of your sweet *River* always did proclame:
 Inspire me *now* with *high* and *thund'ring* lays;
 Give me them *cleer* and *flowing* like *his* stream:
 That to your Waters *PHEBUS* may ordaine
 They do not envy *those* of *HYPOCRENE*.

5.

Give me a *mighty Fury*, Nor rude *Reeds*
 Or rustick *Bag-Pipes* sound, But such as *War's*
 Lowd Instrument (the noble *Trumpet*) breeds,
 Which fires the *Breast*, and stirs the *blood* to *jars*.
 Give me a *Poem* equal to the *deeds*
 Of your brave *Servitors* (*Rivals of MARS*)
 That I may sing them through the *UNIVERSE*,
 If, whom *That* held not, can be held in *Verse*:

6.

And you, a present *Pawn* to *PORTUGALE*
 Of the old *Lusitanian-Libertie*;
 Nor the less certain *Hope* r'extend the *Pale*
 One day, of *narrow CHRISTIANITIE*:
 New *Terrour* of the *moorish Arsenale*:
 The foretold *Wonder* of our *Centurie*:
 Giv'n to the *World by GOD*, the *World* to win,
 To give to *GOD* much of the *World* agin.

7.

You, fair and tender *Blossom* of that *Tree*
 Belov'd by *Him*, who dy'd on *One* for *Man*,
 More then whatever *Western MAJESTIE*
 Is styl'd *MOST CHRISTIAN, OR CESAREAN*.
 Behold it in your *Shield*! where you may see
ORIQUE'S Battaile, which *ALPHONSO* wan,
 In which *CHRIST* gave for *Arms*, for you *tembols*,
 The same which *He himself* bore on the *Cross*.

You

8.

You (pow'rful *King*), whose *Empire* vast the *Sun*
Visits the *first* as soon as he is born,
And eyes it when his Race is *half-way* run,
And leaves it *loath* when his tyr'd Steeds *adjourn*.
You, who we look should clap a yoke upon
The brutish *ISHMAELITE*, become your scorn;
On th'*Eastern TURK*, and *GENTIL* who still lies.
Sucking the *stream* which water'd *PARADISE*.

9.

That *Majestie* which in this *Brow* appears
(This *tender* one) suspend for a small time,
Already such as in your perfect years
When *FAME*'s immortal *Temple* you shall climb
Those *milder* eyes, with which you banish *Fears*,
Bend to the ground: on *which*, by num'rous *Ryme*,
You'll see in *me* a *Passion* overgrown,
To make the *Portugal-Atchievements* known.

10.

You'll see a strange love to my *Native-soyle*,
Not mov'd with *Vile* but high *immortal Meed*:
For, to be compted is a *Meed*, not vile
The *Trumpet* of the *Nest* where I was bred.
By *That*, their names drawn great, and laid in oyl
You'll see, of whom you are the *Sov'raign Head*:
And judge, which is the greater *Honour* Then
To be *King* of the *World*, or of *such Men*.

11.

Hear *me*, I say, for not for *Actions vaine*,
Fantastick, *Fabulous*, shall you behold
Yours prais'd, though *forraigne Muses* (to obtaine
Name to themselves) have ev'n *feign'd names* extold.
Your Subjects true Acts are so great, they *staine*
And *credit* all the *Lyes* of *others* told.
Stern *RHODOMONT*, that puffed *ROGERO* too;
And *MAD ORLANDO*, grant their deeds were true

12.

For *These*, I give you a fierce *NUNNIO*
Who *King* and *Country* propt, almost alone.
An *EGAS*, a *DON FUAS*, whose worths to show
I wish my *Voice* could reach great *HOMER*'s tone.
For the *twelve Peers*, I other *twelve* bestow
That past to *ENGLAND*, and *MAGRIZZO* one.
Th'*illustrious GANIA* in the Reare I name,
Who rob'd the *wandering Trojan* of his Fame.

13.

Then (if to Match with **C**HARLS THE GREAT of FRANCE,
 Or one you seek to rival **C**ÆSAR'S name)
 The *first* **A**LPHONSO see, who with his *Lance*
 Eclipses whatsoe're *outlandish* Fame!
 And *Him*, who by successful Valiance
 Rescu'd and snatcht his *Realm* from *civil* Flame!
 The *second* **J**OHNS, unconquer'd by the sword!
 The *Fourth* and *Fift* **A**LPHONSO, and the *Third*!

14.

Nor shall my Verses in Oblivion leave
 Those **C**HIEFS, who, in the *Kingdoms* of the *Morn*,
 Their name in *Armes* unto the *starres* did heave,
 By whom your ever-conqu'ring *Flag* was born:
 Matchless **P**ACHECO: TWO **A**LMEYDA'S brave,
 Whom weeping **T**AGUS will for ever mourn:
 Terrible **A**LBUQUERQUE: **C**ASTRO bold:
 And more, whom *death* had not the pow'r to hold.

15.

And whilst I *These* do sing, and dare not *you*,
 Great *King* (for I aspire not to that height)
 Take *you* your *Kingdoms* reynes your Hand into,
 And furnish matter for a loftier flight,
 Whilst your new *worth* may meet a *Vein* as new.
 Your num'rous *Fleets*, and *Armies* pond'rous weight,
 Let the *World* groan with, and their *terror* seize
 The **A**FFRICK-Land's, and **O**RIENTAL-Seas.

16.

On you with fixed eys looks the cold **M**OORE,
 In *whom* he reads his ruine prophecy'de:
 The barb'rous **G**ENTILE (viewing *you*) is sure
 You'l yoak his neck, and bows it to be ty'de.
 The silver **T**HETYS offers you in dow're
 All her *blew* *Realm*, and doth the same provide.
 Took with your *Face* (where *love* is mixt with *Awe*)
 She seeks to buy you for her *Son-in-Law*.

17.

In *you*, out of their Blissful Bow'rs *Above*
 Your *Grandfires* souls (both famous in their way,
 The *one* in golden *peace*, which *Angels* love,
 T'other in bloody *War*) themselves survey.
 In *you* they hope their *glories* shall improve,
 Their *Vertues* be recoynd with less *Alay*:
 And wide they fit, to keep for *you* a roome
 In *Heav'n's* eternal *Temple* gainst you come.

But

18.

But now, because your time creeps slowly an
To rule your People, who much wish it so;
Play with the new Attempt of a bold man,
That up with *you* this Infant-muse may grow;
And you shall spye ploughing the *Ocean*
Your ARGONAUTS, that they may also know
You see them tost upon the angry *Brine*:
And use your self to be invok'd betime.

19.

They now went sayling in the *OCEAN* vast,
Parting the snarling Waves with crooked Bills:
The whispring *Zephyre* breath'd a gentle Blast,
Which stealingly she spreading *Canvas* fills:
With a white foam the *Seas* were overcast,
The dancing *Vessels* cutting with their *Keels*
The Waters of the *Consecrated DEEP*,
Where *PROTHEUS*'s Flocks their *Rendezvous*es keep:

20.

When in the *HEAV'N OF HEAV'NS* the *Deities*,
That have of humane things the Government,
Convene in glorious *Council*, to advise
On future matters of the *ORIENT*.
Treading in Clusters the *Diaphane* skyes
Thorough the *Milky way* their course they bent,
Assembled at the *THUNDERER*'s command
By *Him* That bears the *Caduceian Wand*.

21.

They leave the *patronage* of the *Seav'n spheres*
Which by the *HIGHEST POWR* to *them* was giv'n:
The *HIGHEST POWR*, who with an eye-brow steers
The *Earth*, the raging *Ocean*, and the *Heav'n*.
There, in a moment, every one appears;
Those, where *BOOTES*'s *waine* is slowly driv'n;
Those, who inhabit *South*, and where the *Sun*
Is born, and where his golden *Race* is done.

22.

With an austere and high *Majestick* grace
Upon a *Chrystal* Throne, with *stars* imboist,
Sublime *THE FATHER* fate (worthy that place)
By whom the Bolts, dire *VULCAN* forg'd, are tost.
An Oderiferous Ayre blew from his face,
Able to breathe new life in a pale *Ghost*:
A Scepter in his *Hand*, and his *Head* crown'd
With one stone, brighter then a *Diamond*.

23.

On glitt'ring *chairs* (imbroyd' red richly o're
 With infinite of *Pearles* and finest *Gould*)
 The other *Deities* were placed low'r,
 As *Reason* and the Herald *order* would:
 The *Seniours* first, to honor them the more,
 And after *them* those who were not soould:
 When thus the most high *JOVE* the silence brake,
 With such a voice as made *OLYMPUS* shake.

24

Eternal dwellers of the *Tow'r* divine,
 And *Impirean-Hall* with *starred Vault*;
 If the much *Vertue* of the valiant *Line*,
 Of *Lusus* be not worn out of your *Thought*;
 You needs must know what the great *FATES* design
 To crown the former *Wonders* *Those* have wrought,
 That they shall darken with their *evening-Glory*
 Th' *Affyrian*, *Persian*, *Greek*, and *Roman* story.

25.

Your selves were witnesses, with what a poor
 And naked *Army* it was giv'n to *Them*
 To take from the well-fix't, and num'rous *MOOR*
 All that sweet *TAGUS* waters with his stream.
 Then 'gainst the stout *Castillian-Warriour*
 Heav'n still beheld them with a fav'ring beam:
 And still in fine with glory and Renown
 The *hanging Trophies* did their *Churches* crown.

26.

I speak not (*Gods*) of that more ancient name
 Which with the *Queen of Nations* they did get
 When (led by *VIRIATUS*) so great fame
 They wan, whilst They and *hostile ROME* were met:
 I pass their other *Clash* with that proud *Dame*
 (Which 'tis impossible you should forget)
 When a *Bandito* did their *Truncheon* bear,
 Who feign'd himself inspir'd by a tame *Deare*:

27:

See now, how by trusting to uncertain *Waves*
 In a fraile *Barke*, through ways untrod before
 (Fearless of horrid *Boreas*, and the *Braves*
 Of the fierce *Southern wind*) they throw at more!
 How (having yoak't before that *Sea* which laves
AFFRICK'S North-side, and yoakt her *Southern-shore*)
 They bend their purpose and their forces turn
 To win the *Cradle* of the budding *MORN*.

To

28.

To *Them* is promis'd by eternal FATE
(Whose high decrees no Power can ere revoke)
To be perpetual Porters of that Gate
Through which the Sun first guides his silver spoke.
They've spent at Sea the bitter-Winter's date;
The men are haraft, and with Travaile broke.
'Tis now high time (as it appears to me)
To shew them that new Land where they would be.

29

And therefore, since they have (as you have seen)
So many dangers in this Voyage past;
Toft through so many Seas and Clymates been;
Of so sharp adverse Winds felt many a Blast;
I purpose now they shall as friends be in
The AFRICK-Land refresh't with some Repast;
And, having victual'd there their wearied Fleet,
Proceed in their long course as it is meet.

30.

Thus JOVE: when in their course of Parliament
The Gods reply'd in order as they Sate,
And to and fro by way of Argument
Upon the matter calmly did debate.
Then FATHER BACCHUS stiffly did dissent
From what great JOVE propos'd; As knowing, that
His Fame ith' EAST must suffer an eclipse
Should there arive the Lusitanian-ships.

31.

He of the FATES had understood, from SPAIN
How that a warlike People was to come
Thorough the middle of the OCEAN,
Which all the Indian-Coast should overcome;
And which, with modern Victories, should stain
All old ones, whether forraign, or their own.
It griev'd him sore, those Actions should be drown'd
Which still in NYSA made his name resound.

32.

He looks on INDIA as his old Acquest,
From whom nor Time, nor deeds by others don,
Had rob'd the stile of CONQ'ROUR OF THE EAST,
By All That taste the streams of Helicon.
But now he fears that Glorie's neer it's West,
In the black Water of oblivion
To set, should their desired Port obtain
The valiant PORTINGALLS That Plough the Main.

Faire

33.

Fair VENUS holds up the contrary Theam
 Affected to the *Lusitanian-Nation*,
 For the much likeness she observ'd in Them
 To her old ROME, for which she had such passion,
 In their great hearts, in the propitious beam
 Of their to-AFFRICK-fatal constellation,
 And in the charming musick of their *Tongue*,
 Which she thinks *Latine* with small *drofs* among.

34

These things did CYTHEREA move: But more
 Because from FATE of truth she heard it sed
 That at those LANDS her *Altars* should adore
 Where this Victorious *People* should be spred.
 So *one*, to keep what was *his own before*,
T'other, to gain *new* honors to her head,
 Contest and stickle for their *several* ends,
 And *Both* are backt and favour'd by their *Friends*.

35.

As when the fierce *South-wind*, and fiercer *North*,
 Have got into the thickest of a WOOD,
 Breaking the Boughs to force a passage forth
 Through matted shades, impetuous and wood;
 The Air *that* yells, and all the *mountain* roar'th,
 The *Leaves* are scattred, and the strong *Rocks* mov'd:
 Such was the tumult which amongst the GODS
 Was raised then in the *Supream Abodes*.

36.

But MARS, who, with more cordialness did take
 Then any of the rest, the GODDES's part;
 Whether it were for old *Affection-sake*,
 Or for this valiant *People's own* desert
 (His look contest him vext before he spake)
 Amongst the GODS upon his feet did start.
 His heavy *Target*, at his shoulder hung,
 (Displeas'd, and dreadful) he behind him flung.

37.

Lifting a little up his *Helmet-sight*
 ('Twas *Adamant*) with confidence enough
 To give his *Vote* himself he placed right
 Before the Throne of JOVE, arm'd, valiant, tough:
 And (giving with the butt end of his *Pyke*
 A great thump on the floor of purest stuffe)
 The *Heav'ns* did tremble, and APOLLO's light
 It went, and came, like colour in a fright.

And

38.

And thus he said; O *Sire*, whose will (whate're)
All which thou hast created must obey:
If *These*, who seek another *Hemisphere*,
Thou wouldst not have to perish in the way,
Whose deeds and Valour once thou heldst so deare,
And did'st of old ordain what they assay:
Then hear no more (since thou'rt a *Fudge* upright)
Reasons, from one who sees by a false light.

39.

For if sound *Reason* did not plainly show
It self here vanquish'd by excess of *Feare*,
'Twere proper *BACCHUS* should his pains bestow
For *Lusus's* Race, who was his *Minion* deare.
But let this spleen of his at present goe;
"Tis an *ill stomach* rising at *good cheare*:
"And *envy* never found the way in fine
"To do *Man* right, or what the *GOD's* designe.

40.

And *Thou* (the Father of great *Constancy*)
From the determination thou hast took
Recoyle not. "It is imbecility
"When once a Thing's begun, then back to looke.
But since in speed the winged *MERCURY*
Outstrips the *Winds*, a *Shaft*, the swiftest *Brooke*.
Let *Him* now shew them to some *Country*, where
They may refresh, and news of *INDIA* heare.

41.

The pow'rful *Father* having said the same,
Gave with a nod the *SOVERAIGN Assent*
To that which *MARS* said here with greater flame,
And over *All* his holy *Nectar* sprent.
Streight through *the milky way*, by which they came,
The *GODS* to their respective *Stations* went,
Making a low obeysance to the *Throne*
As they pass'd by in Order one by one.

42.

Whilst this in the *HIGH-COURT* is passing now
And beautiful *OF HEAV'N* Omnipotent;
The *warlike People* the salt *Ocean* plough
Leaving the *South*, and face the *Orient*,
'Twixt *MADAGASCAR's* Isle, where all things flow,
And *ETHIOPIA's* barren Continent.
'Twas in that month, when *SOL* the *Fishes* fries
To which fear'd *BRONTES* turn'd two *DEITIES*.

C

SO

43

So pleasantly they went before a Wind
 As those That now had got the *Heav'n* to frend.
 Serene the Ayre was, and the Weather kind:
 No Clowd, nor ought that danger might portend.
 The PROMONTORY PRASSUS left behind,
 Which antient ETHIOPIA doth defend,
 NEPTUNE disclos'd *new Isles* which he did play
 About, and with his billows danc't the Hay.

44.

VASCO DE GAMA (a most valiant Guide,
 Born and pick't out for that great *Enterprise*,
 Of a high Soul, and strongly fortify'de,
 Who FORTUNE to him by his *Boldness* tyes)
 Stands off, to leave this *Land* upon one side,
 Thinking, that uninhabited it lies;
 And on his course determines to proceed:
 But otherwise the matter did succeed.

45.

For streight, out of that *Isle* which seem'd most neer
 Unto the *Continent*, Behold a number
 Of little *Boats* in companie appeer,
 Which (clapping all wings on) the long Sea sunder!
 The men are rapt with joy, and; with the meer
 Excess of it, can onely look, and wonder.
 What Nation's this (within themselves they say)?
 What Rites? what Laws? what King do they obey?

46.

Their coming, thus: in *Boats*, with finns; nor flat,
 But apt t'o're-fet (as being pinch'd and long)
 And then they'd swim like Rats. The *Sayles*, of Mat
 Made of *Palm-leaves*, wove curiously and strong.
 The Mens *Complexion*, the self-same with that
 HE gave the *Earth's* burnt parts (from *Heaven* flung.)
 Who was more brave, then wise; That this is True
 The Po doth know, and LAMBE TUSA rue.

47

The *Cloaths*, they came in, were a Cotton-Plaid
 With divers Colours strip'd, and white the ground;
 Which some cast quaintly under one arm, had;
 Others, about their *Middles* streightly bound;
 All else from the waste up remain'd unclad:
 Their *weapons*, *Skeyns*, and crooked *Faulchions*: Round
 Terbants upon their heads; and, as they row'd,
 Resounded *Timbrels* in an antick Mode.

Waving

48.

Waving their hands and kerchers, *These* made signe
To those of *LUSITANIA* to stay:
But the swift *Prows* already did incline
To come to Anchor in the *Island's* Bay.

Land-men, and *Sea-men* in this work *All* joyne,
As all their labours should have end that day.

They haule the Roapes; *strike, strike*, the crew resounds:
The salt Sea (stricken with the Anchor) bounds.

49.

They were not Anchor'd, when the uncouth Folke
Already by the Cordage did ascend.

Their jovial countenances *wellcome* spoke,
To whom the Lordly *Chiefe* did (courteous) bend.
Bids streight the Boards be spread, the Bottles smoke,
With that rich juice which is the *Poet's* friend.

Ours pow'r it into Bowles, and All *They* fill
The burnt by *PHAETHON* spare not to swill.

50.

They ask (and still the cheerie Bowle goes round)
In the *Arabick-language*, *WHENCE THE FLEET?*
Who, and of *whence*, the *men*; and *WHITHER BOUND*,
And through what Seas *It* came where now they see't:
Hereto the valiant *LUSITANIANS* found
Such answers as were proper, and discreet:

We are the *PORTUGHESES* of the *WEST*,
We go to seek the Countreys of the *EAST*.

51.

All the great *OCEAN* have we fail'd, and trost,
To the *Antartick* from the *Artick* Strand
Gone all the Round of *AFRICK's* spacious Coast;
We have felt many a *Clyme*, seen many a *Land*.
We serve a potent *King*, who hath ingrost
His *Peoples* loves so, that, at his command,
With cheerful faces, not vast *Seas* alone,
But we would pass the Lake of *ACHERON*.

52.

And 'tis by *that comand* we travel now
To seek the *Eastern Land* which *INDIES* laves:
By *that* this distant *Ocean-Sea* we plough,
Where none but *Monsters* sayl'd the horrid Waves.
But now 'tis reason, *We* should likewise know
(If *Truth* have found a Harbour in your Caves)
Who *you* are? what this *Land* in which you dwell?
Or, if of *INDIA* you can Tydings tell?

53.

We are (one of the *Isle* replying said)
 Strangers unto this *People*, *Law*, and *Place*;
 The *Natives* being such, as *Heav'n* hath made
 Without the light of *Reason*, or of *Grace*.
 We have a *Law* of *TRUTH*, which was convey'd
 To *Us* from that *New-light* of *ABRAM's* Race,
 Who holds the *World* now in subjection due,
 By *Father*, *GENTILE*; and, by *Mother*, *JEW*.

54.

This little Isle (a barren healthless Nook)
 Of all these Parts is the most noted *Scale*
 For such as at *QUILOA's* Traffick look,
 Or to *MOMBASSA*, and *SOPALA*, sayle.
 Which makes *Us* here some inconvenience brook,
 To gather, for a mortal life, and frayle:
 And (to inform you in one word of All)
This little Isle Men *MOZAMBIQUE* call.

55.

And now (since you come seeking through long toyle
INDIAN-HYDASPES, and the *Spicy Strand*)
 You shall have such a *Pilot* from this *Isle*,
 As through the waves the way doth understand.
 'Twere also good, you here repos'd a while,
 And took in *fresh provisions* from the Land;
 And that *our Governour* did come Aboard,
 To see what else may need for Him t'afford.

56.

This the *Barbarian*, and retreated then
 Into his Boates with all his companie,
 Departing from the *Captaine*, and his Men,
 With demonstrations of due Courtesie.
 Mean time *APOLLO* in the Sea did pen
 The golden *day*, and down to sleep doth lye
 Leaving his *Sister* so much Torch to burn
 As may suffice the *World* till he return.

57.

With unexpected joy their hearts on floate,
 Blithely they pass the Night in the tyr'd *Fleet*;
 To think that in a Country so remote
 The news so long desired they should meet.
 Within themselves they ruminare, and noate
 The mens odd fashion, and admire to see't,
 Or how a People of their damned way
 Could take such root, and bear so vast a sway.

58.

The silver *Moon's* reverberated Ray
Trembled upon the *Chrystal Element*;
Like *Flow'rs* in a great *Meade*, at middle *May*,
The *stars* were in the azure *Firmament*.
The furious *Winds* all hush'd and sleeping lay
In drowzy *Hyperborean* Caves dark-pent
Yet those of the *Armada* do not sleep,
But in their turns accustom'd watches keep.

59.

And when *AURORA* left her Spicy Bed,
Shaking her dewy locks the Earth upon;
And drawing, with a lilly-hand, the red
Transparent Curtains of the waking *Sun*,
To work go *All*; over the Decks to spread
The shadowing *Sails*, and all their Streamers d'on,
To entertain with feasting and with joy
(Advancing in his Barge) the *Isle's* *VICEROY*.

60.

Merrily sayling he advanc't, to see
The *Lusitanian-Frigates* in the Road,
With fresh provisions from the Land: For *Hee*
Still hopes, they are of that inhumane Brood,
Which, from their *mountains* neer the *CASPIAN SEA*,
The fruitful *Lands* of *ASIA* overflow'd;
And, by permission of the *POWR DIVINE*,
Usurp the *Empire* of *GREAT CONSTANTINE*.

61:

The *Captaine*, with a meen benevolent,
Receives the *MOORE*, and all his company.
Things of great price he doth to *Him* present,
For such Occasions carryed purposely:
Gives him *Preserves*, and gives him of that quaint
Unusual liquor which gives jollity.
The *MOORE* receives it *all* in courteous part,
But what he *Eats* and *Drinks* most glads his heart:

62.

The nimble *Lusitanian* Mariners
Upon the throwds in admiration hung,
To see a *mode* so different from theirs,
And barb'rous gibbrish of that *broken Tongue*.
No less confus'd the subtle *MOORE* appears,
Eying their *colour, habit, and ships* strong.
Then, asking all things; This, amongst the rest,
If happily they came from *TURKIE*, preft.

Moreover;

63.

Moreover, to behold desireth Hee
 The *Books* of their *Religion*, *Law*, and *Faith* :
 To see, if with his *own* the same agree
 Or *that* of *CHRIST* (as he suspects) he saith.
 And (that he *All* may note, and *All* may see)
 He prays the *Captain*, shew him what he hath
 Of *Armes*, which by his *Nation* used are
 When with their *Enemies* they go to War.

64.

To *whom* the valiant *Captaine* made reply
 By one well versed in that *Bastard-Tongue* :
Illustrious Lord, I shall to thee descry
 My *Self*, my *Faith*, and th' *Armes* I bring along.
 Neither of *Turkish-blood* nor *breed*, am I ;
 Nor of a *Countrey* that delights in wrong.
 In fair and warlike *EUROPE* was I born,
 I seek the famous *Kingdoms* of the *MORN*.

65.

We worship *HIM*, who is by *every* Nature,
 (*Invisible*, and *visible*) obay'd,
HIM, who the *Hemispheres*, and *every* Creature,
 (*Insenfible*, and *sensfible*) hath made :
Who gave *Us his*, and took on *Him our* feature :
 Whom to a shameful death *his own* betray'd :
 And *who* from *HEAV'N* to *Earth* came down in fine,
 That *Man*, by *HIM* from *Earth* to *HEAV'N* might climbe.

66.

Of this *GOD-MAN* sublime, and infinit,
 The *Books* which thou desir'st I have not brought,
 For that in *Books* we need not bring that Writ,
 Which (written in our *Hearts*) we have by rote.
 For th' *Arms*, whereof thou hast desir'd to git
 A fight, with all *my* heart I do allow't,
 To see them as a *Friend*; For well I know,
 Thou ne're wilt wish to see them as a *Foe*.

67.

This having said, the ready-*Officers*
 He doth command to shew the *MagaZeen*.
 Out come the *Backs*, and *Breasts*, glitt'ring and terse ;
 Fine *Mayles*, safe *Coats*, with quilted plates between ;
Bucklers, where various *Imagerie* appeares ;
Ball, *Lead*, and *Iron* ; *Muskets* of *Steel* sheen ;
 Strong *Bows*, and *Quivers* with barbd *Arrows* wedg'd ;
 Sharp *Partesans* ; and *Halberts* double edg'd.

The

68.

The *morter-pieces* come; and with *them* came
 (Confounding where they light) *Granadoes* dire;
 Yet would he not permit the sons of Flame
 Unto the dreadful *Cannon* to give fire.
 For *valiant spirits* (which are still the same
 With *generous*) to boast their utmost Ire,
 To few, and timid *soules*, cannot indure
 "To be a *LYON* among *Sheep*, 'tis poor.

69.

But now the *MOORE* from what he heard and view'd,
 (All which he did observe attentively)
 Conceiv'd within his Breast a certain *feud*,
 A root of *Envy*, and *Malignity*;
 Yet no such thing his outward gestures shew'd:
 But, with a smiling hollow *Courtesie*,
 He with himself resolves to treat them faire,
 Till he his purpose may by deeds declare.

70.

Pilots the *Captain* at his hands doth pray,
 His *Ships* as far as *INDIA* to guide:
 Assuring him they shall with ample pay
 For all their pains therein be satisfy'de.
 The *MOORE* consents; but still the poyson lay
 Close, where it was, invenoming his side:
 For, had he pow'r of blasting with his breath,
 Instead of *Pilots*, he would give him death.

71.

So great the *hate* was, and so great the *spight*,
 Which to the *strangers* suddainly he took;
 Knowing they follow that *unerring light*,
 The *SON OF DAVID* holds out in his *BOOK*.
 "O the deep secrets of that *INFINITE*
 "Into the which no mortal eye can look!
 "That *They*, whom *THOU* to be thy *friends* hast chose
 "Should never be without perfidious *Foes*.

72.

The trech'rous *MOORE*, when he his fill had seen,
 Departeth from the *Frigates* with his *Crew*
 (As false in heart, as flatter'ing in his meen)
 And feign'd Regards on all the *Sea-men* threw.
 Through the short *Traverse* of the *humid Green*
 The *Boats* had quickly cut, when, wellcom'd to
 The shore, and met by an obsequious *Train*,
 To his known *House* they wait him back again.

The

73.

The famous THEBAN from th' *athereal Hall*
 (He, in his Thigh, whom JOVE his Father bore)
 Seeing this meeting with the PORTINGALL
 Is an abomination to the MORE;
 Hath in his Brain a *Stratagem*, which shall
 (He hopes) destroy him quite upon that score.
 Now whilst this plot is forging in his head,
 Unto himself these angry words he fed;

74.

Is it already then by FATE ordain'd,
 That so great *Victories*, and so renown'd,
 Shall by the men of PORTUGAL be gain'd
 On *warlike* People, and on *Indian* Ground?
 And I (son of the HIGHEST, unprofan'd
 With *carnal* mixture, and in whom are found
 Such rare *Indowments*) must I suffer FATE
 To a meer man *my* honors to translate?

75.

Unto the son of PHILIP it is true
 Such pow're the GODS did in those parts afford,
 'Twas one with *Him*, to *See*, and to *subdue*,
 And MARS himself did homage to his *Sword*.
 But can it beander'd, that to so *Few*
 FATE such stupendious puissance should accord,
 That *that* of MACEDON, of ROME, and MINE,
 The LUSITANIAN GLORY should *out-shine*?

76.

It must not, nor it shall not. For before
 This *Swabber* shall arrive the wished Land,
 I'll spin him such a Webb on yonder shore,
 That he shall never see the *Eastern-strand*.
 I'll down to *Earth*, and spur th' *inraged* MORE:
 "The Iron cooles that suffer'd is to stand.
 "And who so means a business sure to make,
 "He by the foretop must occasion take.

77.

Thus saying (vext, and little less then mad)
 Upon the *Affrick*-shore he did descend,
 Where, in a humane shape and visage clad,
 To neighb'ring PRASSUS he his course doth bend.
 The shape he took on him (thereby his bad
 And false *designe* the better to commend)
 Was of a MOORE in MOZAMBIQUE known,
 Old, wise, and with the GOVERNOUR all one.

And

78. •

And (entring to his *Patron* when he spy'de
The fittest season to infuse his guile)
He tells him; *These*, who in the Harbour ride,
Are men That live by robberie and spoyle:
That *Fame*, from *Nations* rang'd on the Sea side,
With *hue and crye* pursu'd them to their *Isle*,
Of whom these *Vagabonds* a *Boatie* made
When they had anchor'd with pretence of *Trade*.

79.

Moreover I would have thee know (quoth Hee)
These bloody *CHRISTIANS* (as I understand)
With *Flames* and *Pyracies* have fill'd the *Sea*,
As well as with their *Robberies* the *Land*;
And that they have it in designe, how *Wee*
Maybe reduc't too to their proud command:
How they may rob us of our *goods*, and *lives*,
And take for *Slaves* our *children*, and our *Wives*.

80.

And *this I know*, to morrow by day-breake
To come on shore for water they intend,
Arm'd, with their *Captaine*: Can Men plainer speake?
“They mischief mean, to feare it, who pretend.
Thou, arm'd with *thine*, the same advantage take;
Them in close *ambush* quietly attend:
Who, thinking to catch thee at unawares,
Will come with ease to fall into thy snares.

81.

And, should it so fall out, that by this feat
They should not wholly be destroy'd, and slain;
Another *Plot* (the which will give thee great
Content, I'm sure) I have within this Brain.
Send them a *Pilot*, skill'd so in deceit,
And how to lay an undiscerned Train,
That he may lead them blinded, where they may
Be kill'd, wreckt, sever'd, or quite lose their way.

82.

This said by *Him*, who plaid so well the *MOORE*
Whom *years* and *Fraud* made wise to obviate Harmes;
Thanking him much for his advice mature,
About his Neck the *ZEBUBE* throws his armes.
And from that instant bids his *Bands* be sure
To be all ready for the *Morn's* Allarmes.
That so, when land the *LUSITANIAN* shou'd,
He may convert their *water* into *blood*.

82.

Farther (t'effect that other false device)
 A *Moorish Pilot* he did ready git,
 Subtle, dissembling, and in mischief wise,
 To whom so great a Trust he might commit.
Him, through such *Seas*, where such and such *Coast* lyes,
 He bids to guide the *Lusitanian Fleet*,
 That, should the danger in one place be past,
 It may be sure to perish at the last.

84

Now visited th' *Apollinean Ray*.
 The *Nabathæan* mountains with a smile,
 When *G A M A* with his *men* themselves aray
 To go and fetch *fresh-water* from the *Ile*.
 Plac't with good order in the Boates are They,
 As he had known of the intended guile;
 And in a fort he did so: "For the *Wife*
 "Have a *divining* soul that never lyes.

85.

Moreover for the *Pilot* he had sent
 To land before, in need whereof he stood;
 To which the sound of *Warlike Instrument*
 Was all the answer he had understood.
 For *this*, As likewise, to be confident
 Of a false *Nation* being never good,
 He went as well provided as he could
 With no more people then three Boats could hold.

86.

But the keen *Moors* (pickeering on the Strand
 To keep them from the Fountain's thirsted draught,
 With Buckler on one *Arm*, and dart in *hand*,
 Another with bent *Bow*, and poyson'd *Shaft*)
 Stay for the valiant *PORTINGALLS* to land,
 In secret Ambush others hid with craft:
 And send (to make them think the business sure)
 A small *Forlorn*, as *Faulkners* throw their *Lure*.

87:

On the white Beaches the black *Warriours* prance,
 Waving and vap'ring all the *Levell* o're;
 And with heav'd *Target*, and with threat'ned *Lance*,
 Dare the bold *PORTINGALLS* to come on shore.
 The noble people have not patience
 To see the *doggs* grin at them any more.
 But spring in *Covey*, with such equal haft
 One could not say which landed first, or last.

So

88.

So a brisk *Lover* in the bloody *PLACE*
 (His beauteous *Mistress* by in a *Balcon*)
 Seeks out the *Bull*, and (planted face to face)
 Curvets, runs, whistles, waves, and toles him on;
 But the stern *Bruite*, ev'n in a moment's space
 (His horned *Brow* low'd to the *Earth*) doth run
 Bellowing about like mad; and (his eys shut)
 Dismounts, strikes, kills, and tramples underfoot.

89.

Loe, from the *ships* the *Flames* out of the hard
 And furious *Cannon* roll'd, to *Heaven* rise!
 The *Bullets* murder, whom the *Sound* but scar'd:
 The hissing *Aire*, struck, bandies back the noise.
 The *MOORS* hearts melt in them, they are so fear'd;
 And the same passion chills their blood to *Ice*.
 Now *He*, That lay in hidden ambush, flies:
 And *He*, That ventur'd the *Incounter*, dyes.

90.

The *Lufitanian* People rest not here:
 But, following their success, destroy and slay.
 The *Wall-less-Town*, and *timber-Houses* there,
 They waste with *fire*, and flat with *Cannon* lay.
 His *sally* now the *MOOR* repents full deer,
 For which he thought a cheaper price to pay.
 Now he blasphemes the *War*, curses *ill luck*,
 Th'old *devil*, and the *dam* that gave him suck.

91.

The flying *MOORS* their *Javelins* backward threw
 Faintly, through feare, and haste of their *Retreat*.
 The *Flint*, the *Stake*, the *Stone infolio* flew.
 " *Anger* makes all things weapons, when 'tis heat.
 Now, to the *Victor* leaving the *Isle* too,
 Unto the *Continent* they frighted get.
 The *Sea's* small *Arm*, that doth their *Isle* imbrace,
 They cut and traverse in a little space.

92.

Some leap with their best goods into the *Boats*;
Some with their natural *Oars* swim to the shore;
This sinks into the crooked waves, then floats;
That puffs the *Sea* out, he new drank before.
 The showed *Bullets* from the *Cannon-Throats*
 The bruitish peoples brittle *Vessels* tore.
 Thus did the *PORTINGALLS* in fine chastise
 The falshood of malicious *Enemies*.

93.

To the *Armada* Victors they return
 With the rich spoils and booty of the War.
 Water they may have now to serve their turn
 At their own time without controle, or bar.
 The *Moor*s (fresh smarting with their losses) burn
 With greater malice then before by far:
 And, seeing so much unrevenge'd shame,
 Set their whole *Rest* upon the *After-game*.

94.

The *Governour* of that infamous Land
 To sue for Peace (as if repenting) sent.
 Nor do the *Lusitanians* understand
 That, under shew of peace, worse war is meant:
 For the desired *Pilot* (underhand
 Instructed in his trecherous intent)
 In token of the Peace which he did crave
 He sends to be their *Pilot* to the *Grave*.

95.

The *Captaine* (who already understood
 'Twas time to go his discontinued way,
 And that the weather and the wind are good
 To carry him for wished *INDIA*)
 Receives the *Pilot* with a cheerful mood:
 And th' *Envoyé*, who did his answer stay,
 Dispatcht in haste (his minde is in the skye)
 To the large Wind lets all the *Canvas* flye.

96.

Departed in this wise, the azure Waters
 Of *AMPHITRITE* cuts the warlike Fleet,
 Attended by a Troop of *Nereus's* daughters
 (sweet Friends, and no less constant, then th'are sweet)
 The *Captain* (thought-less of those devilish matters
 Which in his Brain the subtle *Moor* doth knit)
 Touching all *INDIA*; and the Coasts they pass,
 Informs himself by *Him* from first to last.

97.

But the *Moor* well instructed in deceit
 (To whom his lesson spiteful *BACCHUS* gave)
 Prepares for Him, e're he to *INDIA* get,
 New Ills, either of *Thraldome*, or a *Grave*.
 Giving account of *Indian* Harbours yet,
 He shews him All that ever he did crave;
 That (judging Truth what he in *that* confest)
 The valiant People may not doubt the rest

And

98.

And then he tells him (with the same intent
 With which false *SYNON* witcht the men of *TROY*)
 There is an *Isle*, not far from where they went,
 Which ancient *CHRISTIANS* from all times enjoy.
 The *Captain* (who to all he told him lent
 Attentive Eare) at *this* so sprang with joy,
 That he conjur'd him with a golden spell
 To guide him speedy where those *CHRISTIANS* dwell.

99.

This very thing the trech'rous *MOOR* design'd
 Which the deluded *CHRISTIAN* doth intreat,
Those, who posselt this *Isle*, being the blind
 Disciples of the filthy *MAHOMET*.
 Here death, and certain Ruine, he shall finde
 (As he believes) for a far more strong and great,
 Then *MOZAMBIQUE*, is this *Isle*; by name
QUILOA: frequent in the mouth of *Fame*.

100.

To *It* the joyful *Fleet* he did incline.
 But *Shee*, whose *Altars* in *CYTHERA* steam,
 (Seeing him go astray from his right line,
 To meet a death of which he doth not dream)
 Permits not those in so remote a *Clyme*
 To perish, whom *she* doth so much esteem:
 And puts them, with contrary winds, besides
 The *Place* to which the trayt'rous *Pilot* guides.

101.

Then the base *MOOR*, when he did plainly finde
 He could not work the Villany he meant;
 Spawning another mischief in his minde,
 And always constant to his black intent:
 Tells him, that, since the waves are so unkinde
 To put them *by* the *Port* to which they bent,
 There lyes another *Island* hard before,
 Where mixed live the *CHRISTIAN*, and the *MORE*.

102.

Likewise in *this* the shameless Villain ly'de
 (As his *Instructions* were in fine to do)
 For not a *Christian-Soul* did there reside
 But *All* of *MAHOMET*'s detested Crew.
 The *Captain* (who in all believ'd his Guide)
 Made a short task to bring his ships thereto:
 But. (his protecting *Angel* saying, nay)
 Past not the *Bar*, and anchors in the *Bay*.

This

103.

This *Isle* lay to the *Continent* so neer
 That a small *Chanel* onely ran between:
 In front thereof a *City* did appeer
 Upon the Margent of the *OCEAN* green:
 Fair and Majestical the *Buildings* were,
 At a far distance plainly to be seen:
 Rul'd by an aged *King*. *MOMBASSA*, all
 The *Isle*, the *Town* too they *MOMBASSA* call.

104.

And neer the same the *Captain* being come
 Is much rejoyc't: *There* looking to behold
 People, That had receiv'd their *Christendome*,
 As the false *Pilot* promis'd him he should.
 When loe, Boats coming from the *King*, with some
Provisions to the *ships*! For *He* was tould
 Of such a *Fleet* by *BACCHUS* long before
 Taking the figure of another *More*.

105.

Such the *Provisions* were, as *Friends* send *Friends*,
 But there is poyson hidden in the Baite.
 Of *Enemies* their *thoughts* are and their *ends*,
 As will be too much manifested straight.
 "O the perpetual danger which attends
 "The lot of *Mortals*! O uncertain *State*!
 "That, where our trust seems to be anchor'd sure,
 "We are not *safe*, although we are *secure*.

106.

"By *Sea*; how many *Storms*, how many *Harms*,
 "Death in how many sev'ral fashions drest!
 "By *Land*; how many *Frauds*, how many *Allarms*,
 "Under how many *wants* sunk, and oppress'd!
 "Where may a fraile *man* hide him? in what *Arms*
 "May a short *life* enjoy a little *Rest*?
 "Where *Sea*, and *Land*, where *Guile*, the *Sword*, and *Death*,
 "Will not all arm 'gainst the least worm o'th *Earth*?

End of the first Canto.

Second

Second Canto.

STANZA. I.

NOW was the glorious *Guilder* of the *Pole*,
Who into *hours* distinguishes the *DAY*,
Come to his temp'rate and desired *Gole*,
From *Mortals* hiding his *celestial* Ray;
And *GOD NOCTURNUS* to descending *SOUL*
Of *THE TY'S*'s private Chamber turn'd the *Kay*:
When to the *ships* the *faithless People* row'd
Which were new-anchor'd in *MOBASSA'S* Road.

2.

Amongst them *one* (who had it in command
To Sugar o're the poyson) thus began.
Undaunted *Captain*, That with *Keel* haft span'd
The spaces of the briny *OCEAN*,
The noble *King* of this renowned *Land*
At thy arrival is an o'rejoy'd Man:
The sum and heighth of whose *Ambition* is,
But to behold and serve thee with what's his.

3.

And, for he longs indeed thy Face to see,
As *one's*, whose name *Fame* glories to repeat;
Within the *Barr*, without suspicion, *Thee*
With all thy *ships* to come; he doth intreat.
Also, because thy Men must wearied beee
Through so long *Toyle*, and so excessive great,
He says, thou maist refresh them on the shore
Which *humane Nature* doth delight in more.

4.

Moreover, if thou seek for *Merchandise*
Produc't by the Auriferous *LEVANT*,
Cloves, *Cinnamon*, and other burning *Spyce*,
Or any good or salutiferous *Plant*,
Or, if thou seek bright *Stones* of endless price,
The flaming *Ruby*, and hard *Adamant*:
Hence thou may'st *All* in such abundance beare,
That thou may'st bound thy *wish* and *Voyage* Here.

. The

5.

The *Captaine* by the Bearer did return
 His humble thanks unto the *King*, and said;
 Because the Sun already did adjourn
 His Royal pleasure was not streight obeyd:
 But at the first disclosing of the *Morn*,
 Whereby the *Anchors* might be safely weigh'd,
 With all assurance he would Enter, since
 He was oblig'd to more for such a *Prince*.

6.

He askshim afterward, if in the *Isle*
 Are *CHRISTIANS*, as the *Pilot* certify'de;
 The subtle *Messenger*, (who smelt the Wile)
 Most of the *Isle* believe in *CHRIST*, reply'de.
 With this, all jealousy he did exile,
 And wise suggestion of the soul decrude
 In the strange *Captaine*; Resting now secure,
 In a false *Nation*, and a *Señ* impure.

7.

Yet, out of such as (having been condemn'd
 For faults and horrid mischiefs done at home)
 Had their lives giv'n them onely to the end
 For desperate services with *Him* to come,
 Two of the prime and craftiest Heads, to send
 With the deceitful *MOORES*, he pick't: By whom
 To spy the Town, and what their strength might be,
 And note those *CHRISTIANS*, whom he yearns to see.

8.

And *He* by *them* sent presents to the *King*,
 Through which the Friendship to himself pretended
 Might be soft, pure, and without wavering,
 Nothing of which was by the *King* intended.
 Now was the wicked and perfidious *Ging*.
 Gone from the ships, and through the waves contended.
 The two of the *Armada*, with a faign'd
 Alacrity, on shore were entertain'd.

9.

And when they had delivered to the *King*
 The *Presents*, with the *message*, which they brought,
 They walkt the *Town*: But no discovering
 The half of what to have observ'd they thought:
 For the suspicious *Moors*, not every thing
 Would shew to them, which They to see besought.
 "Where *malice* reigns, there *Jealousie* doth nest,
 "Which doth suppose it in *Others* Brest.

But

10.

- But *He*, who hath perpetual *Youth*, and *Mirth*
In his plump Cheeks, ruddy with *blood* and *wine*,
And from two *mothers* took his wond'rous birth;
Who for the *ships* spun all this snare so fine;
Disguis'd into a Creature of the *Earth*,
Was in a House within the *City's* line,
Feigning himself a man of *Christian* lore,
And deckt an *Altar* where he did adore.

11.

On *It*, the picture of that *Shape* he plac't
In which the HOLY SPIRIT did alight:
The picture of the *Dove* (so white, so chaste)
On the BLEST VIRGIN's head, so chaste, so white.
The SACRED TWELVE fate figur'd all aghast,
More wondering at *themselves*, then at the *sight*;
As *Those*, who knew, what onely did inspire
Their various *Tongues*, was those *faln* TONGUES OF FIRE.

12.

The two *Companions* (carried by design
Where BACCHUS was in this deceitful guise)
Their knees devoutly to the *Earth* incline,
And raise their hearts to *Him* That's in the skies.
Gums of the oderiferous and divine
PANCHAYA; Gums, in which the PHENIX dyes,
LYEUS burnt: from whence it doth insue,
That the *false* God came to adore the *true*.

13.

Here entertained and carest that night,
With all good Treatment, and Reception fair,
Were the two *Christians*: heedless of the flight
By which with *holy shew* deceiv'd they were.
But when the *Sun* displayd his glorious light
(Having dispatcht before him through the Ayre
Old TYTHON's youthful Consort, to proclaim
With Blushes to the world her *Gallant* came.)

14.

The MOORS return, who to the *City* went,
With Orders from the *King* for entring There:
With them, the Couple whom the *Captain* sent,
To whom the *King* appear'd a Friend sincere.
So that (assur'd there is no Evil meant
To PORTINGALLS, which he should need to feare,
And that CHRIST hath some *Sheep* amongst those *Wolues*)
To enter the salt River he resolves.

15.

His own ENVOYERS say, they saw on shore
 Religious *Altars*, and a holy *Priest*;
 That they were nobly treated, and did snore
 Till fair AURORA left her rosie nest,
 Nor ought but joy, and wellcome more, and more,
 By *King*, or *People*, could they see exprest:
 So that to doubt a thing so fair, and cleer,
 No ground of reason did to them appeer.

16.

Therefore the noble GAMA did receive
 With open arms the MOORS That came aboard:
 For warieft minds 'tis easie to deceive
 When words and deeds so seemingly accord.
 His *Ship* is cram'd with faithless folk, who leave
 The *Boats* which brought them, ty'de to't with long Cord.
 Blicke they are *all*, as Those that understand
 They have the *Prey* as sure as in their hand.

17.

Weapons, and Ammunition of the War,
 They have on Land prepared secretly;
 That, when the *Ships* are anchor'd past the *Bar*,
 They may invade them, bold, and suddainly,
 And, by this treachery, resolv'd they are
 To ruine Those of LUSUS totally;
 Making them (unexpected) to pay, so,
 The score which they in MOZAMBIQUE owe.

18.

Hoysting the holding *Anchors*, the ships Men
 In the accustom'd *Nautick* clamour joyn'd.
 To thrid the *Barr's Land-marke* they bord it then,
 Giving the *fore-sails* onely to the Wind.
 But fair DIONE (never absent, when
 The gallant Folk need her in any kind)
 Seeing so neer so cruel a surprize,
 From HEAV'N to th'OCEAN like an Arrow flies.

19.

She calls together NEREUS's snowy daughters,
 With all the azure Flock That haunts the *deeps*;
 (For, being born from the salt-Sea, the Waters
 In her obedience as their *Queen* she keeps)
 And, telling them the Cause that thither brought her,
 With all in Squadrons to that part she sweeps
 Where the *ships* are, to warn them come, *no nigh*,
 Or they shall perish fundamentally.

Now

20.

Now through the *Ocean* in great haste they flunder,
Raising the white foam with their silver Tayles.

CLOT with bosom breaks the waves in sunder,
And, with more fury than of custom, sayles;

NISE runs up an end, *NERINE* (younger)
Leaps o're them, frizled with her touching Scales:

The crooked *Billows* (yielding) make a lane

For the feard *NYMPHS* to post it through the *Maine*.

21.

Upon a *TRITON*'s back, with kindled Face,
The beauteous *ERICYNA* furious rode.

He, to whose fortune fell so great a grace,
Feels not the Rider, proud of his fair load.

Now were they almost come upon the place
Where a stiff gale the *warlike Navy* blow'd.

Here they deuide, and in an instant cast
Themselues about the *Ships* advancing fast.

22.

The *Goddeſs*, with a party of the rest,
Lays her self plum against the *Am'ral's Prow*,

Stopping her progress with such main contest
That the swoln sayl the Wind in vain doth blow.

To the hard Oak she rivets her soft Brest,

Forcing the strong *ship* back again to go.

Others (beleaguering) lift it from the Wave,

It from the *Bar* of *Enemies* to save.

23

As to their *Store-House* when the Housewife *Ants*,

Carrying th' unequal Burthens plact with slight

To their small shoulders (lest cold *Winters* wants

Surprize them helpless) exercise their might;

This tugs, *that* shoves, *one* runs, *another* pants;

Strength far above their size, they *All* unite:

So toyl the *Nymphs*, to snatch and to defend

The men of *Lusus* from a dismal end.

24.

The *ship* (inforced *contre*) goes back, back,

In spite of those she carries, who with *Cries*

Handle the Sayls. They fume, their wits they lack;

From side to side the shifted *Rudder* Ayes.

The skillful *Master* from the *Poop* doth crack

His Lungs in vain, for in the Sea he spies

A horrid Rock just just before the *Ship*;

Threatning a Wreck should she advance a step.

25.

Here the rude saylors raise a *Cry* indeed,
 As they are busie at their work. The *MORE*
 This hideous clamour strikes with such a dread,
 As when in horrid fight the *Cannons* rore.
 From *them* the cause of all this fury's hid:
 Nor whom t'approach know *They*, or what t'implore.
 They think their *treacherie* is made appeer,
 And that for *it* they must be punisht heer.

26.

Loe! in the twinkling of an Eye some dart
 Themselves into their speedy Boats agin:
 Others betake them to their swimming Art,
 Making the Sea leap up as they plump in.
 They vault o're the ship-sides from ev'ry part,
 So mainly are they frighted with the dyn:
 Advent'ring rather to the OCEAN, so,
 Then to the hands of a provoked *Fo*.

27.

As *Frogs* (in ancient Ages *Lycian-Folkes*,
 Confin'd to live in *Water*, they deny'de)
 If, basking heedless on the Banks, or Rocks,
 Some *Person* on the suddain they have spy'de,
 Skip back again, and fill the *Pond* with croakes,
 Flying the danger which they have descride;
 And (scaping to their *Sanctuary* known)
 Shew above *Water* their black heads alone.

28.

So fly the *MOORS*, And so the *Pilot* (who
 To this great peril had mislead the *Ships*)
 Thinking *his* Treason was discovered too,
 Into the briny water, flying, skips.
 But that fixt *Rock* to scape and to exchue,
 Which the sweet life might drive out of their lipps,
 The *Admiral* threw streight an anchor out,
 And close to her the others likewise do't.

29.

Th'observing *GAMA*, seeing the great fright
 And unexpected of the *MOORS*, withal
 The *Pilot's* suddain and accusing flight,
 Found what the brutish Folke hatcht in their gall:
 And seeing, how in spight of *wind*, in spight
 Of *Tyde* (both with him) and in spight of all
 Their Art, the *Ship* would not advance a *bead*
 (Holding it for a miracle) thus sed;

30.

O great, undreamt of, strange *deliverance* !
 O *Miracle* most cleer and evident !
 O *fraud* discover'd by blind *Ignorance* !
 O faithless *Foes*, and *Men* devilishly bent !
 "What *Care*, what *Wisdom*, is of suffisance
 "The stroake of *Secret* mischief to prevent,
 "Unless the SOV'RAIGN GUARDIAN from on high
 "Supply the strength of frail *Humanity* ?

31.

Well into Us hath PROVIDENCE infus'd
 What little safety in *these* Ports is known:
 Well have we found how much we were abus'd
 With *shows* of *Friendship*, and *Religion*.
 But since to *humane Prudence* is refus'd
 To pierce *intents*, and where such *masks* are on;
 O thou (GUARDIAN DIVINE) to guard *Him* daigne,
 Who without *Thee* doth guard *himselfe* in vain.

32.

And since *thy* heart is toucht with so great *Ruth*
 For a poor People wandering on the *Seas*,
 As of thy goodness (whence alone it doth
 Proceed) to save us from such *Wolves* as these;
 Unto some *Haven* now, where there is *Truth*,
 Resolve to lead us for a little *Ease*;
 * Or shew us to the long desired *Coast*,
 If for thy honour we desire it most.

33.

These *pious* words the fair DIONE heard
 And (to compassion being mov'd thereby)
 Goes from among the NYMPHS, who sad appear'd
 That they must lose so soon her company.
 Now doth she pierce the *Stars*; now in the *herd*
Sphere, she is entertain'd: whence by and by
 (Having repos'd her) she doth forward move
 Towards the *Sixt*, where is her Father *Jove*.

34.

And (ruffled with her motion) now so fair,
 So fresh, so gay, so lovely is her *look*,
 That *Stars*, and *Heav'n*, and circumfused *Ayre*,
 And *All* That see her are with passion took.
 Her *Eyes* (the Nests of *Cupid* whom she bare)
 Breath'd such quick *Spirits*, and such *fire* they strook;
 They burn the *World* again like *PHAEON*,
 And to the *torrid* turn the *frigid Zone*.

And

35.

And (to bewitch her *Sou'raign Sire* the more,
 Whose *dearling* she was always, and his joy.)
 She comes to *Jove*, as she had done of yore
 In the *Idean Grove* to *Him* of *Troy*.
 The *Huntsman* who the *Horns* (transformed) wore,
 For seeing thus that other *Goddess* coy;
 Had he seen *this*, had ne're been torn asunder
 By his own *dogs*: But di'de of *love*, and *wonder*.

36.

The golden *Tresses* on her *shoulders* fell,
 Whole whiteness smuts the *Fleece* of *innal* *Snow*:
 Her *Breasts* (and those ev'n their own milk excel)
 Playd with by unseen *Cupid*, trembling go:
 Her *Cests*'s white doth mounting flames expel,
 Which, that *Boy* kindling, thole white *bellows* blow?
 Of this fair *Pyle* the *Pillars* smooth, and round,
Desires, like *Ivy*, have about them wound.

37.

Those parts, of which *Shame* is the natural *Screen*,
 In a thin *Veile* of *Sarcenet* she doth fold;
 Not wholly *shewd*, nor wholly left *unseen*,
 Not *Prodigal*, nor *niggard*, of *that Gold*.
 But this transparent *Curtain* draws between,
 To double the desire, by being control'd.
 Now *Heav'n* is fill'd with *jealousie*, and *love*:
This mov'd in *Mars*, in *Vulcan* that did move.

38

And then, discov'ring in her *Angels* face
 A *Sadness* temper'd with a little smile,
 Like some nice *Dame*, who by the rude embrace
 Of heedless *Lover* got a bruise, or foyl;
 She's *pleas'd* and *angry* in one instant space,
 And one while *chides*, and *laughs* another while:
 So spake the *Goddess* who admits no *Peer*
 Lefs *sad*, then *Minion*, to her *Father* deer.

39.

O *pow'rful Father*, I had always thought
 That, for such things on which my heart were set,
 Kinde I should finde thee, affable, and soft,
 Though some *Opposer* should the same regret,
 But since I see, without neglect, or fault
 Of mine, thy love is bated in the heart,
 What remedy? let *Bacchus* have his will:
 In fine, his luck was good, and mine is ill.

This

40.

This *People* (who are *mine*, for whom I pore
 These tears out, which I see in vain distill)
 The more I *love*, I seem to *hate* the more;
Thou being resolv'd to break me of my will.
 For *Them* I weep to thee, for *them* implore,
 And 'gainst my *Fate* in fine am fighting still.
 Well then, because I *love* them they re misus'd,
 I'll *hate* them, then they will be better us'd.

41.

But let them dye by brutish Peoples hands;
 For since *I* was ——— and heer with pearly drops
 (As when the *morning's-dew* on *Roses* stands)
 Making a salt *Parentthesis*, she stops:
 As if her words obey'd not her commands,
 Through melting pity of the mens mishaps.
 Then (going to proceed where she gave o're)
 The mighty THUNDER lets her say no more.

42.

And, mov'd by that dumb *Rhet'rick* (which would move
 A *Tygers* flinty Breast) with the same *Face*
 Of cheerfulness, with which he doth remove
 The Clouds from *that* of HEAV'N, and Tempests chace,
 He wipes her Tears, and (kindling with new love)
 Kisses her *Cheek*, her white *Neck* doth embrace.
 Who, had he hated PORTUGAL before,
 Would now have lov'd it meerly on *her* score.

43.

And (pressing her lov'd face vvith *his*) SHE burst
 Into fresh Tears, and faster then before:
 As vvhen, a child being beat by mother curst,
 The more one moans it, it vvill sob the more.
 Novv, to allay this Passion, He is forc't
 To tell her much vvhich he till then forbore:
 And, vvith these vvords, out of the secret vvomb
 Of pregnant FATE, rips many things to come.

44.

Fair *daughter* mine, fear no adversitie
 Which to thy LUSITANIANS may betide;
 Nor *Any*, to have greater povv're vvith *me*
 Then the sweet Tears vvhich from these cleer *Springs* glide
 For, let me tell thee (*daughter*) thou shalt see
 Both GREEKS and ROMANS (so much magnify'de)
 Forfeit their *ancient Honours* by the *New*
Acts, vvhich this *People* in the *East* shall do.

For

45.

For if the *Eloquent* ULYSSES fled,
 The SIRENS Song, and dire CALYPSO's spell;
 And if ANTENOR with his ship did thred
 Th'*Illyrian-Sleeve*, and reacht TIMAUS's Well;
 And if 'twixt SCYLLA, and CHARIBDIS dread,
 Pious ENEAS with his *Navy* fell:
 How much worse dangers pass *Thine* dayly over,
 Who, sayling round the *world*, new *worlds* discover?

46.

Thou shalt see (*daughter*) *Cities*, and strong *Ports*,
 And lofty *Walls*, which *These* shall build, and found;
 Thou shalt see warlike *TURKS*, and *their* proud *Forts*,
 By *These* destroy'd and level'd with the ground:
 The INDIAN KINGS (*secure in their free Courts*)
 By a more potent KING Thou shalt see bound.
He, in conclusion holding *All* in awe,
 Unto that LAND shall give a *better Law*.

47.

This very *Man*, who *now*, through so much fright
 And misty *Errour*, stumbles to the YND,
 Thou shalt see NEPTUNE tremble at his fight,
 Curling his waves without a breath of wind.
 O wonderful, nor seen by mortal Wight,
 The *Winds* lockt up, and yet a *Storm* to find:
 O valiant *People*, and for great things made,
 Who makes the ELEMENTS themselves afraide.

48.

That LAND, which *water* late to *Him* deny'de,
 Thou shalt behold it a commodious *Port*,
 Where in their way to rest them shall abide
 The *Ships* that (*weary*) from the WEST resort.
 All this wyl'd *Coast* in fine (*which now* hath try'de
 By wicked trechery to cut him short)
 Shall pay him *Tribute*, knowing they must down,
 If they withstand the LUSITANIAN CROWN.

49.

And Thou shalt see the ERYTHREAN, lose
 It's native *red*, and *pale* with *Terrour* look:
 And see the potent *Kingdom* of ORMUSE
 Twice taken, twice subdu'de unto their yोक:
 And see the furious MOOR stand in a Muze
 With his *reverberated* Arrows strook:
 That he may learn, if against *Thine* he fight;
 His Treacherie on his *own* pate shall light.

The

50.

The famous *Fort* of *DIO* Thou shalt see,
 Being twice besieg'd, thy People *twice* defend:
There will their prowess manifested be,
There will their name in *Arms* to *HEAV'N* extend,
There will they bring great *MARS* under their *Lee*
 With deeds which, told, would set the Hayr on end.
There will the falling *MOOR* blaspheming ban,
 And dam with his last breath the *ALCORAN*.

51.

Thou shalt see *GOA* taken from the *MOOR*,
GOA, That by her loss at last shall gain;
 When, on the wings of Conquest made to soare,
Shee, as the *QUEEN OF ALL THE EAST* shall reign:
 The stubborn *GENTILES* (who the *Sun* adore)
 High and triumphant *then*, she shall restrain
 With a rough *Bitt*, and *All* who in that *LAND*
 Against *thy* People dare to lift a Hand.

52.

Slenderly mann'd, and in poor order put;
 Thou shalt see held the *Fort* of *CANANOWR*;
 And shalt see won the *City*. *CALICUT*,
 In *People* infinite, boundless in pow'r;
 And in *COCHIN* shalt see such honor got
 By *one*, shall stand in battail like a *Tow'r*,
 That never *Lyre a Victor* did resound,
 Who so deserv'd to be with Lawrel crown'd.

53.

Never was so *LEUCATE* of a flame
 With shocking *Fleets*, when gilding with their Trim
 The *Asian* waves) Hence young *OCTAVIUS* came;
 Bringing *Italian* pow'rs along with *Him*;
Thence *ANTHONY* (with a fresh *Victor's* name
Barbarians from the *ORIENT*, from *NYLE's* brim,
 And from the farthest *BACTRIA*; and (the bane
 Of *All*!) th'*Egyptian Mistress* in the Traine.

54.

As thou shalt see the *Sea*, and neighb'ring *Shores*,
 Fire with *thy* Peoples Battails: Who, in bands
 Shall coupled lead *IDOLATERS* with *Mores*
 (Triumphing over many *Tongues* and *Lands*)
 And (*GOLDEN CHERSONESUS's* pretious stores
 To farthest *CHINA* conquer'd by their hands
 With the *EAST's* outmost *Islands*, in the end
 Make all the *OCEAN* to their *TABOES* bend.

55.

In so much (daughter *mine*) that, at the rate
 This *Nation's* valour passes humane bound,
 The *WORLD* hath not to match them in debate,
 From silver *GANGES*, to th'*HERCULEAN SOUND*;
 Nor, from the *Northern Ocean*, to that *straight*
 Which the *affronted LUSITANIAN* found;
 Though all the ancient *HERO's* (deifide)
 Should rise again to have the *mastry* try'de.

56.

This having said, his *consecrated Poast*
 (The son of *MAY*) down to the *Earth* he sends,
 To finde some peaceful *Port* upon that *Coast*
 Where the *Armada* may repose with *Freinds*.
 And (lest the valiant *Captain* should be-lost,
 If longer time he at *MOBASSA* spends)
 He gives his *Legate* farther in command
 To shew him in his sleep that friendly *Land*.

57.

Now swift *CYLLINIUS* cuts it through the *Ayre*:
 Now to the *Earth* his winged feet declin'd.
 Badge of his office, the *black Rod* he bare:
 This *HELL's* sad *Pris'ners* doth release, and *bind*:
 This lays asleep the *Eye* oppress'd with *Care*:
 Whisking with this he doth outstrip the *Wind*:
 His *Hat of maintenance* upon his *Crown*:
 And thus he comes into *MELINDE'S TOWN*.

58.

With him he carries *FAME*, that *she* may tell
 The *Lusitanian* prowess, and rare parts:
 "For an illustrious *Name* is a strange *Spell*
 "To attract *Love*, and good *Reports* hath darts.
 Thus he prepares their way with a sweet smell,
 And takes up *lodgings* in the *Peoples hearts*.
 Now all *MELINDE* is on fire, to see
 What kind of men these valiant souls should be.

59.

From thence he parteth to *MOBASSA* straight,
 Where, what to do, the *Ships* uncertain stand;
 To bid them, without question or debate,
 Leave that *Foes Harbour*, and suspected *Land*.
 "For wicked *plottings* of *infernal hate*
 "In vain are *Force* and *Courage* to withstand:
 "In vain, to extricate our selves, is *Wis*,
 "If *HAV'N* do not both prompt, and second, it.

Now

60.

Now *sable* NIGHT had finish'd half her Race,
And in the *Heav'n* the *Stars* with borrow'd light
Supply'd the *Moon's*; as *She* her *Brother's*, place;
And sleeping now was *Mortals* whole delight.
Th'illustrious *Captain* (who had all that space
Been kept awake about the last day's fright)
Gave then to his ty'd Eys a little sleep:
The rest by *Quarters* did their *Watches* keep:

61:

When in a *Vision* he did *HERMES* see.
And fly (*he bid him*) *LUSITANIAN* fly
The Ambush of a *wicked King*, which Hee
Hath laid, to make thee yet obscurely dye:
Fly, for the wind and *Heav'n* *Both* favour Thee.
Thou hast the *Ocean* calm, serene the *skye*,
And not far of another *King*, to frend,
On whose reality thou mayst depend.

62.

Look for no better entertainment *here*,
Then what was giv'n by *THRACIAN* *DIOMED*;
Whose *Horses* (us'd to bloody *Provendere*)
He with the *Bodies* of his *strangers* fed.
Th'infamous *Altars* of *BUSIRIS* (where
His *Guests* inhumane *humane* *offrings* bled)
Unless thou quit it, look for in this place:
Fly a perfidious and a cruel Race.

63

Steer straight alongst the *Coast*, and thou shalt light
Upon a *Countrey* where more *Truth* resides;
Close there, where burning *SOL* at constant hight
The *night* and *day* with equal *line* divides.
Then shall a *King* receive with much delight
Thee, and thy *men*; and give to you (besides
Safety, and Treatment worthy of a *King*)
One, who the *Fleet* shall unto *INDIA* bring.

64.

Thus *HERMES*; and the *Captain* (parting) woke.
He, rowz'd out of his *Nest* in a great fright,
Perceives the circumfused darkness broke
With a short *Ray* and *stream* of *divine light*.
And (seeing it imports *Him*, and his *Folke*,
From that infamous *LAND* to take their flight)
Commands the *Master*, with a spirit new,
To hoyste the *sayles* unto the *Wind* that blew.

65.

He set *sail* to the large Wind:
 Guide, and GOD our course directs.
 The *Express*, he was so kind
 His high *Court* to guard our steps:
 Mariners before, behind,
 His motion spring upon the Decks.
 Toward the Anchors in to the ship-side
 That rude strength which is the *Sea-men's* pride.

66.

The time they did their Anchors weigh,
 (The mask of night) the trech'rous *MORRIS*
 Their Cables hush'd and silent lay,
 Destroy them being run ashore.
 CHRISTIANS (though there shone not the least Ray,
 Yet) in their heads the Eyes of *Lynxes* wore.
 The *other*, finding how they were awake,
 With *Wings*, and not with *Oars*, away did make.

67.

But now did the sharp *Keels* go cutting through
 The liquid *Element* of silver pure:
 The *Wind* ('twas a *side-wind*) gently it blew
 With motion calm, and steady, and secure.
 Discourfing, on their dangers past they chew
 As they sayl on: for 'tis not easie sure.
 To pass in silence a *deliverance*
 So great, and brought about as 'twere by chance.

68.

The burning *Sun* had finish'd *one* Career,
 Began *another*, of his *annual* Race;
 When, as far off as they could ken, appear
 Two *Vessels* creeping on the *Water's* face.
 Knowing they must be *MOORS*, who coast it there,
 Forthwith ours *veer* their *Sayles* to give *those* chase.
One (as more nimble, or as frighted more)
 To save her *People* ran *herself* ashore.

69.

Her *Fellow* (not so light to make away)
 Into the hands of those of *Lusus* falls,
 Without or *MARS* to board her; or, to play
 On her bruiz'd sides black *VULCAN'S* horrid Balls:
 For (she being weakly man'd, nor built for Fray)
 At sight of his own Men the *Master* falls.
 His *courage*, and his *sayles* (His wisest course)
 Had he resist'd, he had far'd the worse.

Then

70

Then GAMA (who did this but to procure
 A *Pilot* for the INDIES so long fought)
 Amongst those MOORS thought to have found one sure,
 But found he was deceived in that thought.
 There's not a man of *them*, That can assure
 Under what part 'tis of the *heav'nly* Vault.
 This *All* can tell him; That MELINDE's nigh,
 Where he may finde a *Pilot* certainly.

71.

The *goodness* of that KING the MOORS extol,
 His *bounteous* nature, and his *Breast sincere*,
 The *greatness* like the *goodness* of his *Soule*,
 With other *parts*, which win him *love*, and *fears*.
 The *Captain* easily believes the whole,
 Concurring with that very *Charactere*.
 HERMES had given in his sleep before:
 So goes, bid by the *dream*, and by the *MORE*.

72.

That gladsome season 'twas, in which returns
 Into EUROPA'S *Ravisher* the *Sun*;
 Putting new lights in *both* his gilded Horns
 Whilst FLORA pours out AMALTHEA'S *one*.
 And now that glorious *Planet* turn'd the *Morn's*
 Red finger, to that *moving Feast*; whereon
 HE, who was *dead* the *soul-sick world* to heal,
 To it's *Redemption* rose to put the *Seal*:

73:

When, to that distance from the which their Eys
 Might reach MELINDE, the *Armada* came;
 Adorn'd with *Tapistrie* triumphant-wise,
 As that *day's holiness* it well became.
 The *Standart* trembles, and the *Streamer* flies,
 The *Scarlet-Waft-cloaths* at a distance flame,
 The *Drums* and *Timbrels* sound. Thus they that *BAR*
 Like CHRISTIANS enter, and like MEN OF WAR.

74.

With *People* hid is the *Melindian* shore,
 That come to see the joyful *Fleet*. More kind
 Are *These*, more *humane*, and of *truth* have more,
 Then *Those* of all the *Countreys* left behind.
 The *Lusitanian Navy* drops, before,
 The heavy *Anchors*, which fast rooting find.
 One, of the MOORS they took, is sent on *Land*:
 To let the KING their coming understand.

The

75.

The KING (who was already by report
 Of those of *Lusus's* gallantry possest)
 The *Captain's* so frank entrie in his *Port*
 Takes as a favour from so brave a Guest:
 And with *true* heart, and in most *courteous* sort
 (*Both* individual from a *noble* Brest)
 Bids the man pray them much to come on *Land*,
 Where they shall have his *Realms* at their commands.

76.

Th'*offer* as *real* is as it appears,
 The *words* full of unfeign'd *Sinceritie*,
 Which the KING sent the noble *Cavaleers*,
 Who had past so much *Land*, and so much *Sea*.
 He sends them more, *Live-sheep* aboard, fat *Steers*,
 And *Poultry* cram'd by Housewives industrie,
 With all such *Fruit* as then in season was:
 And the *good will* the *Present* did surpass.

77.

The well-pleas'd *Moor*, who with this *Errand* went,
 The *Captain* pleas'd receiv'd, with what he brought;
 And instantly another *Present* sent
 Unto the KING, far fetcht, and dearly bought:
 Illustrious *Scarlet* (colour of content)
 Brancht *Coral* fine, for *Nobles* greatly sought:
 Of double nature under water soft
 And *velvet-horn'd*, *hard-pen'd* when 'tis aloft.

78

Sends more, one dext'rous in th' *Arabick-Tongue*,
 To treat a firm *League* with the *ROYAL MORE*,
 Excusing him he did not leave his strong
 And lofty *Ships*, to kits his hand on shore.
 Unto the noble KING, led through a Throng
 Presents himself the fit *Ambassadore*;
 And with these words (which *PALLAS* herself dips
 In her own *Nectar*) disunites his lips.

79.

Most high and mighty King, to *whom* the pure
 And incorrupted *JUSTICE* from Above
 Gave, to restrain the rough and haughty *MOOR*;
 Nor more to *force* his *Feare*, then *win* his love:
 As to the strongest *Port*, and most secure
 Of all the *EAST*, Hither we flye; to prove
 What *FAME* reports, and find in *It* and *Thee*,
 A certain *Port* in our necessitie.

We

80.

We are not Men, who, spying a weak *Town*
 Or careless, as we pass along the shore;
 Murther the *Folks*, and burn the *Houses* down,
 To make a *booty* of their thirsted store:
 But (by a *KING* we have, of high renown,
 Sent from fair *EUROPE*, never to give o're
 Our compassing the *World*, till we have found
 The wealthy *INDIA*) thither are we bound.

81.

How *stony* yet some Race of People was!
 What *barb'rous* guise! what stile of a *Man-Hater*!
 To bar not their *Ports* onely (let that pass)
 But the cold *Hospitalitie* of *Water*!
 To whom have *we* done wrong? wherein (alas!)
 Have *we* discover'd such a *savage* nature,
 To make so many of so few afraid:
 That *Traps* and *Pitfalls* should for *us* be made.

82.

But *Thou* (O gracious *KING*) from whom, to have
True dealing we are sure; and *hope*, we may
 That certain help too, which *ALCINOUS* gave
 Unto the wandering *Prince* of *ITHACA*:
 To *Thee* secure we come, as boldly crave
 Of *Thee*, conducted by the *Son* of *MAY*:
 For, since *JOVES* Harbinger was *ours*; 'tis cleare,
 Thy *Heart* is large, is *humane*, is *sincere*.

83.

Nor think (O *KING*) our noble *Chiefe* declin'd
 Coming, to see and serve thee pers'nally,
 For any thing he scrupled of unkind;
 Or hollow dealing possible in *Thee*:
 But the true reason, why he stayd behind,
 Was, that in *all* he might obedient be
 Unto his *KING*; who gave him this command
 In *Port*, or *Road*, never to go on *Land*.

84.

And, because *subjects* are the self-same Thing
 With *Members* governed by the *Head*, or *Crown*;
 Thou, bearing here the *Office* of a *KING*,
 Wouldst not that *Any* disobey'd his own.
 But, he doth promise an *acknowledging*
 Of thy great *Grace* and *favours* now bestown,
 With *all* That can by *Him* and *Hu* be done,
 So long as *Rivers* to the *Sea* shall run.

Thus

85.

Thus He *harangu'd*: And, with one Voice, the whole
Presence (comparing notes there where they stand)
 The matchless courage of the *men* extol,
 Who traverse so much *Sea* and so much *Land*.
 But the wise KING (revolving in *his* Soul
 The PORTINGALLS's obedience to command)
 In Scales of *wonder* and of *rev'rence* weigh'd
 A KING, who so far off could be obey'd.

86.

Then answers (gracious) with a Brow serene
 Th *Ambassadour*, to whom inclin'd he seem'd:
 Wipe all suspicion from your Bosoms cleane;
 Let no cold Fear be harbour'd there, or seem'd:
 For such your *worths* are, and your *deeds* have been,
 To make you over all the *world* esteem'd.
 And *They* who injur'd *you*, We will be bold,
 Know not what price *Vertue* and *Honor* hold.

87.

That all your People do not come on shore
 Observing the respect due to our *Port*,
 Though in our *own* regard it grieve us fore,
 Yet our esteem of *them* is greater for't.
 For if *your Rules* permit it not, no more
 Shall *we* permit, that (onely to comport
 With *our desires*) such *loyal* excellence
 Should lose it self, or suffer Violence.

88.

But when to morrows light shall come, to *greet*
 And *shew*, the *WORLD*; with our own *Barges*, *Wee*
 Shall go in person to the warlike *Fleets*,
 Which we so many days have long'd to see.
 And, if it need any convenience meet,
 Through shatt'ring storms, and keeping long at *Sea*,
 A *Pilot* it may have, and *Victuals* here,
 And *Ammunition*, with intention cleere.

89.

This was his language, And LATONA's Boy
 Into the *Ocean* div'd. The *Messenger*
 (Returning with this *Embassie* of joy)
 To the *Armada* rows with merry cheer.
 Out of all Breasts is bausht black Annoy,
 Seeing the proper remedie is here
 To find the *Land* whereof they sayl in quest:
 So all that night they keep a double *Feast*.

There

90.

There wants not *there* the *artificial* *star*
Like trembling *Comet* (nor less cause of wonder)
The *Gunners* do *their* Part, making the *Ayre*,
Water, and *Earth*, resound with *Mortalls's* Thunder.
The *CYCLOPPS* (practising for t'other War
On *JOVE*) with *Bullets* rend the *Clouds* in sunder.
others on lofty *Cornets* (singing) playd:
And *These* with *Musick* did the *SPHERE'S* invade.

91.

They answer from the *shore* at the same time
With *Squibs* that crack amongst the Rout: In gyres
The whizzing *Vapours* up to *HEAVEN* climbe:
Th'imprison'd Powder with a bounce expires:
Heaven's brazen Vault echoes the *Voyces's* chyme:
The *Sea's* clear *Glass* reflects the joyful fires:
The *Earth* is not behind them. In this sort
Both sport in earnest, and *Both* fight in sport.

92.

But *now* the restless *Heav'n*, wheeling about,
To their day-labours mortals doth incite;
And *MEMNON's* mother (fair *APOLLO's* scout)
Sets bounds to sleep by her arriving light;
With her approach dull shadows, Put to rout,
In a cold sweat upon the *Flowers* light;
When the *MELINDIAN KING* (embarqued) plide
To see the *Ships* That in his Harbour ride.

93

The shores are crown'd with people (of a fire
To be *Spectators* onely of the show)
The *Scarlet* Coates flame with the dye of *TYRE*:
The glossie *Silks* with all *May's* flow'rs do blow:
Instead of *Arrows* (part of *Warr's* Attire)
And of the horn'd *Moon-imitating* Bow;
Palm in their hands, in sign of *Peace*, they bear:
Which on their *Heads* victorious *HEROES* wear.

94.

In a *Canoe* (which was both long and broad,
And glissend in the Sun with *Cov'rings*, made
Of mixed *Silks*) *MELINDE's KING* is row'd:
Wayted by *Princes* 'mongst their own obay'd.
In rich *Attire* (according to the mode
And custom of that Land) he comes arayd.
Upon his Head he weares a *Terbant*, roll'd,
Of *silk* and *Cotton*, with a *CROWN* of gold.

G

A

95.

A *Roabe*, of *Scarlet-damask*, (high-extold
By Them, and worth the wearing of a *KING*)
About his *Neck* a *Collar* of pure *gold*:
The *work* worth twice the substance of the Thing.
A *Velvet* sheath a *dagger* keen did hold,
With *Diamond-hilt*, hang'd by a *golden* string.
Sandals of *Velvet* on his *Feet* he wore,
With *gold* and *pearl* imbroydred richly o're.

96.

O're *Him* a round *Silk-Canopy* he had
Advanc't aloft upon a *gilded* Pole;
With which a *Boy* behind to *burn* forbad
Or trouble the Great *KING*, the beams of *SOL*.
Musick ith' *Prow*, so *merry* that 'twas *mad*,
Grating the *Eare* with a harsh noise. The whole
Consort, is onely crooked *Horns*, wreath'd round,
Which keep no time, but make a dismal sound.

97.

No less adorn'd, the *LUSITANIAN*
From the *Armada* in his *Boats* doth dance,
To meet *Him* of *MELINDA* with a *Train*
Whom much their *cloaths*, but more their *deeds* advance:
GAMA comes clad after the use of *SPAIN*,
But wears a *Caffock ala mode de France*:
The *Stuff*, a *Florence-Satin*; and the *dye*,
A perfect *Crimson*, glorious in their *Eye*.

98.

The *Sleeves* have *golden* Loops, which the *Sun-shine*
Makes too too bright and slippry for the *Eyes*:
His close *Camp-Trowzes* lac't with the *same* *myne*,
Which *Fortune* to so many men denies:
Poynts likewise of the *same*, and *Tagging* fine,
With which his *Doublet* to his *Hose* he ties.
A *Sword* of massive *Gold*, in *Hanger* tyde;
A *Cap* and *Plume*; the *Cap* set a *tae* *jide*.

99.

Mong't his *Camrades*, the noble *Tyrian dye*
(Not *liv'ry-wise*, but) sparcl'd here; and there;
The sev'ral *Colours* recreate the *Eye*:
So do the diff'rent *Fashions* which they wear.
Such their inamel'd *Cloathes* *Variety*
(Compriz'd in one survey) as doth appear
The painted *Bow*, in *water-colours* laid,
Of *JUNO's* Minion, the *Thaumantian* *Mayd*.

The

100.

The ratling *Trumpets*, now, their joy augment
 As, other times, they had their courage done.
 The *Moorish* Boats cover'd the Sea, and went
 Sweeping the Water with their silks Anon.
 The *Clouds* of *HEAV'N* the thund'ring *Cannons* rent,
 And with new *Clouds* of *Smoak* put out the *Sun*,
 Before the *Blow* the winged lightning flies:
 The *MOORS*'s hands stop their *Ears*, the *Lids* their *Eyes*

101.

Into the *Captain's* Boate the *KING* doth come
 (Folding him in his *Arms*) And He again
 With such respect and rev'rence, as become,
 Doth both receive, and speak unto, the *KING*.
 A while with wonder and Amazement, dumb,
 The *MOOR* on *GAMA* stands considering,
 As He That highly doth esteem the Man
 Who came so far to seek the *Indian* Strain

102.

Then makes him a large proffer, of what ere
 To do him good his *Kingdom* can afford,
 And that he freely would demand it: there
 As his own goods, if ought he lackt aboard.
 Adds, though till now he saw the *LUSITANS* there
 Yet he from *FAME* had heard much of their *Sword*,
 And how, in other *Parts* of *AFRICA*,
 They have had wars with People of his way

103.

And how through all that spacious *LAND* resown'd
 The glorious *Actions* of that *NATION*,
 When they therein did gain that *Kingdom's* *Crown*,
 Where the *HESPERIDES* of old did won'd
 And most of That, which to the *KING* was known
 (Although the least the *PORTINGALES* had done)
 He spread out thin in words, and magnifice:
 But to the *KING* of *GAMA* thus reply de

104.

O great and gracious *KING*, who dost (alone)
 The *Lusitanian* People's sad estate,
 (By *NEPTUNE*'s rage, and adverse *Fortune*, thrown
 Into so many streights) Commiserate
 The *KING OF KINGS* (who from th' eternal *Throne*,
 Turning *HEAV'N* round, did the round *Earth* create,
 Since *Mercy* is his chiefest *Attribute*)
 Reward thee for it, for We cannot do't:

105.

Thou onely, of all Those *A 20110* blacks,
 In peace receiv'st us from the Ocean vast;
 In Thee, from peril of *Bolham* Wracks,
 We find a *Refuge* kind, *syntere*, and fast.
 Whilst the *Sun* lights, whilst *Night* his presence lacks,
 In *H E A V N*'s blew *Meats* whilst *Stars* take their repast,
 Where're I go, in either *Hemisphere*,
 Thy *Name*; and *Praises*, shall be founded there.

106.

This humbly said, towards the *Fleet* they row,
 (The *K I N G* requesting that he *now* may see't)
Ship after *Ship* about it round they go:
 That he of *All* may note *all* he thinks meet.
 Lame *V U L C A N* walks on *Lynsacks* to and fro,
 With which the *Guns* salute him from the *Fleet*.
 The *Trumpets* play unto him in shrill notes:
 The *M O O R*s with *Cornets* answer from the *Beates*.

107.

But when the gen'rous King had ceast to Noote
 All That he would, nor heard with little wonder
 Th'unusual *Instrument* with the wide Throate
 That speaks so big, and tears the Clouds in funder;
 He bids them (in the *Sea* anch'ring the *Boats*)
 Suspend their *Oars*; as they had done their *thunder*:
 That he may know *as large* of brave *D E G A M E*
 Those things, which *lightly* he had heard from *F A M E*.

108.

The *M O O R* doth into several questions run,
 With *gust* inquiring, sometimes of the great
 And famous *Wars* between our *N A T I O N*,
 And *Those* who do believe in *M A N O M E T*.
 Now of the *L A N D* we dwell in, which the *Sun*
 Bids last *good night*, when he makes hast to set;
 Now, of the *N A T I O N S* which therewith confine;
 Now of his ploughing through the *Gulphs* of *Brine*.

109.

But rather, valiant *Captain* (quoth the *K I N G*)
 Make us a full and orderly *narration*
 Under what *Part* of the *C E L E S T I A L* *R I N G*,
 Under what *Clyme* ye have your Habitation;
 Also your ancient *Generation's* spring,
 And, of a *R E A L M* so potent the Foundation;
 With the successes of your *Wars*: For (though
 I know them not) that they were vast I know.

Tell

110

Tell us besides, of all that tedious *maze*
 Through which thou hast been tost with angry flaws
 On the salt *Seas*, observing the strange ways
 Of our rude *AFFRICK*, and the *barb'rous* Laws.
Tell; For the *Horse* of the new *Sun*, the *DAY's*
 Imbroydered *Coasts* with golden *traces* draws,
Postillon'd by the *MORN*: The *Wind's* asleep,
 And the curst *Billowes* couch upon the *DEEP*.

111.

And if the *Winds* and *Seas* are hush'd, to hear
 The *story* thou shalt tell: no less are *Wee*.
Who would not lend *your* *Acts* a *greedy* *Eare*?
Who hath not heard of *Lusus's* *Progenie*?
SOL (who the *Brain* of *man* doth purge and cleer)
 Drives not his *Coach* thus nigh us as you see,
 To have *MELINDIANs* thought so dull a *Breed*,
 As not to value an *Heroick* deed.

112.

A daring War the haughty *GYANTS* made
 Upon *OLYMPUS* permanent and pure:
 Ralh *THESEUS*, and *PERITHOUS*, did invade
 Grim *PLUTO's* Kingdom horrid and obscure.
 If such *high* *Boys* as these the world hath had,
 'Tis not less hard, nor will less *Fame* procure,
 Then the attempting *HEAV'N* and *Hell* by *Them*,
 That *others* should attempt the *Watry* *Ream*.

113.

DIANA's Temple built by *TESIPHON*
 (Rare *Architect*!) *HOROSTRATUS* burnt down:
 To be talkt of, though for a Thing ill done,
 And *dye* *defam'd*, rather than *live* *unknown*.
 If on so false, and vile Foundation,
 The sweet desire deceives us of *Renown*;
 How much more *lawful* is't to seek a name
 By deeds deserving everlasting *FAME*!

End of the second Canto.

Third

Third Canto.

STANZA. I.

Now what illustrious GAMA, neer the *Line*,
 Inform'd that KING, report CALIOPH:
 Breathe an immortal *Song*, and *voice* divine,
 Into this mortal *Breast*, that's big with *Thee*:
 So, never the great God of *Medicine*,
 (To whom thou ORPHEUS bar'st) love CLYCIE,
 Court DAPHNE more, or call LEUCOTHON Friend,
 Since *Thou* in Beauty doest them *All* transcend.

2.

Thou, *Nymph*, promote my pious just desire
 To pay my Country what to *It* I owe;
 That the whole *world* may listen, and admire
 To see from *Tagus* AGANIPPE flowe.
 Leave PINDUS's flow'rs: For (Loe!) the *MUSE*s's Sire
 Bathes me in *Sacred* dew from top to toe.
 If not, I swear thou hast some jealousy
 ORPHEUS (thy joy) should be eclip'd by me.

3.

To hear the noble GAMA, In a *Ring*
 Gather'd was all th'attentive Companie;
 When (having sat a while considering)
 Raising his manly Visage, thus said *He*.
 Thou doest command me to unfold (O KING)
 My noble NATION's *genealogie*:
 Thou bid'st me not to tell a *forraign story*,
 But of my *own* thou bid'st me tell the glory.

4.

Upon *Another's* Prayses to dilate
 Is usual, and that which Friends doth raise;
 But of One's *own* the Prayses to relate,
 Will prove (I fear me) a suspected praise.
 Besides, to praise *ours* to the worth, the date
 Would first expire of six the longest days.
 But (to serve *Thee*) a double fault I'll do:
 I'll praise my own, and crop their praises too.

Yet

5.

Yet what in fine doth animate me, is,
 I'm sure of *Lying* I shall run no danger :
 For of such *deeds* say what I can, I wis
 I shall leave more to th'utterance of a stranger.
 But (to pursue that *method* in all this
 Thy self prescrib'd, nor seem in all a Ranger)
 First, of the *Territory* large I'll tell;
 Then, of the bloody *Battles* that befell.

6

Between the *Zone* where *Cancer* bends his clutch
 (To the bright *Sun* a Bound *Septentrional*)
 And *that* which for the *Cold* is shun'd as much,
 As for the *Heate* the middle *Zone* of all,
 Prowd *EUROPE* lyes: whose *North*, and parts which touch
 Upon the *Occident*, have for their Wall
 The *OCEAN*; and, with unreturning *Waves*,
 Her *South*, the *SEA-MEDITERRANEAN* laves.

7.

Upon the *East* she neighbours *ASIA*:
 But that *cold River* with the *doubling* stream
 (Which from *Riphean Mountains* plough his way
 To the *Meotick Lake*) divideth Them:
 So doth that furious and that horrid *Sea*
 Which with their *Fleet* th'incens'd *GREEKS* did steme;
 From whence the *Sayler now* with his *mind's* eye
 Sees the name onely of once glorious *TROY*.

8.

Where she is most beneath the *Artick Pole*
 The *Hyperborean Mountains* she doth see;
 And *those*, where *EOL* reigns without controule,
 Owing to blustering their *Nobility*.
 The *Sun*, That spreads his lustre through the *Whole*,
 His rays have *here* such imbecility,
 That a deep snow is *still* upon the Mountains,
 The *Sea* *still* frozen, frozen *still* the Fountains.

9.

Here *SCYTHS*, and *TARTARS*, in great numbers, live;
 Who were engag'd in a sharp *war* of old,
 About their *Pedigrees* prerogative,
 With those who *then* th'*EGYPTIAN-LAND* did hold;
 But, where the justice of the *Cause* to give
 Being hard by erring *Mortals* to be told,
 To get more certain information, look
 In the *Clay-Office* from which *Man* was took.

10.

In that far *Nook* (to name of many some)
 Are the cold LAPLAND; NORWAY comfortless;
 SCANDIA that triumpht o're triumphant ROME
 (Which her proud ruines to this day confests).
Here, whilst the waters are not stiffe, and numb,
 With *Winters* Ice glazing the BALTICK-SEAS,
 That *Arm* of the SARMATICK OCEANE
 Sayles the brave *Swede*, the *Prussian*, and the *Dane*.

11.

Betwixt *this* Sea, and TANAI, live strange Nations:
 RUTHENI, frozen MUSCOVITES, LIVONIANS,
 That were in former Ages the SARMATIANS,
 And, in th'HERCINIAN FOREST, the POLONIANS.
 Held of the GERMAN EMPIRE are ALSATIANS,
 SAXONS, BOHEMIANS, HUNGARS, or PANNONIANS:
 With divers *other*, whom the RHINE's cold waves,
 The ELVE, the MOZELL, and the DANOW laves.

12.

'Twixt wandering ISTER, and that NARROW-SEA
 Where, with her life, fair HELLE left her name,
 The warlike THRACIANS dwell: who lay a plea
 To MARS his Sword, as from whose loyns they came.
 Here HÆMUS, and ORPHEAN RHODOPE,
 Obey the OTTOMAN; and (to the shame
 Of Christendom) BYSANTIUM's noble Seat,
 A proud affront to CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

13.

The next in order MACEDONIA stands,
 Bath'd with the *Actian* (now LEPANTO's) Sea:
 And likewise *you*, O admirable LANDS,
 Where *Wit*, and *Manners*, were in high degree;
 Which bred those solid *Heads*, and valiant *Hands*,
 Those streams of *Eloquence*, and *Poetrie*,
 With which *Thou* (famous GREECE) unto the skies
 As well by *Letters*, as by *Arms* didst rise.

14.

DALMATIANS follow *Them*: and, in that Bay
 ANTENOR chose for his new City's Syte,
 VENICE (like VENUS) rises from the Sea;
 From low beginnings swoln to that proud high.
 That Sea, an Arm of Land doth overlay,
 Which the whole WORLD subjected by its might.
 That *Arm* (no less then GREECE) to HEAVEN soar'd
 With the two wings of LEARNING, and THE SWORD.

'Tis

15.

'Tis wall'd by *nature*, part, where it doth joyn
 Unto the ALPS thick shoulders: NEPTUNE barrs
 The rest with his salt waves: The APPENINE
 Cuts ith'middle: where your LYBIAN MARS
 Wan him such Fame. But *now*, since the *divine*
 Porter hath got it (impotent in Wars)

'Tis stript of the vast pow'r it had before:
 "So much is GOD delighted with the *pore*.

16.

Pass we from thence to FRANCE, so much of old
 With CÆSAR'S triumphs through the World renown'd.
 'Tis water'd with the ROYAL SEYN, the cold
 GAROON, the pleasant LOYRE, the RHINE profound.
 Now those high Mountains in the clouds behold
 Which still the lost PYRENE'S name resound:
 From which, being fir'd (as ancient Books have told)
 Rivers ran down of Silver, and of Gold.

17.

Loe! here displays it self illustrious SPAIN,
 As Head there of all EUROPE: In whose strange
 Successes of their Wars, and ways of reign,
 FATE'S wheel gave many a turn, wrought many a change.
 But never Force, or Fraud, shall fix a stain
 (Through Fortune's humor always giv'n to range)
 But SPAIN will finde a time to wipe it out,
 And make her blasted honors freshly sprout.

18.

She faces TINGITANIA: and There
 (As if to make the Mid-land Sea an Isle)
 The well-known STREIGHTS to close their jaws appeare
 Innobled with the THEBAN'S latest Toyle.
 With different Nations she her head doth reare
 (Sea-girt three sides, the fourth with Hilly Pyle)
 Of such Nobility and Valour All,
 That each pretends to be the principal.

19.

She has the ARRAGONIAN, so renown'd
 For conqu'ring twice stubborn PARTHENOPÆ:
 Those of NAVAR: ASTURIANS, who did bound
 The MOORS, broke in upon us like a Sea.
 She has the shrewd GALLEGO, many-crown'd
 CASTILIAN, whom his Star reserv'd to be
 SPAIN'S great Restorer and her Lord: SEVILIA,
 GRANADA, LEON, MURCIA, with CASTILIA.

20.

The LUSITANIAN KINGDOM here survey,
 Plac't as the *Crown* upon fair EUROPE's Head:
 Where (the *Land* finishing) begins the *Sea*,
 And whence the *Sun* steps to his watry Bed.
 This, first in *Arms* (by gracious HEAVN's decree)
 Against the filthy MAURITANIAN sped:
 Throwing him out of *Her* to his old Nest
 In burning AFFRICK; nor *there* let him rest.

21.

That, That, the loved EARTH where I was born!
 To which if kinder HEAVN do so dispose
 That I (this *Task* perform'd) alive return:
 With *It*, my dying Eyes, *there* let me close.
 From LYSUS (which the *Latines* LUSUS turn)
 Old BACCHUS's *Camrade*, or (as some suppose)
 His *Son*, was LUSITANIA's name deriv'd,
 When in that Countrey his *Plantation* thriv'd,

22.

Here was that *Shepherd* born, who in his *Name*
 (As well as in his *Actions*) did write MAN:
 Whom none must hope to equal in his *Fame*
 Since that of ROMAN he to eclipse began.
 This *Spot*, through shuffling of light *Fortune's* Game,
 TIME (whodevours his *children*) saw, Anan,
 On the WORLD's *Theater* a great *Part* play
 Rays'd to a *Kingdom*: and it was this way.

23.

There was in SPAIN a *King* (ALPHONSO hight) T
 Who made so close a *War* upon the MORE,
 That (what with *policy*, and what with *might*)
 Many he slew, and many a *Town* he bore.
 This KING's sublime *Renown* taking her flight
 From *Streights* Herculean to the *Caspian* Shore,
Diverse (affecting an *immortal* name)
 To *Him* and *Death* to offer themselves came.

24.

Others (more fir'd with an *intrinsick* love
 Of *Christian Faith*, then Honour *popular*)
 Flock from all *Corners*: willing to remove
 Both from sweet *Countrey*, and from private *Lar*.
 But, when their names, by *Actions* rais'd above
 The vulgar pitch, they *All* advanc't in *War*,
 The fam'd ALPHONSO, for such gallant deeds,
 Would have them reap proportionable meeds.

Amongst

25.

Amongst These HENRY (saith the History)
 A younger son of FRANCE, and a brave Prince,
 Had PORTUGAL in lot, in the *World's* eye
 Not *then* so glorious, nor so large, as *since*.
 And the same KING did his own daughter tye
 To *Him* in Wedlock, to infer from thence
 His firmer love: as giving, in her hand,
 The *Livery and Seisin* of that LAND.

26.

He (when against the *Off-spring* of the *Hand-*
 Maid HAGAR mighty Conquests he had won,
 Gaining in much of the adjacent LAND,
 And doing what was comely to be done)
 Obtains from *Him*, who doth high *Heav'n* command
 In a short time (to guerdon All) a *Son*:
 Who (adding to his *Father's* worth, his *owne*)
 Shall first erect the LUSITANIAN THRONE.

27.

HENRY was now come from the HOLY LAND,
 And Conquest of enslav'd JERUSALEM;
 Having seen consecrated JORDAN'S Strand,
 That saw the flesh of GOD bath'd in his stream;
 For, GODFREY finding nothing could withstand
 After JUDEA was subdu'd by Him,
 Many, who in that *War* had giv'n him Ayd,
 Their wisht return to their *Dominions* made:

28.

When, come to the last *Exit* of his Age
 The famous FRENCH-MAN (to a wonder brave)
 Pull'd by DEATH's hand down from this mortal Stage,
 His *Spirit*, unto *Him*, that gave it, gave.
 His *Son* remain'd in tender *upillage*,
True Copy of his *Sire* that's in the Grave:
 Then whom more excellent the world had none,
 For such a *Father* must have such a *Son*.

29.

But *old* Report (how *true* I cannot say:
 For things so distant with much night are spread)
 Tells, how the *Mother*, taking all the way,
 Scorn'd not to stoop unto a second Bed:
 And, for herself an *After-Game* to play,
 Her *Fatherless-Son* disinherited:
 Claiming for *Hers* the *Land*, and *Princely Pow're*,
 As giv'n her by her *Father* for a *dow're*.

H 2

Then

30.

Then young ALPHONSO (so the *Prince* they call,
 Inheriting his *Grandfire* in his Name)
 Despairing by fair means of PORTUGALL,
 For that the *Mother*, and her *Groom*, the same
 Usurp, and mean from *Him* to give it All:
 (His bosom boyling with a *Marital* flame)
 By force to seize it in his mind revolves,
 As briskly executes what he resolves.

31.

The blushing Plains of ARADUCA groan,
 With *one-same* blood of *War intestine* dide;
 In which the *Mother* (whose *deeds* spake her *none*)
 The *Son* her *love*, and his own LAND deny'de:
 Now stands against him in *battalion*,
 And cannot see (being blinded with her pride)
 How much she sins 'gainst HEAV'N, and *natural Love*:
 But in her Breast the *sensual* swims above.

32.

O Witch MEDBA! PROGNE, with blood-stain!
 If for their *Fathers*, not their *own* misdeeds,
 By *you* your *children* in *Revenge* were slain,
 Behold, TERESA'S *Sin* ev'n *yours* exceeds!
Incontinence, the sacred Thirst of *Raign*,
 These are the Causes whence *her* Crime proceeds.
 SCYLLA her aged *Father* slew through *one*:
 Through *Both* TERESA goes against her *Son*.

33

But the brave *Prince* a perfect conquest had
 O're an *ill mother*, and a *Father-in-Law*.
 Forthwith, the *Victor*, all the LAND obey'd
 That did before their swords against him draw.
 Then (by his *Wrath* his *judgement* overstay'd)
 Fast laid in *Irons* he his *Mother* saw:
 Which GOD's avenging Hand did soon pursue.
 "Such *Reverence* is to *all Parents* due.

34.

Loe! proud CASTEEL unites her Forces all
 (To be reveng'd for sad TERESA'S wrong)
 Against the few-in-People PORTINGALL:
 But, though his *Troops* be *weake*, his *Heart* is strong.
 His mortal Head with Shield *Angelical*
 Hid in the day of *Battail* from a throng
 Of falling darts, not onely firm he stands
 Their shock, but routs the formidable Bands.

Yet,

35.

Yet, not long after, was this valiant *Prince*
 In the same *ARADUCA* (his chief Nest)
 Blockt up with a vast Army, to which, since
 Their late defeat, the angred *Foes* increast.
 But by his faithful *Tutor EGAS*, thence
 (Offering himself to death) he was releast.
 Else (of all needful matter ill bested)
 He in that streight had surely perished.

36

But the best *Servant* ever *Master* found,
 Seeing his *Prince* can no resistance make,
 That he should hold of *Him* the Countrey round
 To the *CASTILIAN KING* did undertake.
 He (having honest *EGAS MONIZ* bound)
 The dreadful siege did presently forsake.
 But the *Illustrious youth* cannot afford
 To pay low *Homage* to another *Lord*.

37.

The time prefixed was arrived now
 When the *CASTILIAN MONARCH* made account
 To do him homage that *the Prince* would bow
 As to his *Founder*, and *Lord Paramount*.
EGAS (who knew *that* would not be, and how
 Because of *Him CASTEEL* rely'de upon't)
 Resolves his broken promise, at the rate
 Of his sweet life's expence to expiate.

38.

And, with his *children*, and dear *Wife*, he went
 T' unpawn and to redeem his morgag'd Faith,
 Barefoot and bareleg'd, and with eyes so bent
 To th' Earth, as would move pity more then wrath.
 If my rash *confidence* thou have intent
 To scourge as it deserves (O *KING*) he saith;
 Loe, here I bring thee of mine own accord
 A *life*, in lieu of ill-accomplisht word!

39.

Loe here (to piece out mine) the innocent
 Lives, of my *Wife* and *Babes*, before thy Eyes!
 If *Bosoms* generous and excellent
 Accept so frail and dire a *Sacrifice*.
 Loe here the guilty *Hands*, and *Tongue*! invent
 All sorts of *pains* and *deaths* to exercise
 On *These*: such as may prove fierce *SCINIS* dull
 In mischief, and out-roare *PERILLUS'S BULL*.

Just

40.

Just as before the *Heads-man* one condemn'd,
 Who doth in *life* his *death* anticipate,
 And now upon the *Block* his Neck extend,
 For the fear'd stroak which must dispatch him straight:
 So *E G A S* look't, expecting the worst end
 Could be pronounc't by *K I N G*'s deserved Hate.
 But the *K I N G* seeing such stupendious *Faith*,
Mercy at length could more with him, than *Wrath*.

41.

O great, and *Portingal-Fidelitie*,
 Payd by a *Subject* to his *Prince*! What more
 Perform'd the *P E R S I A N* in that *Project* high,
 When *Nose* and *Face* he carbonado'd o're;
 Which made the great *D A R I U S* (fighting) cry,
 His brave *Z O P Y R U S*, such as he was once,
 H'had rather have, then twenty *B A B I L O N S*?

42.

But now the Prince *A L F O N S O* did provide
 The happy *Hoast* of *L U S I T A N I A*
 Against the *M O O R S*, who, on the other side
 Of *T A G U S*'s delectable River, lay.
 Now in the fam'd *O R I Q U E*'s Champion wide
 The proud and warlike *Troops* he doth aray,
 Just in the beard of the confronted *M O O R*:
 As rich in *courage*, as in *numbers* poor.

43.

His *Trust* is not in *Flesh*; but placed all
 In the eternal *G O D*, That *Heav'n* doth steer:
 For the baptiz'd Army was so small,
 To his one man an hundred *M O O R S* there were.
 Those, who consider things by *Reason*, call
 It *madness* rather, then th'effect of cleer
 And sober *heate*, on such vast *Heapes* to run,
 Where there's an hundred *Horsemen* to his one.

44.

Five *M O O R I S H K I N G S* he hath that day defy'de
 Of whom the *Chief* hath *I S M A R* to his name:
 All with the style of *S O L D I E R* dignify'de,
 By which is purchas'd immortal *Fame*.
 Each had his *Mistress* fighting by his side,
 Like *that*, as beautiful, as warlike; *D A M E*
 Who helpt so long to prop up falling *T R O Y*,
 And *Those*, who streams of *T H E R M O D O N T* enjoy.

Now

45.

Now did AURORA, beautiful and cleer,
 Out of the *Welkin* chase the *golden Fry* :
 When MARY'S son, ALPHONSO'S heart to cheer,
 Appear'd to him upon the *Cross* on high.
 Whom worshipping, That thus vouchsaf't to appear,
 All of a fire with *Faith* the *Prince* doth cry,
 Not to me LORD, but to the INFIDEL :
 Not unto me, who know thy pow'r so well.

46.

This *miracle* of mercy so inflam'd
 The *POTINGALLS*, and did their minds erect,
 That they the gallant *Prince* their KING acclam'd,
 Whom with such cordial love they did affect ;
 And (*drawing up* before the *Foe*) proclam'd
 To HEAV'N, and to the *World*, their new *Elett* :
 Crying aloud; THE ARMY, CROWN AND ALL,
 FOR GREAT ALPHONSO KING OF PORTUGALL.

47.

As a fierce *Mastiffe* in in the woody CHACE
 (Whom *Shouts*, and *Hunters Instruments* incite)
 Attacks a *Bull*, the which his Trust doth place
 In his sharp *Horns*'s irrefragable might ;
 Now fastning on his flank, now on his Face,
 More nimble at the turn, then strong in fight ;
 Till, tearing out his Throat, down falls the *Beast*,
 The groaning *Mountain* with his weight oppress :

48

So the new KING (with courage no less new
 Inflam'd by GOD, and by the *People*, Both)
 Upon the *barb'rous Hoast*, before him, flew
 With his bold *Troops*, impetuous, and wroth.
 With this, the *doggs* take up a Howle and rue-
 Full Cry, the *people* rowze, th' *Alarum* goeth :
 They snatch their *Spears*, and *Bowes*, the *Trumpets* sound,
 Loud *Instruments* of war go bellowing round.

49.

As when a fire in *Stubble* dry begun
 (The whistling *Boreas* hapning then to blow)
 Fann'd by the *Bellows* of the *Wind*, doth run
 To the next which *Field* *Furzes* overgrow ;
 And there a knot of *Shepherds* (who upon
 The grassie ground sweet slumbers undergo)
 Wak't by the crackling flames in the thick *Brake*,
 Snatch up their *Hooks*, and to the *Village* make :

50

So the surprized MOORS, and thunder-strook,
 Catch up their *weapons*, which lye round about.
 Yet fled not, *these*; but to their *Arms* they took,
 And spur'd their warlike *Barbs*, resolv'd and stout.
 The PORTINGALL incounters them unshook,
 He makes his *Lances* at their *backs* come out.
Some drop half-dead, some tumble dead outright,
Others invoke the ALCORAN, and fight.

51.

Most terrible Incounters, *there*, resound;
 Enough to shake in its firm seat a Rock:
 When those fierce *Beasts*, the *Trident*-strooken ground
 Product (with their more furious *Burthens*) shock.
 No *Nook* exempt, the *war* is kindled round,
 Vast *wounds* are giv'n, *Neither* hath cause to mock:
 But those of *Lusus*, Armours, Males, and all,
 Break, cut, hack, batter, penetrate, and maule.

52.

Heads from the *shoulders* leap about the *Field*;
Arms, *Leggs*, without or *Sence*, or *Master*, flye.
Others (their panting entrails trailing) wheel'd;
Earth in their bloodless *check*, *death* in their *Eye*.
 Th'impious *Army* now the *day* doth yield:
 Rivers of *Blood* flow from their wounds, whereby
 The *Field* it self doth lose its colour too,
 And into *Crimson* turns the *verdant* hew.

53.

The PORTINGALL victorious doth remain,
 Reaping the *Trophies* and the wealthy *Prey*.
 Having discomfited the MOOR of SPAIN,
 Three days the GREAT KING on the *place* doth stay.
 In his broad *Shield* (which he till then bore plain)
 A *Badge* eternal of this glorious *day*,
 Five small *Shields* azure he doth now include,
 In sign of these *five Kings* by Him subdu'de.

54.

In these *five Shields* he paints the *Recompence*
 For which THE LORD was sold, in various Ink
 Writing his history, who did dispence
 Such favour to him, more then *Hearts* could think.
 In every of the *Five* he paints *Five-pence*,
 So sums the *Thirty* by a *Cinque-fold Cinque*;
 Accounting that which is the *Center*, twise,
 Of the *five Cinques*, which he doth place *Cross-wise*.

Some

55.

Some time after *he* gave this grand defeat
 Th'illustrious KING (whose Thoughts to *Heaven* soare)
 To take in LEYRIA marcht; which *Those*, *He* beat,
 Had took from *Him* a little while before.
 To boot, the strong ARRONCHEZ he doth get:
 And, with her pleasant *Vale*, the evermore
 Glorious SCABELICASTRO (Santaréne)
 Which *Thou*, sweet TAGUS, waterst so serene.

56.

Unto these noble *Towns* reduc't, he soon
 Adds MAFRA, dar'd by his victorious Wings;
 Then, in the famous *Mountains of the Moon*
 Cold SYNTRA (forc'd) to his obedience brings:
Syntra, in which the NAYADES do run
 From the sweet *Snare*, hiding themselves in Springs.
 But LOVE hath *Nets* will *there* too serve their turn:
 And in the *water* will his *wild-fire* burn.

57.

And *Thou*, fair LISBON (worthy to be crown'd
 Of all the *Cities* of the WORLD the *Queen*)
 Which that great *Prince of Eloquence* did found,
 Who by *his wit* TROY-TOWN had ruin'd seen;
Thou (whom obeys the *Ocean-Sea* profound)
 By the brave PORTINGALLS wer't taken in,
 Helpt by a potent *Fleet*, which at that time
 Happen'd to come out of the *Northern Clime*:

58.

Thence, from the *German ELVE*, and from the RHENE,
 And from the *Brittish-Sea-commanding* THAMES,
 Sent to destroy th'usurping SARACEN,
 And free their sister JORDAN's captive streames.
These, entering TAGUS's pleasant mouth, and then
 With great ALPHONSO joyn'd (whose *Glory's* beames
 Attract all Hearts, but *those* his name appalls)
 A *Seige* is laid to th'ULYSSEAN WALLS.

59.

Five times the *Moon* did hide her horned head,
 And other five her face at full displayd;
 When by main force the *City* entered
 The will of the *Beleaguerer* obeyd.
 Fierce was the *Battail*, much the *blood* there shed,
 As needs they must be (circumstances waigh'd)
 Between rough *Conquerours*, That all things dare,
 And conquer'd *People* driven to despair.

I

Thus

60.

Thus *Shee*, was after some few Months expence
 Compell'd to stoop to this *new Victor's* law;
 Whom in *old time* to *their* obedience,
 With all their might cold *Vandals* could not draw:
 Whose *pow'r* (which own'd no bound, stuck at no Fence)
EBRE, and *GOLDEN TAGUS*, trembling saw:
 And *BETIS* *they* did so entirely tame,
 They did *that Land* *VANDALUSIA* name.

61.

If noble *LISBON* could not stand it out,
 Where is that *City* so resolv'd, and strong,
 That can resistance make to such a stout
 And warlike people (*FAME's* immortal song)
 Now all *ESTREMADURA's* at his Foor,
OBIDOS fair, *ALLENQUER* proud (among
 Whose pleasant *Groves* runs many a River sweet,
 Murm'ring, as if too good to wash their Feet)
 And *TORRESUEDRAS*.

62.

You likewise, O ye fair *TRANS-TAGAN LANDS*
 (Which golden *CERES* with her Bounty crowns)
Hee, who brings more then *Mortall* strength, commands
 Out of your *Fortis*, and *Arms*. And you (the *Clowns*
 Of *AFRICA*) who plough'd them with *your* hands,
 Hope not to reap the *Fruits*: For the good *Towns*
 Of *MOURA*, *SERPA*, *YELVES*, by assault
 Are taken, and *ALCACER OF THE SALT*.

63.

Lo! now that noble *City* (certain *Seat*
 Of the brave *Rebell* in old time, *SERTORIUS*;
 Where still his far-fetcht Water pure and neat,
 To serve the place b' an act so meritorious
 Through *Arches* on Two hundred *Pillars* set
 Doth pass, with *Royall* *restauration* glorious)
 Ev'n *Her*, the bold *GERARDO's* prowess brings
 To own, and serve, the *LUSITANIAN KINGS*.

64.

Against the *City* now of *BEYA*,
 To take revenge for spoyl'd *TRANCOBOS's* Town,
ALPHONSO goes; who cannot rest a Day
 For ymping a *short* life with *long Renown*.
 Before this *City* long he doth not stay,
 And (storming it b' a part that's beaten down)
 Enraged enters: where, of all that breathes,
 His hungry *Steel* he in the Bowels sheathes.

Jointly

65.

Jointly with *these*, PALMELA doth he win;
 Fishy CIZIMBRA too: nor wins alone,
 But (his good *star* assisting him therein)
 A potent *Army* there hath overthrowne.
 The *Town* saw his intent, so did her *King*:
 Nor was he backward to relieve, the *Towne*.
 Careless he marcht along the *Mountain-side*,
 Little imagining what did betide.

66.

'Twas He of BADACHOZ (a haughty MORE)
 Four thousand furious *Spirits* were his HORSE,
 Of INFANTRY innumerable store,
 With gilded Arms (*Gallants*, and *Warriors*).
 But, as in *May* a jealous *Bull* (before
 He is perceiv'd) rushes with all his force
 Upon a *Travailer*, and runs him over,
 (Twice mad, both as a *Beast*, and as a *Lover*):

67.

Just so ALPHONSO, from an *Ambush* close,
 Assaults the people that securely past;
 Strikes, overturns, and kills; The *Field* he mows;
 The MOORISH KING flies for his life in hast.
 Struck vvith a *Pannick* fear, the *Remnant* throwvs
 Avvay their *Arms*; and followvs him as fast:
 They That made all this Havock, being a *Force*
 (Good God!) consistng but of sixty *Horse*.

68.

The *Victory* vvithout delay, the great
 And indefatigable KING pursues,
 Causing his *Drums* through all the *Realm* to beat
 (Conqu'ring of *LANDS* he as his *Trade* doth use)
 Besiegeth BADACHOZ, and soon doth get
 The end of his desire: For *there* he shevvs
 So much of *Souldier*, and a *Soul* so high;
 That keep, *It* must the *others* company.

69.

But the great GOD (vvho keeps his *Rods* in store,
 For such as merit them, till his ovvn time;
 Whether, for *Sinners* to amend, before
 They fall: or *CAUSES*, *Man* can not divine)
 If he, *till now*, the valiant KING forbore,
 And (through all dangers leading) gave him *line*:
 Yet *now*, he vvill *na longer* let him be,
 From his imprison'd MOTHER's curses, free.

70.

For lying in this *City* weakly man'd,
 The *LEON-MEN* besiege th'ill-guarded Walls,
 'Cause he that *Conquest* took out of *their* Hand,
 Being of *LEON*, and not *PORTUGAL'S*.
 Here dear did *Him* his *Pertinacy* stand,
 As in the *World* out oftentimes it falls:
 For in a furious *Sally* (his leg burst
 Against an *IRON*) he to yield was forc't.

71.

O famous *POMPEY*! Be not *Thou* in pain
 To see thy *Glories's* sad *Catastrophie*;
 Or that just *NEMESIS* should pre-ordain
 Thy *Father-in-Law* to triumph over *Thee*;
 Though frozen *PHASIS*; and *BOOTES's* *Wayn*;
 The *Land* under the *BURNING AXLE-TREE*;
 And strange *SYENE*, where no *oblique Sun*
 A *Shadow* casts, and all the *day* is *Noon*;

72.

And *ENIOCHIANS* fierce; and *ARABS* rich;
 And *COLCHOS*, famous for the *Golden Sheep*;
 And *CAPPADOCEANS*; and *JUDEANS*, which
 Abolish'd *Rites* so obstinately keep,
 And soft *SOPHENA*, scurft with pleasures *Itch*;
 And (with *SILICIAN-ROBBERS* on the *DEEP*)
ARMENIA, That *two Rivers* boasts, which came
 From *PARADISE*; All trembled at thy name:

73.

And though, in fine, from the *ATLANTICK-SEA*
 To *SCYTHIAN-TAURUS* with erected *Crown*,
Victorious: Wonder not, that thou shouldst be
 In the *PHARSALEAN BATTAIL* overthrown.
 For *high* and *great* *ALPHONSO* thou shalt see
 Bear *All* before him, and at last bourn down.
 By a *Cross-match* of *FATE* were *Both* undon,
 Thou by a *FATHER-IN-LAW*, He by a *SON*.

74.

The noble *KING* thus scourg'd by *HEAV'N*, at length
 Restor'd was to his *PORTUGAL* again.
 There (after he had been; by a vast strength
 Of *MOORS*, in *SANTAREN* besieg'd in vain;
 And, after that the *Corps* of *St. VINCENT*
 The *Martyr*, from that *Head of Land* in *SPAIN*
 Which by his name to all the world is known,
 Translated was to th'*ULYSSEAN TOWN*.)

To

75.

To carry on the Work by *Him* begun,
 The *old man* (weary) doth his *Son* command
 With men and warlike preparation
 To march into the *ALENTEIAN-LAND*.
SANCHO (to prove himself his *Father's Son*)
 Like a strong stream let loose, passes beyond:
 And makes the *River* of *GUADALQUIVÉR*
 Run *Moorish blood*, That wont to run so clear.

76.

Fleht with his *winnings*, the young *Gamester* grows
Now Covetous; and cannot rest, before
 He in a second *Bartail* overthrows
 (In fight of *BEIA*) the beleagu'ring *MORE*.
 Nor long with this *design* in labour goes
 E're he the *Bays* by *Him* desired Wore.
 The *MOOR* (on both sides justled to the Wall)
 Resolves at once to be reveng'd for all.

77.

Now, from the *Mountain* which *MEDUSA* star'd
 Out of *that* Body which the *HEAV'N* sustayn'd,
 From *AMPHELUSA'S Promontory*, hard
 They march; from *TANGER*, where *ANTEUS* reign'd.
 Of *AVILA* the *dwellers* are not spar'd:
 Doth likewise march (well-arm'd, and choicely train'd)
 At the harsh *Mauritanian* Trumpet's found
 Of noble *JUBA* all the *Kingdom* round.

78.

With this huge mass of men his inroad made
 The great *MIRAMOLIN* in *PORTUGAL*.
 Twelve *Moorish Kings* he carry'd in his Ayd,
 'Mongst whom *He* wears the *Crown Imperial*.
These, having in their march by *Parties* prey'd,
 And, where they could, destroy'd the Countrey all,
 In *SANTAREN* Don *SANCHO* close impound:
 But a sad Seige it will for *them* be found.

79.

Furious *assaults* th'incensed *MOOR* doth make:
 A thousand *Stratagems* in practice puts.
 In vain huge *Stones* from horrid *Engins* brake:
 In vain the *Mine* is hid, and the *Rambuts*.
ALPHONSO'S Son is everywhere awake,
Here his *Care* *sbeilds*, and *there* his *courage cuts*.
 So what with *these*, and what with *martial Art*,
 Stopt is each *Meuse*; and guarded in each *part*.

But

80.

But the *old man* (whose burthen'd *Lims*, and *Head*,
 With *years*, and *Cares*, oblig'd him to repose)
 Retir'd into that *City*, whose fair Mead
 To sweet *MONDEGO's* streams its verdure owes;
 Hearing his *Son* is close beleagu'ed
 In *SANTAREN* by blind and barb'rous Foes,
 Flies from that *City* to his *Ayd*: For *Age*
 Cramps not his wonted *speed*, nor cools his *rage*.

81

He, with his *Troops* inur'd to warlike Feats,
 Thund'ring the *Reare*, and his *Son* salying out;
 The *PORTINGAL* (who *now* of custom beats)
 In a short space the *MOORS* doth wholly rout.
 With *Terbants*, *Cassacks*, *Faulchions*, *Coverlets*,
Cloaks with wrought *Capes*, the Field is strew'd about:
Horses, and their *Caparisons* (rich Prey)
 And by the *Horses* their dead *Masters* lay.

82.

The *Lusitanian* Bounds the rest forego,
 Put to a hasty and disorder'd flight.
 The great *MIRAMOLIN*, he flies not though:
 For before *he* could flye, he fled the light.
 To *HIM*, who did this Victory bestow
 Are rendred thanks and Praises infinite:
 For in so great, and so apparent odds,
 The part *man* acts is the dumb shew to *God's*.

83:

This was the great *ALPHONSO's* latest wreath
 Of *Victory* (a *Prince* of vast Renown)
 When *He* who forg'd it with his *Sword* (his breath
 Deserting him) exchange'd his *MORTAL CROWN*.
 The *hand* of *sickness* uhr'ing that of *death*,
 Toucht his weak *Body*, and so pusht it down.
 Thus, whom so many had paid Tribute to,
 Paid the last tribute unto *Nature* due.

84.

Him did the lofty *Promontories* moan:
 With all their streams the widow'd *Rivers* wept,
 And (overflowing the Fields, newly sown,
 With rueful Tears) the next years Harvest swept.
 But through the world his living *FAME* is blown:
 And, where he reign'd, his *name* so fresh is kept,
 That *there* each *Hill*, and ev'ry echoing *Plain*,
ALFONSO calls, *ALPHONSO* — But in vain.

SAN-

85.

SANCHO succeeds (*valiant*, and in his *Spring*)
True Copy of his *Sire*, examin'd well
 By the *Original*, alive yet being
 When he with barb'rous blood made *BETIS* swell;
 And overturn'd the *Andalusian King*
 Of the accurst Race of *ISHMAEL*:
 But *better*; when at *BEJA*'s sieg he made
 Them feel the weight of his *victorious Blade*.

86.

After he wore the *LUSITANIAN CROWN*
 (Some years elaps'd since he to reign began)
 Before the City *SILVES* he sat down
 Then in possession of the *AFRICAN*:
 Assist'd was he to take in this *Town*
 By *Strangers* from the *Northern Ocean*,
 With *Men*, and *Arms*, for *ASIA* bound: to joyn
 In rescue of distressed *PALESTINE*.

87.

They sayld, to second in the *Holy Cause*
RED FREDRICK; who with a potent *Host*
 To the defence of that plagu'd *City* draws,
 By which the *LORD OF LIFE* his own life lost:
 When *GUIDA* with his *Troops* (having their *jaws*
 Parcht up with drowth) to the *GREAT SOLDAN* fort
 Were to surrender, where the *Miscreants*
 Have prepossest the *Springs* which *GUIDO* wants.

88.

But the fair *Navie* (forc't upon our shore
 By adverse *Winds*, though *SANCHO*'s prosperous *Star*)
 Assists him willingly against the *MORE*,
 Since one and t'other is a *Holy War*.
 As thy great *Father*, *LISBON* took before;
 Just so, and with the same *Auxiliar*,
 From the fierce *dwellers* tak'st *Thou*, *SILVES*. This
 Also, a noble *Realm's METROPOLIS*.

89.

And, if from the *MAHUMETANS* thou hast
 So many *trophies*; neither didst thou let
 The men of *LEON* (though in *Mountains* plac't,
 And nurs't in bloody *Battail*) quiet let:
 Till thou a *Yoke* upon the Neck hadst cast
 Of their proud *TUI*, adding a *Coronet*
 Of *Towns* her Neighbours, on which *Thou* didst put
 (Renowned *SANCHO*) thy triumphant *Foot*.

But

90.

But *death* (like a bold *Thiefe*) did *Him* assault;
 In his Career of *glory*. He was *hiev'd*
 B'a *Son* whom many *Vertues* did exalt:
Second ALPHONSO; of our *Kings* the *Therd*.
 In his *Raign* was *ALCACER OF THE SALT*
 Subdu'de again in spight of the *MOOR's Beard*;
 By whom late took, 'tis now re-took, with great
 Destruction of them, and four *Kings's* defeat.

91.

ALFONSO dead, The *Second SANCHE* came
 To hold the *Scepter*; Tame, and negligent:
 To that degree both negligent, and tame,
 That for the shadow of Himself he went.
 Then did *Another* (fitter for the same)
 Wrest from his hands that pow'r, he was content
 To delegate. And why? He having none
 Himself, his *Minion's Crimes* were call'd his *owne*.

92.

No, no, our *SANCHE* was not of that mood;
 Lewd *NERO* was, who married with a *Boy*;
 And after (with less guilt he shed her blood)
 His mother *AGRIPPINA* did injoy:
 Nor (like the self-same *NERO*) piping stood,
 Then clapt his hands to see his burning *TROY*;
 Nor did his *daughter*, like one *King*, devour:
 Nor change his *Sex* like t'other *Emperour*.

93.

He did not o're his People tyrannize,
 Like *Those* who *Kings* in *SYRACUSA* were:
 Nor hyr'd he men, strange Tortures to devise,
 Like *PHALARIS*, one of the *Tyrants* there.
 But the proud *Realm*, which too indulgent *skyes*
 Had us'd to *Kings*, who would indure no *Peere*;
 That likewise to such niceness did arrive
 T'indure no *King*, who had his *Peer* alive.

94.

Therefore *BOLONIA'S Earl* the *Helm* did guide:
 Which he did after in his own right hold;
 When his still-sloathful Brother (*SANCHE*) dy'de.
 He (nam'd *ALPHONSO*, and surnam'd the *Bold*)
 After he had the *Kingdom* pacify'de;
 And all sharp humors settled, or controll'd;
 Thinks, how he may enlarge it by his merit:
 Too small a *Circle* for so great a spirit.

95.

Of the ALGARVES's land (the conquering
Whereof was giv'n him with his *Queen* in dow'r)
He gains in much, outing the *Moorish King*;
On all whose *Actions* now curst *MARS* did low'r.
But out of PORTUGAL did wholly fling
(By *Prudence* part, and part by *martial pow'r*.)
That pertinacious People, and did chace
From that good Land which *Lusus* left his Race.

96.

Now, DENIS! worthy his own *Parentage*:
And for whom *such* a *Father* should make room.
DENIS! Who strikes (in the way of *Patronage*)
The fame of ALEXANDER's bounty, dumbe.
The Land got breath, and flourish'd in that *Age*
(Mild *peace*, and, with *peace*, *Justice* from *Heav'n* come)
With *Constitutions*, *Laws*, and *Customs* right:
Of a calm, *Kingdome* LUMINARIES bright.

97.

He, was the first That made COYMERA shine
With *Lib'ral Sciences* which PALLAS taught;
By Him, from HELICON the *Muses Nine*
To bruize MONDEGO's grassie brink were brought;
Hither transferr'd APOLLO that rich *Mine*,
Which the old GREEKS in learned ATHENS wrought;
Here Ivy-Wreaths with Gold he interweaves,
And the coy DAPHNE'S never-fading leaves.

98

Now noble Cities from the ground ascend,
Castles, and warlike Fortresses secure;
Scarce any Corner but this Prince doth mend:
Convents he builds, and Towns he doth immure.
But ATROPOS (the Best must have an End)
Shearing his golden Thrid in years mature,
His Son succeeds, not dutiful (the Fourth
ALPHONSE) but of high courage, and much worth.

99.

On proud CASTEL he still with Scorn did look:
Yet free from malice as 'twas free from feares,
Onely men have a custom, in that Nook,
To dread no pow'r for being more then theirs.
For when the MAURITANIAN undertook
HESPERIA's second Conquest; and appears
Just ready now CASTILIANS to invade;
The brave ALPHONSO pow'rs in to their Aid:

K

Never

100.

Never SEMIRAMIS with such an *Host*
 Did swarm HYDASPE's banks, his Sands out-number;
 Nor ATTILA (He, who *Himself* did boast
 The *Scourge* of GOD, and was the *fright*, and *wonder*
 Of ITALY) so many GOTH's ingroft
 And Northern People: As of MOORS were under
 The AFFRICK-MOOR (with Those GRANADA yields)
 At that time mustred in Tartessian Fields.

101.

Then the CASTILIAN KING (who saw so great
 And vast a pow'r, against his Countrey bend;
 Nor weigh'd his life, but the intire defeat
 Of SPAIN it self (once lost) did apprehend)
 Help from the valiant PORTUGALL t'intreat,
 His dearest Consort to that Court did send:
 His Wife from whom the *Embassie* is sent,
 And his dear daughter unto whom it went.

102.

Vertuous MARIA, and as fair as good,
 Enters her Father's Palace (glorious dame!)
 Lovely, in Grief; nor, though the water flood
 In her sweet eyes, did that suspend their flame.
 Her Angel's Tresses with a golden flood
 Coverd her Ivory shoulders: When she came
 Before her Sire (He overjoyd and kind)
 It rain'd down right, and thus she brake her mind.

103.

As many Nations as all AFFRICK bred
 (A People barbarous and inhumane)
 Hath the great King of the MOROCCO's led
 To take possession of illustrious SPAIN.
 So vast a pow'r ne're march'd under one Head
 Since the dry Earth was compact by the Main.
 -It terrifies the living where it rolls,
 And ev'n alarms their dead Father's Souls.

104.

His frighted subjects to protect and screen,
 He, whom thou hast my Lord and Husband made,
 Stands with small strength exposed to the keen
 And thirsty edges of the Arabian Blade;
 And I shall soon depriv'd of all be seen,
 If thou afford him not thy present aid:
 A sad and private Woman, Husbandless,
 Without a Crown, or Him, or Happiness.

There-

105.

Therefore (*O King*) for very fear of whom
 The streams of hot *MALUCO* do congeale;
 Succour, O! quickly to the succour come
 Of miserable and despis'd *CASTLE*.
 If that deare *smile* be an assenting dumb,
 If *that* thy fatherly affection seal.

RUN Father; if thou do not, by the *MORE*
 I fear thou'lt find it *over-run* before.

106.

This with the self-same tone *MARIA* said
 To *King ALPHONSO* on her trembling knees,
 With which sad *VENUS* once *her* Father pray'd
 For her *ENEAS* tost on *Lybian Seas*;
 At which, with sense of the deep moan she made,
 Such tender pitty did *JOVE's* bowels seize,
 (Indulgent Sire!) he let his *Thunder* fall,
 And (griev'd she askt no *more*) granted her *all*.

107.

Streight armed *Squadrons*, glitt'ring in the Sun,
 Are mustred in the Fields of *EBORA*:
 Scow'd is the *Sword*, the *Lance*, the *Murrian*:
 In rich *Caparisons* the *Horses* neigh.
 The *Trumpet* shrill, with pendant *Banner* done,
 Rowzes from *peaces* down (where long they lay)
 Their tickled Hearts to disaccustomed *Arms*;
 And concave *Drums* go thund'ring fresh *Alarms*.

108:

Amongst them and *above* them *All* appears
 Higher by head and shoulders then the rest
 (And where *He* goes the *Royal Standard* veers)
 Valiant *ALPHONSO* with erected Crest.
 His very *look*, it animates and cheers
 (If *there* are any) ev'n the *Coward's* Brest.
 Into *CASTLE* thus marching is he seen
 With his fair *daughter*, the *Castilian Queen*.

109.

The two *ALPHONSO's* in conclusion joynd,
 In wide *TARYFA's* Fields confronting stood
 The endless numbers of the people blind
 For vvhom too narrow are both *Plain* and *Wood*.
 Of *ours* not one so hardy, but did find
 Somewhat of cold and shiv'ring in his blood,
 Save onely such as cleerly understands
CHRIST fights the battail vvith his *People's* hands.

110.

Derided are the thin-spread *Christian-Bands*
 By Bond-Mayd H A G A R's Progeny unclean;
 Who, by anticipation, all *their* lands
 Divide amongst the Army *Hagarene*,
 Which by false Title in possession stands
 Of the illustrious Name of *Saracene*:
 Just as *Another's* noble Land they boast
 Now, for their *own*; reck'ning without their Host.

111

As that big-bon'd and barb'rous *Gyant* (whom
King SAUL so fear'd, and all his *Army* worfe)
 Seeing a simple *Swain* against him come,
 Onely with *Peebles* arm'd, and a *clean* force,
 With haughty language (arrogant and grum)
 Scorns the poor Boy, and sends him to his Nurse;
 Whom rounding with his sling, *He* taught at length
 The difference betwixt *Faith*, and *humane strength*.

112.

So the perfidious M O O R (advancing) cracks
 Over the *Christian Host*; nor understands
 What P O W R it is that their weak *Powers* backs,
 Which *Hell* with all its *Fiends* in vain withstands.
 Helpt by that P O W R, *He* of C A S T E E L attacks
 M C R O C C O's *King*, who *there* in *Chief* commands:
 The P O R T I N G A L (who fleights their whole *Armada*)
He takes to Task the Kingdom of G R A N A D A.

113.

Now crack the *Lances*, and the *Swords* cry clink
 Upon the *Armours*, Pow'rs incountring Pow'rs;
 Invoking (when they stand on danger's brink)
Theirs M A H O M E T, and St. I A G O ours.
 The strook strike *Heav'n* with Cries, making a sink
 And standing Pool with thick Vermilion show'rs:
 Where some (half dead) lye drowning where they stood
 In too much *now*, who fell for want of blood.

114.

With so great blood-shed did the P O R T I N G A L
 Make Spoyl and Havock of the G R A N A D I N E,
 That in small space he kills, or routs, them *All*,
 'Spight of their *Mayles* and *breast-plates* of steel fine.
 His hungry *Blade* which will to supper fall
 In F E Z, if in th' A L H A M B R A it did dine)
 The brave C A S T I L I A N helps to end the Fray:
 Who hath the M A U R I T A N I A N at a Bay.

The

115.

The burning Sun was making his retreat
 To THE TY'S's grotts, and the bright *Ev'ning Star*
 Drawing that glorious day to it's red *Set*,
 Whose memory no time shall ever bar:
 When the two *Kings* consummate the defeat
 Of the MOORS's Powers assembled in this War,
 With so much Tragick slaughter, as no *Age*
 Beheld before, or since, on the World's Stage.

116.

Not a fourth part rough MARIUS slew, of Those
 That lost their lives in this day's Victory,
 When water dash'd with blood of their dead Foes
 He made his *Army* drink, which then was dry:
 Nor He of CARTHAGE (sworn, a child, to oppose
 With Fire and Sword the Pride of ITALY)
 When he so many *Knights* kill'd famous ROME,
 That their *Rings* tane did to three Bushels come.

117.

And if *Thou* (noble TITUS) couldst alone
 So many souls to black COCYTUS send,
 When thou the *Holy City* didst unstone
 Of that stiff *People*, never to be wean'd
 From their abolisht *Rites*: This GOD did owne,
 And christned it *his Act*, that what was pen'd
 By the OLD PROPHETS might be verifi'd,
 And JESUS said too, whom *they* Crucify'd.

118.

After this great and prosperous event
 (ALFONSO come to PORTUGALL again,
 There to enjoy in peace and sweet content
 The spreading Glories he in War did gain)
 A black and lamentable accident
 (Worthy in FAME's *Memorials* to remain)
 Was on a miserable *Lady* seen,
 Who, after she was dead, was made a *Queen*.

119.

Thou, onely *Thou* (pure LOVE) with bended bow,
 Against whose Force no brest whate're can hold,
 As if thy *perjur'd Subject*, or *Sworn Foe*,
 Didst cause her death whom all the World condol'd.
 If *Tears* (which from a troubled Fountain flow)
 Quench not thy Thirst, as hath been said of old;
 It is, that such is thy *tyrannick mood*,
 Thou lov'st thy *Altars* should be bath'd in blood.

Thou

120.

Thou wer't (fair YNES) in Repose, of LOVE'S
 Reflected Fires soft'ring the sweet heat, young;
 In that sweet *Error*, that worse *Fates* removes,
 Which *Fortune* never suffers to last long:
 In sweet MONDEGO'S solitary *Groves*,
 Whose streams no day but thou didst weep among:
 Teaching the lofty *Trees*, and humble *Grass*,
 That *Name* which printed in thy bosom was.

121.

Thy pensive *Prince*, with *thine* did sympathize
Remembrances, which in his Soul did swim,
 Bringing thee always fresh before his Eyes,
 When, from thy fair ones, bus'ness banisht *Him*:
 By *night*, in *dreams*; that cheat him with sweet lyes:
 By *day*, in thoughts; that pencil *thy* each *lim*:
 And *all* he mus'd, and *all* he saw in fine,
 Were dear *IDEA'S* of thy *Form* divine.

122.

Of other *Ladies* fair, and *Princesses*
 The tend'ed Matches he did vilifie;
 For, of a *Heart* 'tis hard to dispossess
 True *Love*, that hath had time to fortifie.
 Upon these highly am'rous passages
 The *Father* looking with an old man's Eye
 (Enrag'd with what the common-people sed
 And his *Son's* resolution not to wed)

123.

YNES determines from the *World* to take,
 His *Son* from *Her* to take, and to remove:
 Believing, with her *blood's* ill let-out Lake,
 To quench the kindled flames of constant love.
 O! that sure *Sword* (which had the pow'r to make
 The *Moorish* Rage strike faile) what Rage could move
 Thee, from the honor'd *Sheaths*, where thou did'st rest,
 To be new sheath'd in *Lady's* gentle Brest:

124.

The horrid *blood-hounds* dragg'd her to the *King*:
 Whose bowels *now* to mercy stood inclin'd.
 But *ill-Advisers* with false reasoning
 To her destruction re-inflam'd his mind.
Shee (with Heart-breaking language which did spring
 Onely from sense of *Those* she left behind
 In solitude, her *Prince*, and children deare,
 Whose *Griefs* she more, then her own death did feare:)

Lifting

125.

Lifting unto the azure *Firmament*
 Her *Eyes*, which in a Sea of Tears were drown'd;
 Her *Eyes*, for one of those malevolent
 And bloody *Instruments* her *hands* had bound;
 And then, the same on her dear *Infants* bent,
 Who *Them* with smiling innocence surround
 By whom poor *Orphans* they will streight be made
 Unto their cruel *Grand-Father* thus said.

126.

If *Beasts* themselves (*wild Beasts*) whose use, and way,
 By *Nature's* dire-inſtinct, is not to spare;
 And vagrant *Birds*, whose bus'neſs 'tis, to prey,
 And chace their *Quarrey* through the yielding *Ayre*;
 The world hath ſeen take *Babes* expos'd, and play
 The tender *Nurſes* to them with their care,
 As *N I N U S's* mother once it did befall,
 And the *Twinn-Founders* of the *Roman Wall*:

127.

O *Thou*, whose *Superſcription* ſpeaks thee, *Man*
 (That the *Contents* were ſuited to the *Cover*!
 A feeble *Maid* thou wouldſt not murder than
 Onely for loving *Him*, who firſt did love her)
 Pittry theſe *Babes* (*the babes about him ran*)
 In thy hard doom ſince *I* am ſpot all over.
 Spare, for *their* ſakes, *their* lives, and *mine*: And ſee
Whiteness in *Them*, though thou wilt not in *Me*.

128.

And if (ſubduing the preſumptuous *M O R E*,
 How to give *death* with fire and ſword thou know'ſt,
 Know, to give *life* too, to a *damsel* poore,
 Who hath done nothing why it ſhould be loſt.
 Let my hid *Innocence* thus much procure:
 Exile me to ſome ſad *intemperate Coaſt*,
 Cold *S C Y T H I A*, or burn't *L Y B I A*, to remain
 A weeping *Tomb*, and never more ſee *S I P A I N*.

128.

Plant me where nothing grows but *Cruelty*,
 'Mongſt *Lyons*, *Bears*, and other *Savage Beasts*:
 To ſee, if *They* that mercy will deny
 Which *I* in vain implore from *humane Breasts*.
 There, in firm love to *Him* for whom *I* dye,
 I'll breed his *Pieces*, though here ſeeſt, *their gueſts*.
 And my *Companions*, to ſlide off with *Theſe*
 Part of the burthen of their *mother's* woes.

130.

Fain would have pardon'd her the gracious *King*,
 Mov'd with these words, which made his Bowels yearn:
 But *Fate*, and *whisperers* (That fresh Fewel bring)
They would not pardon. 'Tis those men's concern
 (Having begun) to perpetrate the Thing.
 They strip their steel out of the Scabbard (stern).
 Out Villains! Butchers! What? imploy your spights,
 Your swords, against a *Lady*, and call'd *Knights*?

131.

As at the breast of fair *POLIXENA*
 Condemn'd to death by dire *ACHILLES's* shade
 (The last dear stake of Aged *HECUBA*)
 Revengeful *PYRRHUS* bent his cruel *Blade*;
 But with a look that drives ill Ayrs away
 (Patient, as any *Lamb*) The *Royal Maid*,
 On her mad *Mother* casting up her *Eys*,
 Presents her self a *Sacrifice*, and dyes:

132.

So gentle *YNES's* brutish Murtherers,
 Ev'n in that *Neck* (white *ATLAS* of that *Head*
 Whose stars, thought set, had influence o're the pow'rs
 Of *Him*, That crow'd her after she was dead)
 Bathing their thirsty *Swords*, and all the *flow'rs*
 Which her fair *Eyes* had newly watered
 (Mindless of the insuing Vengeance) stood
 Like crimson'd *Hunters* reeking with her blood.

133.

Well mightst Thou *PHEBUS* from an Act so dire
 (*PYRROUS* starting) have reverst thy look;
 As from *THYESTES's* Table, when the *Sire*
 Din'd on the *Son*, the *Uncle* being the *Cook*.
 Thou, hollow *Vales* (which, when she did expire,
 From her cold lips the dying accents took)
 Hearing her *PEDRO* nam'd with her last breath,
 Form'd *PEDRO*, *PEDRO*, after *YNES's* death.

134.

Like a sweet *Rose* (vvith party-colours fair)
 By *Virgin's* hand beheaded in the Bud
 To play vvithal, or prick into her Hair,
 When (sever'd from the stalk on vvich it stood)
 Both *Scent* and *beauty* vanish into Ayre:
 So lies the *Damzel* vvithout *breath*, or *Blood*,
 Her *Cheeks* fresh *Roses* ravish'd from the Root
 Both red and white, and the sweet life to boot.

This

135.

This Act of horreur, and black night obscure,
 MONDEGO's daughters long resent'd deep;
 And, for a lasting Tomb, into a pure
 Fountain, transform'd the *Tears* which they did weep.
 The name, they gave it (which doth still indure)
 Was YNES's! loves, whom PEDRO there did keep.

No wonder, such sweet *Streams* water those *Flowers* :
 TEARES, are the substance; and the *Name*, A-MOURS.

136.

It was not long ere PEDRO found the way
 To that *Revenge* which in his breast did boyle;
 For, taking in his hands the *Kingdom's* sway
 Hee takes it on the Murd'ers (who chang'd soyle)
 With licence of another PEDRO. They
 (Partners in mischief) having made that vile
 And bloody pact, AUGUSTUS did with those
 He was new *Friends* with, of exchanging *Foes*.

137.

A rigorous *Chastizer* was this King
 Of *Thefts*, of *Murthers*, and *Adultries* blind,
 The Ill to condigne punishment to bring
 Was the delight and banquet of his mind.
 Restraining *Cities* with rough *disciplin*,
 From *Vice* and *Insolence* of every kind,
 He gave more *Robbers* their deserved meed
 Then wandring THESUS, or ALCIDES did.

138.

From the just PEDRO, and severe (Behold
 How *Nature* sometimes can prevaricate !)
 Sprang the remisse, the Carelesse, the sheep-fold
 FERNANDO: who set all of a Flame straight.
 Whence the CASTILIAN entring uncomptrold,
 Went wasting to the weake disnerv'd *State*,
 That at last gaspe it lay: For its seen oft,
 "A soft KING makes a valiant *People*, soft."

139.

Whether it were GOD's Judgement, for his sin
 Of taking from her Husband LEONORE,
 And marrying Her; besotten with her *win-
 Ning looks*, and by his Flattring *Ca'suists* more;
 Or that faynt *Vice* (through custom soaking in
 Into his Breast, thence breathing through each pore)
 Made him all *Pap* within: For, tis as true,
 "Unlawfull fires make Valiant KING soft too."

L

" Lust

140.

"*Lust* oft hath brought *great men* to great mishap:
 GOD that permitting, and ordaining *thus*.
 Witness th' *ABETTORS* of fair *HELEN's* Rape:
King-TARQUIN, and *Triumvir-APPIUS*.
 Why could not holy *DAVID* judgement-scape?
 Why was destroy'd the *TRIBE* illustrious
 OF *BENJAMIN*? *DINAH* cost *SICHEM* deer:
 Nor (*SARAH* onely wisht) went *PHAROA*H cleer.

141.

Then, whether *manly* Bosoms melt, or not,
 With *fires* that are not kindled from *Above*,
ALCmena's Son (who ware a *Petticot*
 To please *OMPHALE*) well may serve to prove:
 And *ANTHONY*, who lost the fame he got,
 And the *World's Crown* for *CLEOPATRA's* love.
 And *Thos* of *CARTHAGE*, in full conquest stayd
 By stumbling on a mean *Appulian* mayd.

142:

But *who* is priviledg'd from the sweet snare
 Which *Love* so subt'ly weaves, and hides it (oh!)
 In *Damask* Roses, in bright *auburn* haire,
Transparent alabaster, and *warm* Snow?
Who, from the poyson'd Arrows of the *Faire*?
 From a *MEDUSA's* head (I term it so)
 That turns the hearts of them whom she doth tame,
 Not into *Stone* (then it were well) but flame?

143.

Who sees a *crystal* Brow, a *piercing* look,
Lushious, and *Seraphick* excellence,
 (Transforming *Soules* into it) That can brook
 The *object*, or pretend the least defence?
All That have swallow'd *LOVE's* bewitching Hook,
 With poor *FERNANDO's* frailty will dispence:
 And some (as when *MARS* seen in courser snares
 The *Gods* did once) ev'n wish *his* case were *Theirs*.

End of the third Canto.

Fourth Canto.

STANZA. 1.

AFTER a pitchie, and a dripping night,
 A Poor *Travailleurs* confounding in their way,
 A glorious *Morn* (succeeding) glads the fight;
 And, with the long'd-for *Sun*, returns the day:
 After the whistling winds have spent their spight,
 On the calm'd Sea the wanton *Dolphins* play:
 So the afflicted *Kingdom* it befell
 When soft *FERNANDO* bade the world farewell.

2.

And if ours wisht a *Champion*, to fullfil
 Their Vengeance upon *Those*, from whom alone
 (Using remis *FERNANDO*'s favours ill)
 They make account that all their *Ills* are grown.
 Now they'll have one according to their will,
 Putting illustrious *JOHN* into the *Throne*,
 AS *PEDRO*'s onely Son they could come at:
 And his true Son, though *Illegitimat*,

3.

That this was *Heaven's* Ordinance divine
 By most cleer Tokens evident became,
 When a young girl, speaking before her time,
 In *EBORA* distinctly form'd his name.
 And as a *Herald-Angel* sent in fine
 The *Portingall Successour* to proclame
 Lifting i'th' *Cradle Body, Hand, and Tone*,
 Cry'd, PORTUGAL FOR THE NEW KING DON JOHN.

4.

Such, at this time, was the confus'd Estate
 Of the poor *Realm*, and the mad *People's* spleen;
 That (to disburthen their conceived Hate)
 Flat *Cruelties* in ev'ry part were seen:
 Killing the Kin, and all that did relate
 To the adul'trous *Earl*, and to the *Queen*,
 With whom her lewdness (they affirm'd) was more
 In widowhood; then it had been before.

5.

But true, or false, the scandal which they gave
 Forfeits his *Head* (and rightly) to the *Axe*.
 He dyes for't in her presence: Others have
 The self-same sawce. It catches like fir'd flax.
 One, whom religious *Orders* could not save,
 Thrown from a *Steeple* like *ASTIANAX*:

A *Second, Orders, Sex*, nor th' *Altar's Horn*:
 A third dragg'd naked, and to mamocks torn.

6.

In long forgetfullness may now be laid
 Those horrid *Massacres*, which *ROME* beheld,
 By bloody *SYLLA*, and fierce *MARIUS*, made,
 When one another they by turns expel'd.
 Then *LEONÓRE* (whom th'unrevenged shade
 Of her dear *Count* with open fury swell'd)
 Invites *CASTEEL*, who did her *daughter* wed:
 Saying, the *CROWN* belongeth to *her head*.

7.

Her daughter *BEATRICE* was *she*, as due
 To whom, *he* of *CASTEEL* that *Crown* might clame:
 Reputed daughter of *FERNANDO* too,
 With the permission of her *mother's Fame*.
 Into the *Field CASTILIA* therefore drew,
 To seize the *Kingdom* in his *Consort's* name,
 Amassing men (our *Spot* to overwhelm)
 From every Province of his spacious Relm.

8.

Troops came (on this occasion) from that *LAND*
 To which one *BRIGUS* gave his name of yore:
 From *Lands* recover'd (by their *GREAT FERNAND*,
 And greater *CID*) from the usurping *MORE*.
 Nor *those*, who high in *MARS* his favour stand,
 Who with their Ploughs (laborious) travaile o're
 The Hills of *LEON*, slowly did advance:
 The ancient Terror of the *Moorish* Lance.

9.

The *VANDALS* came, who to this day confide
 In *Valour* which of old they made appeer.
SEVILIA came (*ANDALUZIA's Pride*)
 So sweetly water'd by *GUADALQUIVER*.
 The noble *ISLAND* (which was colonied
 Sometime by *TYRIANS*) was not wanting here,
 Who, on their *Banners* in those days of yore
 The famous *Pillars* of *AICIDES* bore.

Came

10.

Came likewise Troops from old *Toledo's* Reame,
 Whose nimble *Tongue* the neatest *Spanish* trolls :
 And *Tagus* clasps her with his amorous streame,
 Which from the *Hills* of *Cuenca* sweetly rolls.
 Nor fear kept you from being joyn'd to *Them*,
 Sordid *Galegos* (refractory Souls !)
 That arm your selves again, those swords t'oppose,
 Of which already ye have felt the blows.

11.

Likewise black Furies of the war drives an
 The *Biskayner*, A mortal enemy
 To *Complement*; nor of a Heart, that can
 From any stranger brook an injury :
He of *Guipusqua*, and th'*Asturian* :
 Fam'd for their *Iron-Indies* far and nigh :
These (arm'd with their own *Mines*) conducted are
 To serve their *Lord* in the denounced War.

12.

John, from whose manly Bosom's bristles, grew
 That courage, *Sampson* borrow'd of *his* hairs,
 Though all his men amount but to a Few,
 To play the best of a bad Game prepares.
 Nor, that he's unresolv'd what to do,
 Calls the cheif Counsellors in his Affaires;
 But, to observe how every one inclines :
 " For among many there are many minds.

13.

There want no such, as, ev'n against that *Cause*
 They follow, Reasons do insinuate :
 Whose sence with a *Castilian* Byas draws
 From all that's *Portingal* degenerate.
 Whom *Fear* so freezes, and so overaws,
 That *natural* love it doth exterminate.

Their *King*, and *Countrey*, they deny : and wou'd
 With *Peter* too, for fear deny their *God*.

14.

Don Nunio (to be sure) was none of *Those* :
 But though his *Brothers* (whom he deerly lov'd)
 Take t'other side, and big the danger grows,
 Them whose *Faith* staggers sharply he reprov'd;
 And at these People with their *I's*, and *No's*;
 Laying his Hand upon his *Hilt* (more mov'd
 Then *Eloquent*) these words abruptly hurl'd :
 Threatning the *Earth*, the *Ocean*, and the world.

What?

15.

What? 'Mongst the *Portingal*-Nobility
 Shall there be any less then *Sons* of *MARS*?
 What? in *this* Realm (victorious far and nigh)
 Shall there be born, That shun *defensive* wars?
 That will their *Hearts*, their *Hands*, their *Heads* deny
 At such a pinch, their *Fortunes*, and their *Stars*?
 Or who, for any cause that can be thought,
 Will see their *Countray* in subjection brought.

16.

What? Are not *you* then of those *worthies* bred,
 Who (fierce and valiant as the *Swords* they wore)
 Under the great *HENRIQUEZ* Standart led,
 O'rethrew this *warlike* Nation once before?
 When *Them* so many routed *Squadrons* fled,
 So many *Flags*, that (besides thousands more
 Of lesser Rank, amongst the opulent *Prey*)
 Sev'n potent *Earles* our *Pris'ners* were that day?

17.

With *whom*, perpetually were trodden down
These, That are now so dreadful in your view,
 By *DENIS*, and, his *Son*, of *high* Renown,
 But with your *Sires*, and *Grandfres*? and if *you*
 Were (by the *Sins*, or *weakness*, of the *CROWN*)
 Kept under, in *FERNANDO*'s days; Renew
 Your strength with the *new King*: "For 'tis not strange
 "(You see) for *People* with their *Kings* to change.

18.

Ye have one *now*, that, if your courage rose
 Equal with his *You* lifted to the *Throne*,
 Ye might o'rethrow the *World*, how much more *These*,
 Whom ye have oft already overthrown?
 And if, in short, with *Him* ye cannot lose
 Those fears, that seem t'have turn'd you into *stone*;
 Stand but like *stones* (I ask you not one stroke)
 Whilst I alone resist a *foreign* yolk.

19

I onely, with *my* Tenants, and with *this* —
 (And at that word he pull'd out half his *Blade*)
 Will save from *force*, and all that shameful is,
 This *Land*, which hitherto hath liv'd a Maid.
 By the *King's fire*, and *mine* (lighted at *his*):
 Our *Countray's Tears*: By *Faith* (by you not vvaigh'd):
 Not onely *These* upon their knees I'll bring,
 But *All* that ever shall oppose *my King*.

20.

As when, despairing now, the *Touth* of *Rome*
 (All that survived *CANNÆ's* fatal Field)
 Stood ready (rallied in *CANUSIUM*)
 Themselves unto the *Conquerour* to yield;
 But young *CORNELIUS* doth amongst them come,
 And swears them *All* upon his sword, compel'd;
 That they the *Roman wars* shall never leave,
 Till life leave them, or *Those* their *lives* bereave:

21.

So *NUNIO* animates, whom he did force.
 Whose boyf'rour *Rhet'rick* such quick flame imparts,
 Chiefly the Tail and sting of his discourse,
 As thaws those fears that had congeal'd their hearts.
 And presently they call *to Horse, to Horse,*
 Tossing about their heads *Lances, and Darts.*
 They run: and *live* (with open mouth they cry)
The famous King that gives us Liberty!

22.

Amongst the fiercer *Commons*, some up-cry
 This war, by which their *Countrey* is assoyl'd:
Others scowr up their *Armours*, and supply
 What with the rust of *peace* was eate, and spoyl'd:
These, stuff old *Murrians*; *Those*, new breast-plates try:
 Each takes those *Arms*, he hath most skill to wield.
 With sev'ral colour'd *Garments*, others flaunt:
Others, *Love-Motto's*, and *devices* paint.

23.

With all this well-appointed Company,
 Doth valiant *JOHN* from fresh *ABRANTES* go:
Abrantes, which injoys abundantly
 The streams, from *CUENCA's* frozen *Caves* that flow.
 The well-arm'd *Vanguard* is commanded by
 One, who was fit to have led against a *Foe*
 Those *Oriental* Forces without *Compt*,
 With which *King XERXES* past the *HELLESPONT*.

24.

DON NUNIO ALVAREZ, I mean: the true
 And fatal scourge of proud *CASTILIANS*,
 No less, then once the valiant *HUN* was to
 The ancient *GAULLS*, and the *ITALIANS*.
 Another *Knight* (to whom much praise is due)
 Leads the *right wing* of *LUSITANIANS*:
 As skillfull to conduct, as bold in fight,
OF VASCONCELOS *MEN RODRIGUEZ*, highr.

The

25.

The *other wing*, that corresponds with *t'is*,
 ANTONIO VASQUEZ of ALMAAD commands,
 Who after *Conde* of Abranchez is:
 And *Hee* comes up with the *Sinestre Bands*.
 In the *Reer-Gard* the *Standart* none can mis,
 Where (Circling PORTUGAL) CASTILIA Stands;
 With JOHN, accomplished in every part:
 Who makes a *dunce* of MARS in his own Art.

26.

Trembling upon the Battlements, and een
 Cold (betwixt *hope* and *fear* suspended now)
Wives, Mothers, Sisters, Mistresses, are seen.
Prayers they prefer: *Fasts, Pilgrimages*, vow.
 Our *Troops* (advancing with undaunted meen)
 Down by the *Foe* they sit them, brow to brow;
 Receiv'd with shouts, which rock the *Firmament*:
 Yet *one*, & *t'other*, doubted the event.

27.

The vocall *Trumpets* challenge, and accept:
 The *Drumms*, and whistling *Fifes* in consort joyne.
 The dusty *Field* the flourish'd *Ensigns* swept,
 Where all the Colours of the *Rainbow* shine.
 It was the time, when, CERE'S fruits being reapt,
 She lends her *Lab'ers* to the God of *Wine*:
 When (into *Libra* entred *August's Sun*)
 Plump BACCHUS put sweet *Must* into the Tun.

28.

Castilian Trumpets did the On-set sound,
 Loud, furious dismall, terrible, and hoarse
 Heard it ARTABOR'S *Mount*, and underground
 Her way did frighted GUADIANA force:
 Heard it the DUVERE, and ALENTECHO round:
 TAGUS looks back, then hastens on his course:
 And *Mothers* (who that baylefull noysedid heare)
 Claspe to their *Breasts* their tender *Babes* for feare.

29.

How many *Cheeks* were there discoloured seen,
 Whilst to the *Heart* the frendlie blood repaired:
 " In great *Incounters* greater is I ween
 " The feare of danger, then the danger feard:
 " But, when the first *brunt's* over, *Rage*, and *Teen*,
 " Desire of *honour*, and to *Plume* the *Beard*
 " Of a proud *Foe*; *These* take away the sence
 " Of losing *limbs*, or dearest *life's* expence.

30.

On *either* side the first *Battalions* move :
 The doubtfull war on *either* side began :
These fighting for their *Country*, which they love ;
Those, to possess *another's* if they can.
 The great *P E R R Y R A*, first his force did prove :
 Summing an *Armie's* valour in one *Man*.
 Hee shocks, strikes down, in fine he makes, their *Grave*,
 And with their *Corpses* sows the *Land* they crave.

31.

Now through the darkned Ayre barbd Arrows fleet,
 Javelins, with other shott, fly whizzing round ;
 Vnder the fiery *Courfers's* yron Feet
 The *Earth* doth tremble, and the Vales resound :
 Lances are crackt, and (dropping thick as Sleet)
 The Horsemen armd come thundring to the ground.
 Vpon seirce *N U N I O's* Few, fresh Foes are pact :
 Their Art, to multiply ; his, to abstract.

32.

Loe now his *Brother's* swords against him bent
 (Cruell, and ougly) ! But *Hee* wonders not.
 For they, who 'gainst their *King*, and *Countrey* went,
 Would never stick to cut a *Brother's* Throat.
 Of these *Revolters* many did present
 Themselves in the first Ranks : And *who* so hot
 To kill their *Friends*, as *They* : so kindred Hoasts
 Of yore incountred in *Pharalian* Coasts.

33.

O *CATALINE*, and Thou *Sertorius* bould,
 Noble *CORIOLANUS*, with the rest,
 Who 'gaynst your *Countrey* drew your swords of ould
 From an *Impious*, though provoked, Brest !
 If in the darke *Abyffe* of *P L U T O's* Hould
 Ye find your selves with *F U R I E's* whippes opprest,
 Tell them (to cloake the horror of your sin)
 Some *Portingalls* sometimes have *Traytors* bin.

34.

Ore-whelmd with growing *Foes's* impetuous flood,
 Now were the formost of our *Squadrons* burst,
 There *N U N I O*, like a rampant *Lyon*, stood,
 Whom in her neighb'ring Mountains *C A U T A* nurst ;
 But now he is inviroind with a wood
 Of *H U N T E R's* speares, ore *Tetuan* plains that court ;
 Those All are bent at Him, His Brows *Hee* draws,
 Nor is it *Feare*, but *Anger* makes him pause.

M

Musty

35.

Musty he looks, nought pleased with the sight,
 Yet (his wild Nature, and undaunted heart
 Incompetible with ignoble flight)
 Himself amongst the thickest he doth dart:
 So with the blood of *Aliens* dyes our Knight
 The *Lusitanian* Grass. Some fall, some start
 Ev'n of his own. For, where there is such odds,
 Strength often fails, and firmeft *Vertue* nods.

36.

JOHN saw how hard brave NUNIO was put to't:
 (For, as a wife and careful *General*,
 His Eye was in all parts, in all his Foot,
 His Presence, and his words, gave life to All)
 As a *She-Lyon*, and a *Nurse* to boot,
 That finds, whilst Hunger, Her from home did call,
 (Leaving her whelps unto themselves) a bold
Massylian shepherd lurcht them from her Hold,

37.

Raving she runs, and grinds her Teeth, and rends
 The *SEAVEN BROTHER MOUNTAINS* (with her Voice):
 So JOHN, so runs he (to assist his Friends)
 To the *Head Squadrons* with some soldiers choice
 O brave *Camrades*, noble as are your Ends,
 (How in your matchless *Valour* I rejoyce)
 Defend your *Country*, and defend your *Land*:
 The Hope of *Freedom* in your *Lances* stands.

38.

See me, your King, your *Fellow*, and your *Head*,
 'Mongst *Darts*, 'mongst *Arrows*, and thick *Pikes* among,
 Rush on the *Foe*! Nor are you sent, but led.
 Shew, fighting, to what *Country* ye belong.
 The irrefragable *Warriour* fed;
 Who, four times poyfing a sharp *Lance*, and strong,
 Throws it with force: and through this *Throw* alone
 Many a *Soule* out of her *House* is throwne.

39.

For (loe!) his men with honorable *flame*
 Are kindled new and with a noble *Ire*.
 Who shall bet most at *MARS* his bloody *Game*,
 Is th'onely Thing to which they All aspire.
 They *Vye*, *revye*, and dip their steelin *flame*
 Break stubborn *Myles*, nor leave thick *Plates* intire.
 Thus wounds they give, and wounds they take again,
 Nor doth it grieve them, slaying, to be slain.

Many

40.

Many are posted to the *Stygian Wave*,
 Into whose Bodies entred *Steel*, and death.
 Of St. IAGO there the MASTER brave
 Dyes fighting stoutly to his last of breath.
 Another MASTER dire of CALATRAVE
 Pulls *Troops* down with him to the shades beneath.
 The *Renegade* PEREYRAS likewise dye
Reneaguing HEAVEN and their *Destiny*.

41:

Went thousands of the *Vulgar* without noat,
 And *nobles* too, unenter'd in FAME'S rolls,
 Where that lean dog still gapes with triple throat,
 Which never can be fill'd with humane souls.
 And (more to humble *them*, who, when on float,
 Thought the whole World must stoop to their controlls)
 The high *Castilian Standart* now doth fall,
 And kiss the foot of that of PORTUGALL.

42.

With deaths, with groans, with blood, with gashes dire,
 The battail cruel above measure grows.
 The multitude of men, that here expire,
 Makes *all* the *Flow'rs* in colour like the *Rose*.
 All *fly*, or *dye*: Now out of breath was *Ire*:
 Now *Valour* lost an *Arm* for want of Foes:
 Now routed sees himself CASTILIA'S King,
 And quits the purpose he from home did bring.

43.

The *Field* he leaves unto the *Conquerer*,
 Glad that he did leave him his life too.
 The poor remainder follow: To whom Feare
 Gave *wings*, not *Feet*: nor did they run, but flew.
 The loss of so much men, and Treasure there,
 Profoundly in their silent hearts they rue:
 Hiding the smart, the sorrow, and the soyle,
 To have *Another* triumph in *their* spoyle.

44:

Some *Him* with open mouth blasphem'd, and curst,
 Who first invented *War* mankind to quell;
 In whose obdurate Breast *Ambition* first,
 And *Covetise* of others goods did dwell;
 Nor car'd for feeding his *hydropick* Thirst
 How many silly soules were pack't to *Hell*;
 Who taught the way to shorten humane lives,
 To orphan *Children*, and to widow *Wives*.

M 2

Victorious

45.

Victorious J O H N upon the place stays out
 In martial glory the accusom'd days :
 With *Offrings* then, and *Pilgrimage* devout,
 To *Him*, That gave the *Conquest*, gives the Praise.
 But N U N I O (minding what he was about,
 As He That knows, a lasting Fame to raise,
 No way like *Arms*, which all the world command)
 Passes his *Troops* to the *Trans-Tagan* Land.

46.

To *Him* his stars so favourable were,
 That the success applauded the *design* :
 For he both conquers, and the spoils doth weare
 Of *Andalusian* Countreys That confine.
 The *Betick Standard* of S E V I L I A there,
 Under which divers neighb'ring *great ones* joyn,
 With small resistance at his feet soon falls,
 Quell'd by the *force*, and *name*, of P O R T I N G A L S.

47.

With *these*, and *other* Victories oppress
 A tedious while were the C A S T I L I A N S brave,
 When *Peace*, and *now* by both desired *Rest*,
 The *vanquish'd* People from the *Victors* have :
 After the K I N G O F H E A V ' N, for ever blest,
 To the *Foe-Kings* in holy marriage gave
 Of E N G L I S H S I S T E R S the unequall'd pair,
 Illustrious, lovely, beautiful, and Fair.

48.

But long that Breast, inur'd to bloody Broile,
 To live without a *Foe*, could not sustain ;
 So (having *none* upon the *Land* to toyle)
 Goes to extend his Conquests o're the *Maine*.
 This is our first of *Kings*, who doth exile
 Himself from S P A I N, to make the A F F R I C A N E
 By force of *Arms* perceive the difference great
 Betwixt C H R I S T's *Law*, and *that* of M A H O M M E T.

49.

Behold on curled T H E T Y S's silver flood
 Their wings a thousand *swimming Eagles* beat,
 To catch the swelling wind (a moving *wood*)
 Where the *World's* utmost bounds A L C I D E S set.
 M O U N T A V I L A he takes, and the Walls good
 Of noble C E U T A, outing M A H O M M E T
 With his blind Worship: and secures all S P A I N E
 From *Treason* of another J U L I A N E.

Death

50.

Death envies so great Bliss to PORTUGALL
 As to enjoy the Ages it desires
 This worthy Prince; and takes him from *Earth's* Ball,
 To add a new Voice to the *Angell's Quires*.
 But that GOOD POW'R, which *Him* to *Heav'n* did call,
 Left his large off-spring to supply their Sire's
 Lamented want: PRINCES, who shall command,
 Augment, and with new Vertues deck the Land.

51.

King EDWARD was not of the *happiest*, though,
 The while that *He* the *Regal Throne* did fill:
 "For moody TIME goes blending joy with woe:
 "And with *alternate* Hand gives good for ill.
 "Who ever *Happiness* did constant know?
 "Or FORTUNE with one face continue still?
 Yet to this KINGDOM *she*, and ev'n this KING,
 More of her *honey* gave, than of her *sing*.

52

He saw his Brother Captive (good FERNAND)
 Who had a Soul so publick, and so brave,
 That, for his Troops, distressed in AFRICK-LAND,
 Himself a Pawn unto the MOORS he gave.
 Where, when his ransom was in his own Hand,
 He (born a Prince) would rather dye a slave:
 Then that for *Him* we CEUTA should restore:
 Freedom he lov'd, but lov'd his Countrey more.

53.

CODRUS, because the Foe should not o'ecome;
 Deviz'd a noble Stratagem to dye:
 To save the martial discipline of ROME
 Did REGULUS to Death with Torments flye:
 ours, distant fear to keep his Countrey from,
 Invites himself to endless slavery.
 CODRUS, nor CURTIUS (so much wonder'd at)
 Nor loyal DECII, did so much as *That*.

54.

But EDWARD's onely Son, ALPHONSO hight,
 (A lucky Name to our HESPERIA)
 Who, the proud threatnings of Barbarian night
 In bord'ring Lands, low as the dust did lay;
 Would have been doubtless an unconquer'd Knight,
 Had he forborn to invade IBERIA.
 AFRICK will tell you, 'twas impossible
 To overcome a King so terrible.

To

55.

To pull the *golden Apples* was *his* hap,
 Which none before him, but *ALCIDES* bit,
 On the feirce *MOOR* he such a *Yeake* did clap
 From which they cannot rest their *Necks* out yit.
 The *Palme* and *Lawrell* green his *Temples* wrap,
 Of *Victories*, he at the *Seige* did git
 Of Pop'lous *TANCER*, Strong *ALAGER*'s Towers,
 And tough *ARZILA*, o're the *Barb'rous* Powers

56.

Infine, the ever-conqu'ring *PORTINCALL*'s
 (The succours beaten) entring *These* by force,
 Threw to the ground the *adamantine* walls,
 And *All* that thwarted their *Victorious* course.
Wonders (deserving *Pens* whence liquor falls
 Immortalizing with it's *Nectar* source)
 Wrought *private Swords* in this *Exployt* of fame:
 Exalting more the *Lusitanian* name.

57.

But *after* taynted with *Ambition*,
 And *Rule's* sweet Thirst (though *soure* to *Him* at last)
FERNANDO he invades of *ARRAGON*,
 About the *Kingdom* of *CASTILIA* vast.
 Of the proud *NATIONS* (which depend thereon)
 A num'rous *Host*, t'oppose him, is a maist,
 From *CADIZ* to the lofty *PERYNEE*:
 All which the *King FERNANDO* did obey.

58.

The young *PRINCE IOHN* disdayns it should be said,
Hee is the only idle Man in *SPAINE*;
 And therefore. his ambitious *Sire* to ayd
 Resolves forth with: nor is his *Ayd* in vaine.
 The *Battayle's* bloody period, undismayd,
Hee sees; and with a brow serene and plaine.
 The warlike *Father* put to totall Rout,
 Yet leaves the *Son* the *Victory* in doubt.

59.

For the sublime and truly *Royall* son
 (Gay *Knight* undaunted, confident, and high)
 Having vast spoyle to the *Adversary* done,
 Stays one whole day the *Field* to justify.
 Thus was *OCTAVIUS CESAR* overthrowne,
 And *Victor* his companion *ANTHONY*:
 When *They* or *Those*, who noble *IULIUS* kil'd,
 Reveng'd themselves in the *Philippick* Feild.

ALPHANSO

60.

ALPHONSO mounted to high *Heav'n* serene;
 The Prince, That then the *Scepter* swayd of right,
 Was *Second JOHN*, who made of *KING*s fifteen
Hee (to attain to *Glory's* utmost hight)
 Began a *Task*, exceeding strength terrene
 (Whose *weight* is now by my weake shoulders born)
 To seek the *Cradle* of the purple *MORN*.

61.

He sends fit *Messengers* from his owne *Court*
 Through *SPAINE*, *FRANCE*, celebrated *ITALY*:
 There to imbarque in that illustrious *Port*
 Where was interr'd, of old, *PARTHENOPE*.
NAPLES; which *Fortune* made her *Tennis-Court*,
 By severall *NATIONS* held successively,
 To place it *glorious* (no more change to feel)
 In fov'r-aign *SPANIARDS*, who can fix *her* wheel.

62.

Away they sayle through the *CALAERIAN DEEP*;
 Passe by the *RODIA*N *ISLAND*'s sandy Bay:
 Along the Coast of *ALEXANDRIA* keep,
 For *POMPEY*'s death infamous to this day.
 They travayle *MEMPHIS*, and those *Lands* which steep
 Themselves in *NYLE*. TO *ETHIOPIA*
 They mount, which *EGYPT*: upper part doth lock,
 Where *CHRIST* hath feeding an out-lying *Flock*.

63.

The *ERYTHREAN SEA* they likewise crost:
 Which, dry-foot pass the seed of *ISRAEL*.
 The *NABATHEAN MOUNTAIN*'s fight they lost,
 So named from the *Son* of *ISHMAEL*.
 The oderiferous *SABBEAN-COAST*
 (Inricht with *Tears* which from the *Mother* fell
 Of fayre *ADONE*.) and *BLEST ARABIA* trac't
 Throughout (the *STONY* balking, and the *WAST*;))

64.

The *PERSIAN GULPH* they enter. To *This* neer,
 Great *BABEL*'s Ruines are yet visible.
 Swift *TIGRIS* mingles with *EUPHRATES* heer:
Brothers, That with their *Fountain*'s glory swell.
 Hence they proceed in quest of *INDUS* deer:
 From which great things *Posteritie* shall tell,
 Of *Troops*, that through long *Seas* shall passe thereto:
 Which, even by *Land* nigh *TRAIAN* durst not doe.

OF

65.

Of INDIA, TARFE, and CARMANIAN HILLS;
 The strange and uncoth Nations they beheld:
 Noating the sev'rall *Customes*, sev'rall *Skills*,
 Which sev'rall *Regions* doe produce, and yeild.
 But from such *Distant* parts (joynd to the Ills
 Of *rough* journeys) Men return but feld.
 In fine, *there* did *these* dye; they stuck fast *there*:
 For back they come not to their *Country* deare.

66.

Seems, gracious HEAV'N reserv'd for *Thee* alone,
 EMANUEL, and for thy great desert
 So *hard* a worke: For *Thee* with thoughts *high-flown*
 Inspir'd, and cut out fit to *all* this *part*.
 MANUEL (succeeding IOHN, both in the *Throne*,
 And in the haughty *purpose* of his Heart)
 When first he took on Him the *Kingdoms* Charge,
 The Conquest undertook oth' OCEAN large.

67.

Hee, as a person, whom the noble thought
 Of th' obligation he inherited
 From his *Fore Fathers* (who intirely fought
 The *Realm's* advancement) hourly combated;
 When PHEBUS, quitting the *supernal Vault*,
 Vnto the low ANTIPODES was fled,
 And setting *stars* (which in his place arose)
 With twinkling eyes invited to repose:

68.

Extended now upon his *golden Nest*
 (Such are the *Beds* where thoughts *tumultuous* brood)
 And *there* revolving in his silent Brest
 The *obligation* of his *place*, and *blood*:
 Slumber possesse his *Eyes*, nor dispossesse
 His *Heart* of *Cares*, which made *that* station good:
 For his tyr'd *Lids* whilst sleep (resisted) shuts,
 MORPHEUS a thousand *shapes* before him putts.

69.

So high above ground seems he lifted heer,
 That his proud *Crown* the *Firmament* doth pierce:
 From whence *new worlds* before his eyes appeer,
 Nations of num'rous people strange and fierce:
 And *yonder* (to the springing MORNINO neer)
 As through the Ayre his *visual Raies* disperse,
 Hee sees, farr off, from high and antient *Mountains*,
 Melt down a payre of deep and crystall *Fountains*

With

70.

With *Birds* of monstrous Forms, *wild-beasts* and *Flocks*,
 One of those *Mountains* was inhabited;
 Where thousand savage *Trees* with leavie *Locks*
 The intercourse of people hindered
 The shaggy *Forrest*, and the craggie *Rocks*'s
 Inextricable *Knots*, demonstrated,
 That to those days of *ours* from *A D A M*'s sin,
 No humane *Foot* had ever trod therein.

71.

Out of these *Waters* (as to *Him* appears)
 Addressing *towards* him their hasty pace,
 Two *Fathers* rise, *both* wondrous struck in yeares,
 With *Rustick* both, yet *venerable*, Face.
 Their *Snowy* Curles distill in *silver* Teares
 Which bathe their *Bodies* down in every place.
 Taun'd were their *Skins*, and rusty: Their *Beards* kept
 Rough and unshorn, with which the ground they swept.

72.

The *Temples* of their heads, were trimly bound
 With health-restoring *Druggs*, and *Fruits* unknown.
 The *one* lookt weather-beaten and halfe-drownd,
 As if a longer voyage *Hee* had gone;
 And (fierce, ev'n at his *Fountain*) underground
 Seem'd to have stoln from a *remoter* one:
 As from *Arcadian* plains *A L P H E O* fly
 To *A R E T H U S A*'s bed in *S I C I L Y*.

73.

This (as the more authoriz'd of the *Twain*)
 Spake thus (farr off) unto the *King*: *O Thou*
 For whose high *Crown*, and *Empire* sovereign,
Much World is kept, that's hid from the *world*, now.
 Wee (through the *Earth* so fam'd, whose *Necks* in vain,
 Survive *others* wholly to *their* yokes to bow)
 Are come to with *thee* send some *Men* That may
 Receive large *tributes*, we to *Thee* must pay.

74.

I am illustrious *G A N G E S*: born and nurst
 In *P A R A D I C E*: where is my *mother-spring*.
 My *Mase* (That from the *Cliffes* thou seest, doth burst;
 Nor other *Cradle* knows) is *I N D U S K I N G*.
 Yet a severe *Warr* shall we cost thee first:
 But *Thou* (persisting) in the end shalt bring,
 By *Victories prodigious*, to the *Bitt*,
 All these *viewd Nations* humbly to submit.

N

The

35.

The *Holy* and *illustrious River*, sed
 No more : But in a moment vanisht *Both*.
 E M A N U E L L wakes surpriz'd with a strange dread,
 And earthquake in his Bosome. P H E B U S goeth
 In the meane time his glittering Cloke to spread
 Over the W O R L D, buried in *downe*, and *slouth*.
 A U R O R A came : who, when *she* forth doth rush,
 Strikes *Lilies* pale, and makes the *Roses* blush.

36.

The K I N G in hast to councell calls his *Lords*,
 To *them* the figures of the *Vision* shows ;
 To *them* repeates the Holy *Elder's* Words :
 Whence in them *all* great admiration grow's.
 A N A V Y is resolv'd on by the B O A R D's
 Vnanimous *Voate* : In which (magnanimous) *Those*,
 Whom *hee* shall find to plough the O C E A N blew,
 Must seek new *Nations* out, and *Clymates* new.

37.

I, who despayr'd to see put in effect
 What had so long been tumbling in my mind :
 (For my presaging *Soule* could nere be checkt
 From prompting great things to mee of this kind)
 Comprize not for what *cause*, for what *respect*,
 Or for what *merit*, he in *mee* could find,
 But the good *King* was pleas'd to pick out *mee*
 To be this weightie *enterprixe's* Key.

38.

And with *Intreaties*, and with *sugard* phraise
 (Which are the pow'rfullest *commands* of K I N G s)
 He sayd to me. " Through *deep*, and *rugged* ways,
 " V E R T U E attains the *best* and *noblest* things.
 " A *Life* well *lost*, or *hazarded*, to *Bays*
 " Of everlasting *Honour* persons brings:
 " For (if to *sordid Feare* it never bends)
 " The *shorter* 'tis, the *Farther* it extends.

39.

You have I chose (and all the rest set by)
 To a *Taske* fit for you to undergoe :
 A *Taske* Heroick, difficult and high,
 Which (for my sake) you will think light, I know.
 I could not suffer more : but *thus* reply,
 O my dread L E I G E ! through *swords*, through *fire*, through *snow*,
 For *Thee* to venture, only is *Annoy*
 When I consider *life* is such a *Toy*.

80.

Put me on *Tasks* as great as *those* of yore
 Suborn'd EURISTEUS to ALCIDES gave;
 The fruitful HYDRA, ERIMANTHIAN BORE,
 The HARPIES dire, NEMEAN LYON brave.
 In short, to visit the *infernal shore*
 Where *Styx* moats PLUTO's House with its black Wave:
 For *hee* (O KING) worse *dangers*, and worse *Toyls*,
 My *Spirit* leaps at; nor my *Flesh* recoyles.

81.

With sumptuous *Boons*; and *words*, that *those* exceed;
 My good will *He* doth praise, and gratifie:
 "For *Vertue*, spur'd with praise, doubles her speed;
 "And is inflam'd to *Enterprises* high.
 To second me in this *Exployt*, agreed
 (Oblig'd by *Nature's*, and by *Friendship's* Tye,
 Thirsty alike of *Honour*, and of *Fame*)
 My dear and loving Brother PAUL DE GAME.

82.

NICH'LAS CORLLIO makes a *Third*: for pains
 Most indefatigable. And *These* are
 My *two Supporters* strong of *Hand*, and *Brains*:
 Experienc't *both*, *both* no less bold in warr.
 I get me a young *Crew* of sturdy *Swains*,
 Whose budding *Valour* itcht for martial jarr:
All metled Lads; And so, it well appeers,
 That came to such a business *Volunteers*.

83.

These too have *gifts* from MANUEL's hand, & equip
 Themselves; and make the love they bear him more:
 And with the *praising* bounty of his *Lip*,
 Are arm'd 'gainst *All*, hard *Fates* can have in store.
 Thus man'd KING PELIAS that *prophetick ship*
 In which (through *Euxine Seas*, unsayl'd before)
 With *Æson's* Heyre the vent'rous youth of GREECE
 He sent to COLCOS for the *Golden Fleece*.

84.

Now in the famous Port of LISBON-TOWN
 (Where golden TAOUS mingles his *sweet Flood*
 With the Salt OCEAN, and his *Sands* doth drown)
 With noble *longings*, and *transported* mood,
 The SHIPS lye ready. *There* no sullen frown,
 No frosty *Fear*, beams the *youthful blood*:
 For both the *Sea-men*, and the *Land-men there*,
 Will go with *me* about the WORLD, they swear.

N 2

Upon

85.

Upon the *shore* the strutting *souldiers* sayle
 In cloathes of sev'rall *colour*, sev'rall *curr*,
 Their *minds*, more brave : bent to extend our *pale*,
 And plant in *lands unknown* their daring foot.
 The gentle *wind* breathing a tempting *Gale*,
 On the tall *Shipp*s the *Standarts* ope and shutt.
 The *Shipp*s expect, for this *new Navigation*,
 To bee (like *ARGO*) made a *Constellation*.

86.

Wee (fitted and provided thus, with *All*
 That such a *Voyage* doth require and crave)
 To fit our *soules* for *death* devoutly fall:
 Which *Saylers* see in ev'ry rounding *Wave*.
 From *Him*, whose presence *Beautifull*
 Is all the Food that *Saints* and *Angels* have,
 Favour we beg, for to prepare our way,
 And to conduct us with his *heavenly Ray*.

87.

Thus of *that Temple* took we a long leave,
 Which (on the *Margent* of our *Ocean plac't*)
 From the *blest City* did it's name receive
 Where *GOD* was born (a *Gem* in *Clayenchac't*)
 I promise thee (O *KING*) how wee did heave
 Our *Anchors* from that shore, when I recast;
 With doubt of ever seeing it again,
 Scarce can my *bridled eyes* from *Tears* refrain.

88.

Th'Inhabitants of *LISON*, that sad day
 (For *Friendship* some, and some for *Kindreds Tyes*)
 Others, as meer *spectators*, flockt: *dismay*,
 And *solitarinesse*, writt in their *Eyes*.
 And wee (whom thousand *Priests* upon our way
 Did bring with *Psalms*, and all solemnities
 Of grave *procession*) praying to our *GOD*,
 Went to take shipping in the Noble Road.

89.

In so long *Voyage*, and so doubtfull ways,
 The gazing people give us *All* for lost,
 This, by their *Tears* the softer *sex* bewrays:
 The *Men* by *Sighs*, as they would yeild the *Ghost*,
Sisters, and *Mothers*; And poor *Wives* (always
 Where there is most of *love*, there *fear* reigns most.)
 Increase the doubt upon the *gentrall score*,
 That she shall never see our *Faces* more.

90.

One, following, Cryes : O *Son* ! (the only gage,
 The prop, the stay, the comfort and the joy,
 Of this my weake unprofitable *Age*,
 Which *Floods* of bitter *Tears* drown in Annoy)
Why leav'st thou mee in this sad equipage ?
Why wilt thou goe, and leave mee (my deare Boy !)
 To make the greedy *Seas* thy *Sepulchere*,
 And *Fishes* feed That take their pastime *there* ?

91.

Another (with loose Hayr) O my deer *Mate*,
 Without whom *Love* tells mee my roote must pine !
 Why wilt thou goe, and venture at this rate
 That *life* to *G U L P H s*, which is not thine but *mine* ?
 How canst thou change, for so uncertain Fate,
 The chaste embraces of thy constant *Vine* ?
 Our *loves*, our *joyes* (in vain how sweet !) must *They*
 To *Sea* ? and with this *wind* be blown away :

92.

In *these* and other speches of this kind
 { Which from deer *love*, and soft *compassion* rose)
Old men and *children* (to like *Rash* inclin'd
 By diff'rent *Ages*) imitated *Those*
 The neighb'ring *mountayns* in dull *consort* joyne :
 And, melting, bare the *burthen* of their woes :
 The *golden Sands* the *Silver Tears* bedew'd :
 Which seemd to strive with *them* in multitude.

93.

W H E (not so much as lifting once our Eyes
 On *Wife*, or *Mother*: though our *Soules* it grinds)
 Whereby in vain laments to *Sympathize*,
 Or change the purpose of our *fixed* minds)
 T'embarque our selves, conceiv'd it was most wise,
 Without those *Farewells* to which custom binds :
 Which (though it bee *Love's* most indeering way)
 Galls more, both *Those* That goe, and *Those* that stay.

94.

But an *Ould man* of *Venerable* look
 (Standing upon the shore amongst the *Crowds*)
 His Eyes fixt upon us (on ship-board) shook,
 His head three times ore-cast with sorrows clouds :
 And (streining his *Voyce* more, then well could brook
 His aged *lungs* : It rattled in our shrow'ds)
 Out of a *science*, *practise* did *Attest*,
 Let fly these words from an *oraculous* Brest.]

95.

O *Glory* of commanding ! O vain Thirst
 Of that same empty *nothing*, we call *Fame* !
 O *Ignis fatuus*, kindled and nurst
 With *vulgar* breath (and *this* we *Honour* name) !
 What *Plagues*, what *stings*, what secret *scourges* curst,
 Torment those *Bosoms* which *thou* doest inflame !
 What *deaths* ! what *dangers* ! what impetuous *storms* !
 What *cruelties* on *them* thy Hand performs !

96.

Fell *Tyrant* of the *soules* ! *life's* swallowing *VVavé* !
 Mother of *Plunders*, and black *Rapes* unchast !
 The secret *miner*, and the open *Grave*,
 Of *Patrimonies*, *Kingdoms*, *Empires* vast !
 They call thee *noble*, and they call thee *Brave* :
 (Worthy t'have other names upon thee cast !)
 They call thee *Fame*, and *Glory* sovereign :
 Titles, with which the foolish *Rout* is tane.

97.

What new *disaster* dire intendest *Thou*
 To lead these *Kingdoms*, and these *Folk* into ?
 What *deaths*, what *Horrors* must they swallow now,
 Vnder pretence to spread *Religion* true ?
 What *holdings* forth of *golden Mines*, and how
 Great *Kingdoms* shall be conquer'd by a Few ?
 What *Fames* do'st thou advance ? what *Histories* ?
 What *Palms* ? what *Triumphs* ? and what *Victories*.

98.

But *Thou* (the *lignage* of that *Foole*, who twice
 Undid thee by his *disobedience* :
 Not only when he lost thee *PARADICE*,
 Into this *Vale* of *Teares* exild from thence ;
 But when by growth of his *infectious* Vice
 He forfeited thy *second Innocence*,
 And *Thee*, out of a *golden exile* hurld
 Into an *Iron* and *contentious* world.)

99.

Since with this sweet and pleasing *vanity*
 Thy giddie *Brain* is so bewitcht, and drownd ;
 Since bloody *Rage* and *Inhumanity*,
Valour, and *Brau'rie*, in *thy* language sound ;
 Since thou doest vauw, and esteem so high,
 The *disesteem* of *life*, which we are bound
 To cherish, and in great accompt to have it :
 (Since so much fear'd to loose it, *Hee* who gave it)

100.

Hast thou not, close at hand, the *ISHMAELITE*
 To cut thee work out, more then thou canst doe?
 If for the *sacred Law* of *CHRIST* thou fight,
 Th' *ARABIAN'S* false one does not *He* pursue?
 Hath *Hee* not thousand *Citties*, Infinite
 Of *Land*, if *Power's* availe, if *Wealth's* one too?
 Hath not *Hee* got in *Arms* a mighty *Name*,
 If *Honour*, and not *Bootie* be thy *Ayme*?

101.

Leav'st thou a *growing Foe* just at thy *dore*,
 To goe and seek *another Foe* so farr,
 Dispeopling an *ould Realm*, waisting *her* store,
 Quitting thy *Countrey*, and thy private *LAR*?
 That flatt'ring *Fame* to *Heav'n* may make thee soare,
 Through *waves uncertain* seekst thou *certain warr*?
 In thy *swoln Style* in words at length to find,
ARABIA, *PERSIA*, *ETHIOPIA*, *YND*?

102.

Accurst be *Hee*, who first forfook the *Ground*,
 And fastned *canvas wings* to a *dry Tree*!
 Worthy, in endlesse darknes to be bound;
 If that, which I was taught, *RELIGION* bee.
 May never *Judgment*, solid and profound,
 May never *Happy Veyn* in *Poetrie*,
 Retrive his *memory*, adorn his *Fame*:
 But dye, with *Him*, his *Glory*, and his *Name*.

103.

The son of *IAPET* stole from *PHEBUS's* Carr
Fire, which in *humane* Breast he did infuse;
Fire, which the *world* did kindle into *Warr*,
Plagues, and *debaucheries* (a great abuse!)
PROMETHEUS, had it not been better farr
 For *Us*, and for the *world* (which *wee* misuse)
 Thy noble *Statute* had excus'd that *fire*,
 Which made it with *Ambition's* wings aspire?

104.

Then had not the much pittied *youth* been driving
 His *Sire's* gilt *charet*; nor that great *contriver*
 Through th'empty *Ayre* sayld with his Son (*This* giving
 The *sea* a *name*, *Hee* *Fame* unto a *River*)
 Nothing so *high*, nothing so barrd the living,
 Through *Fire*, *Sword*, *Water*, *Calm* and *Cold*: what ever:
 Which *MAN* projecteth, and attempteth not,
 A *strange Condition*! an *unquiet Lot*!

End of the fourth Canto.

Fifth Canto.

STANZA. 1.

THE rev'rend *Father* stood inculcating
 These *Sentences*; when *Wee* to a serene
 And gentle Gale expand our Canvas wing:
 When from the loved Port our selves we weane:
 And sayles unfurling make the *Welkin* ring
 (After the manner of *Sea faring Men*)
 With *BOON VOYAGE*. Immediately the *Wind*
 Does on the *Trunks* his Office and his kind.

2.

The ever burning *Lamp*, that rules the day,
 In the *Nemean Bruise* began to rage;
 And the *great world* (which doth with time decay)
 Limpt in his *Sixt* infirm, and crooked *Age*:
 Thereof (accounting in the *CHURCH*'s way)
 Of *Sol's* incessant *Race* the *THOUSAND* stage
Four hundred, Ninetic Seav'nth, was running whan,
 In all their *trim* the *Shipp*s to saile began.

3.

Now by degrees out of our sight did glide
 Parts of our *Countray*, which abode behind.
 Abode deer *TAGS*: and we *then* did hide
 Fresh *SYNTRA* (About *this* our eyes did wind)
 In the *low'd* Kingdom likewise did abide
 Our *Hearts*, whose *ft* ings could not be thence untwind,
 And, when as *all* the *Land* did now withdraw,
 The sea and *Firmament* was *all* wee saw.

4.

Thus went we opening those seas, which (save
 Our *own*) no *Nation* open'd ere before:
 See those new *Isles*, and clymates near; which brave
PRINCE HENRY shew'd unto the *world* before.
 The *Mauritanian Hills*, and *Strand*, which gave,
ANT EUS birth, who *there* was King of yore,
 Upon the *left hand* left (for there is none
 Upon the *right*, though now suspected, known)

Wee

5.

We the great *Island* of MADERA pass,
 Which from it's *Wood's* abundance took the name;
 The first, which planted by our *Nation* was,
 Of which the *worth* is more then the great *fame*:
 Nor (though the last place in the *world* it has)
 Doth any, VENUS loves, excel the same:
 Who (rather) were it *Hers*, would lay aside
 For *This*, CYTHERA, CYPRUS, PAPHOS, GNIDE.

6.

We leave adust MESSILIAS barren Coast,
 Where AZENEGUES's lean *Heards* take their repast:
 A People, That want *water* to their *Roast*;
 Nor *Herbs* it self in any plenty tast:
 A LAND in fine, to bear no *Fruit* dispos'd:
 Where *Birds* in their hot stomachs Iron waste:
 Suffring of all things great *Necessitie*:
 Which ETHIOPIA parts from BARBARIE.

7.

We pass the *Bound* that hedges out the *Sun*
 When to the frozen *North* he bends his way:
 Where *people* dwell, whom CLYMENE's rash Son
 Deny'de the sweet *Complexion* of the *day*.
 Here NATIONS strange are water'd one by one
 With the fresh *Currents* of black SENECA.
 Here ARSINARIUS Aloof is seen,
 That lost his name: *confirm'd* by Us CAPE GREEN.

8.

CANARIAN ISLES (the same men call'd of old
 THE FORTUNATE) declined: After *These*
 Among the *Daughter-Islands* we did fall
 Of aged HESPER, term'd HESPERIDES.
 Locks, in the which the *Fleets* of PORTUGAL
 To *wonders* new before had turn'd the *Keys*.
 There did we touch with favourable wind,
 Some *fresh provisions* for our *Ships* to find.

9.

It's *Name* the *Ile* on which we *Anchor* cast
 Did from the warlike St. IAGO take.
 The *Saint* That holp the SPANIARD in times past
 Such cruel havock of the MOORS to make.
 Thence, when the *North* renew'd his kinder blast,
 We cut again the *circumsufed Lake*
 Of the salt *Ocean*; And that *Store-House*: leave;
 From which *Refreshment* sweet we did receive.

10.

Winding withal about your *Affrick shore*,
 Where to the EAST (like a *half-moon*) it bends;
 About JALOSO'S Province (which doth store
 The world with BLACKS, whom, forc't Aboard, it sends.)
 The large MANDINGA that affords the Ore
 The which doth make Friends Foes, and of Foes Friends;
 (Which suck't GABMBA'S crooked water laves
 That disimbogues in the *Atlantick Waves*)

11.

We pass the GORGADES, peopled by faire
Sisters, in ancient time residing *there*:
 Who (rob'd of *seeing*) did amongst them share
 One onely *Eye*, which they by turns did wear.
Thou onely, *Thou* (the *Net* of whose curl'd *Haire*
 Caught NEPTUNE, like a Fish, in his own *Wre*)
 Turn'd of them all at last the ugliest *Lout*,
 With *Pipers* sow'dst the burning sands about.

12.

Ploughing in fine before a *Northern Wind*
 In that vast GULPH the *Navy* went embayd;
 LEONA'S craggie mountains left behind,
 The CAPE OF PALMS (so call'd from *Palmie* shade)
 And that great RIVER, where the *Sea* (confin'd)
 Against the shores, which we had planted, bray'd:
 With th'*Ile* that boasts *his* name, who would not trust
 Till in the side of GOD his Hand he thrust.

13.

There lyes of CONGO the wide-spreading *Ream*,
 By *Vs* (before) converted to CHRIST'S Law;
 Through which long ZAYRE glides with crystal stream:
 A *River*, this, the Ancients never saw.
 In fine through this vast *ocean* from the Team
 Of known BOOTES I apace withdraw:
 Having already past upon the *Maine*
 The BURNING LINE that parts the *World* in twain.

14.

There we before us saw by it's own light
 In this new EPICICLE a *Star* new:
 Of which the other *Nations* ne're had sight,
 And (long in darkness) no such matter knew.
 The world's *Antartick* Henge (less gilt, less bright,
 For want of *Stars*, then th'*Artick*) we did view:
 Beneath the which, a question yet depends,
 Whether more *Land* begins, and the *Sea* ends.

15.

Past in this sort those *equinoxiall* clymes
 By which his steeds *twice* yearly drives the *sun*;
 Making two *Summers, VVinters, Autumns, Primes*,
 Whilst he from one to to'ther *Pole* doth run:
 Now *soft*, now *calm'd* (*A sufferer* in all *Times* :
 By *want*, and *plenty*, epually undone.)
 I saw both *BEARS* (the *little* and the *Great*)
 Despight of *IUNO* in the *Ocean* set.

16.

To tell thee all the *dangers* of the *DEEP*
 (Which humane Judgment cannot comprehend)
 Suddain and fearfull *storms*, the *Ayre* that sweep;
Lightnings, that with the *Ayre* the *Fire* doe blend;
 Black *HURRACANS*; thick *Nights*; *THUNDER*s, that keep
 The *VVorld* alarm'd, and threaten the last *End* :
 Would be too tedious : indeed vain and mad,
 Though a *brasse* Tongue, and *Iron* lungs I had.

17.

I saw those things, which the rude *Mariner*
 (Who hath no *Mistresse*, but *Experience*)
 Doth for unquestionable *Truths* aver,
 Guided belike by his *externall* sence :
 But *ACADEMICKS* (who can never err,
 Who by pure *Wit* and *LEARNING's* quintessence;
 Into all *NATURE's* secrets dive and pry)
 Count either *Lyes*, or *cozynings* of the *Eye*.

18.

I saw (as plain as the *sun's* midday light)
 That fire the *Sea-man* saints (shining out faire
 In time of *Tempest*, of teirce *winds* despight,
 Of *over-crowded* Heaven's and black despayre :)
 Nor did wee all lesse wonder (and well might,
 For twas a sight to bristle up the Hayre)
 To see a *sea-born* *Clowd* with a long *Cane*
 Suck in the *sea*, and spout it out againe.

19.

I saw with these *two eyes*) nor can presume
 That these deceiv'd mee) from the *Ocean* breathed
 A little *Vapour*, or a *eriall* *fume*,
 With the curld *wind* (as by a *Turnor*) wreathed.
 I saw it reach to *Heaven* from the salt *spume*,
 In such thin *Pipe*, as those where *springs* are sheathed ;
 That by the *Eye* it hardly could be deemed :
 Of the same substance which the *Clowds* it seemed.

20.

By little *this* and little did augment,
 And swell'd beyond the Bulk of a thick *Mast*.
Streightning and *widening* (like a *Throat*) it went,
 To gulp into it self the water fast.
 It *wav'd* upon the *wavy* Element.
 The top thereof (impregnated at last
 Into a *Cloud*) expanded *more*, and *more*,
 With the great load of *Water* which it bore.

21.

As a black *Horse-leech* (mark it in some *Pool*!)
 Got to the *Lip* of an unwary *Beast*,
 Which (*drinking*) suck't it from the *water* cool,
 Upon *another's* blood *it self* to feast;
 It swells and swells, and feeds beyond all Rule,
 And stuffs the paunch; a rude, unsober, *Guest*:
 So swell'd the *Pillar* (vvith a hideous *Crop*)
 It self, and the black *Clovvd* vvhich it did prop.

22.

But, vvhen that novv'tis full, the *Pedestal*
 Dravvs to it self, vvhich in the *Sea* vvvas set;
 And (flutt'ring through the *Ayre*) in shovv'rs doth fall:
 The *couchant* *Water* vvith *new* vvater vvet.
 It pays the vvaves the *borrow'd* *Waves*, but all
 The *Salt* thereout did first extract and get.
 Novv tell me, *SCHOLARS*, by your *Books*; vvhat skill,
 Dame *NATURE* us'd these *waters* to distil?

23.

If old *PHILOSOPHERS* (vvho travayld through
 So many *Lands*, *her* secrets out to spye)
 Had view'd the *Miracles* vvhich *I* did vievv,
 Had sayled vvith so many *winds* as *I*;
 What *writings* had they left behind! vvhar nevv,
 Both *Starres*, and *Signs*, bequeath'd to *Us*! What high
 And strong *Influxes*! What *hid Qualities*!
 And all pure *Truths*, vvithout alloy of *Lyes*!

24

But vvhen that *Planet* (vvhich her *Court* doth keep
 In the *first sphere*) five times vvith speedy *Race*
 Had, since our *Fleet* vvvas vvand'ring on the *DEEP*,
 Shevv'd sometimes *half*, and sometimes *all* her *Face*:
 A quick-eyd *Lynx* cryes, from the *Scuttle* steep,
LAND! LAND! vvith *that*, upon the *decks* apace
 Leaps the transported *Crew*: their *Eyes*, intent
 On the *Horizon* of the *ORIENT*.

At

25.

At first the *dusky Mountains* (of the *Land*
Wee made) like congregated *Clowds* did look :
 Seen *plain*, the heavie *Anchors* out of hand
Wee ready make : *Approach'd*, our *Sailes* we strook,
 And (that we might more cleerly understand
 The parts *remote* in which we were I took
 The *ASTROLABE*, a modern *Instrument* :
 Which with sharpe Judgment *SAGES* did invent :

26.

We disembarked in the most open space :
 From *whence*, themselves the rather *Land-men* spread
 (Greedy of Novelties !) through the wyld Place :
 Which never *Stranger's* Foot before did tread.
 But *O* (not passing the *Land's* sandie Face)
 To find out where we are, with *Sea-men* bred
 Stay taking the *Sun's* heighth by th'*OCEAN* curld ;
 And with my *Compass* trace the *painted* World.

27.

We found, we had already wholly past
 Of the *halfe-Goose*, halfe *Fish*, the noted *Gole* :
 Between the *same*, and *that* cold *Countrie* plac'd
 (If such there be beneath the *SOUTHERN* Pole.
 When, loe ! (lockt in with my *Companions* fast)
 I see a *NATIVE* come, black as the *Cole* :
 Whom *they* had took perforce, as in the *Wood*
 Getting out *Honey* from the *Combe* he stood.

28.

He comes with *horror* in his *looks* : as *Hee*
 Who of a *snare*, like this, could never dreame.
Hee understood not *Us*, neither *Him VVee* :
 More savage then the brutish *POLYPHEM*.
 Of *COLCOS's* glistering Fleece I let him see
 The *mettle* which of *mettles* is supreme :
 Pure *Silver*, sparckling stones (continuing suite ;)
 But in all *these* was unconcern'd the *Bruite*.

29.

I bid them shew him lower prized Things
Beades of transformed crystill ; a fine noyse
 Of little *Bells*, thridded on *tawdry* strings,
 A red Cap, Colour which Contents, and joys.
 Streight saw I by his *looks* and *beckonings*,
 That he was wondrous taken with these *Toys*.
 Therewith I bid them they should set him free :
 So to the *Village* nigh away went *Hee*.

30.

But the next *morn* (whilst yet the skyes were dim)
 All *naked*, and in colour like the *shades*,
 To seek such *Knacks* as had been given to *Him*,
 Loe, by the *Craggs* descending his *Camerades*!
 Where now their carriage to us is so trim,
 So tractable, and plyant, as perfwades
VELOSO with them to venture through the *Cover*,
 The Fashions of the Countrey to discover.

21.

VELOSO says, his pledge shall be his *Blade*,
 And walks secure in his own *Arrogance*,
 But, having now away a good while stayd
 And, I out-prolling with my countenance,
 To see what *signs* for our *Advent rer* made,
 Behold him comming with a vengeance
 Down from the Mountain-top towards the *shipp*!
 And faster homeward, then he went, he skips.

32. /

The *long-boate* of *COELLIO* made hast
 To take him in : but, ere arrive *that* could,
AN. ETHIOPIAN bold his weapon past
 Full at his bosome, least escape he should.
Another, and *Another* too : Thus chac't
VELOSO and *those* farr off That help him would,
 I run, when (just as I an Oare lift up)
 A Troop of *Negroe's* hides the mountain-top.

23.

A Clowd of *Arrows*, and sharpe *stones* they rain,
 And hayle upon us without any stint :
 Nor were *These* uttered to the Ayre in vain,
 For in this leg I *there* receiv'd a dint.
 But *wee* (as prickt with *smart*, and with disdayne)
 Made them a ready answeare so in print,
 That (I believe in earnest) with our Rapps
 Wee made their *Heads* as *crimson* as their *capps*.

24.

And now (*VELOSO*, off, with safety brought)
 Forth with repayre we to the *Fleet* agin,
 Seeing the ougly *Malice*, the base Thought,
 This false and brutish people hid within :
 From whom of *INDIA* (so desired) nough t
 Of Information could we pick, or win,
 But that it is remote, So once more I
 Vnto the *Wind* let all the *Canvas* fly.

Then

35.

Then to VELOSO said a Jybinglad
 (The rest all laughing in their sleeves) Ho ! Friend
 VELOSE : the Hill (it seems) was not so bad
 And hard to be come down, as 'twas t'ascend.
 True (quoth th' *Advent'rer* bold) Howe're, I had
 Not made such haste, but that the DOGS did bend
 . Against the *Fleet* : And I began to doubt me
 It might go ill, that you were here without me.

36.

He tells us then, he past no sooner was
 The *Mountain's* top, but that the people black
 Forbid him any farther on to pass
 And threat to kill him if he turn not back ;
 And (turn'd) they lay them down upon the grass
 In *Ambuscade*, whereby they *Us* might pack
 To the dark Realm, when we in haste should fall
 To rescue *Him*, before we well could rally.

37.

The *Sun* five times the *Earth* had compassed
 Since *We* (from thence departed) *Sea* did plough
 Where never Canvas-wing before was spread,
 A prosp'rous Gale making the *top-yards* bow :
 When on a *night* (without suspect, or dread,
 Chatting together in the cutting *Prow*)
 Over our Heads appear'd a sable *Cloud*,
 Which in thick darkness did the *Welkin* throwd.

38.

So big it lookt, such stern *Grimaces* made,
 As fill'd our Hearts with horror, and appall,
 Black was the *Sea*, and at long distance brayd
 As if it roar'd *through* Rocks, *down* Rocks did fall.
 O *Pow'r* inhabiting the *Heav'ns*, I said !
 What divine threat is ? What *mystical*
 Imparting of thy will in so *new* form,
 For this is a Thing greater than a *Storm* ?

39.

I had not ended, when a *humane* Feature
 Appear'd to us ith' *Ayre*, Robustious, ralli'd
 Of *Heterogeneous* parts, of *boundless* Stature,
 A *Cloud* in's *Face*, a *Beard* prolux and squalid :
Cave-Eyes, a *gesture* that betray'd ill nature,
 And a worse mood, a clay complexion pallid :
 His crispt *Hayre* fill'd with *earth*, and hard as *Wyre*,
 A *mouth* cole-black, of *Teeth* two yellow Tyre.

40.

Of such *portentous* Bulk was this *Colossus*,
 That I may tell thee (and not tell amiss)
 Of that of *Rhodes* it might supply the loss
 (One of the *World's Seav'n Wonders*) out of this
 A *Voyce* speaks to us : so profound, and grosse,
 It seems ev'n torn out of the vast *Abyss*.

The *Hayre* with horror stands on end, of *mee*
 And all of us, at what we *hear*, and *see*.

41.

And *this* it spake. O *you*, the boldest Folke
 That ever in the world great things assayd;
 Whom such dire *Wars*, and infinite, the *smoke*
 And *Toyle* of *GLORY* have not weary made;
 Since these *forbidden* bounds by *you* are broke,
 And *my* large Seas *your* daring *keeles* invade,
 Which *I* so long enjoy'd, and kept *alone*,
 Unplough'd by *forreign* Vessel, or our *owne*.

42.

Since the hid secrets you are come to spye
 Of *NATURE* and the *humid* Element;
 Never reveal'd to any *MORTAL's* Eye
Noble, or *Heroes*, that before you went:
 Hear from *my* mouth, for your presumption high
 What *losses* are in store, what *Plagues* are meant,
 All the wide *OCEAN* over, and the *LAND*,
 Which with hard *War* shall *bow* to your command.

43.

This know; As many *Ships* as shall persever
 Boldly to make the Voyage *you* make now,
 Shall finde this *POYNT* their enemie for ever
 With *winds* and *tempests* that no bound shall know:
 And the first *FLEET OF WAR* that shall indeaver
 Through these inextricable Waves to go,
 So fearful an *example* will I make,
 That men shall say I *did* more then I *spake*.

44.

Here I expect (unless my hopes have ly'de)
 On my *discov'rer* full Revenge to have;
 Nor shall *He* (onely) *all* the Ills abide,
 Your *pertinacious* confidences crave:
 But to your Vessels yearly shall betide
 (Unless, provok'd, I in vain do rave)
 Shipwracks, and *losses* of each kinde and Race;
 Amongst which, *death* shall have the lowest place.

And

45.

And of the first that comes this way (in whom
 With height of *Fortune*, height of *Fame* shall meet)
 I'll be a new, and everlasting Tomb,
 Through *God's* unfathom'd judgement. At these Feet
 He shall drop all his *Glories*, and inhumè
 The glittering *Trophies* of a *Turkish Fleet*.
 With me conspire his Ruine, and his Fall,
 Destroyd *QUILOA*, and *MOMBASSA'S* Wall.

46.

Another shall come after, of good fame,
 A *Knight*, a *Lover*, and a *lib'ral Hand*;
 And with him bring a fair and gentle *dame*,
 Knit his by *LOVE*, and *HYMEN'S* sacred Band.
 In an ill hour, and to your loss and shame,
 Ye come within the *Purlews* of my land;
 Which (kindly cruel) from the *sea* shall free you,
 Drown'd in a *sea* of miseries to see you.

47.

Sterv'd shall they see to death their *Children* deare;
Begot, and rear'd, in so great *love*. The black
 Rude *CAPRES* (out of *Avarice*) shall teare
 The *Cloathes* from the *Angelick Lady's* back.
 Her dainty limbs of *Alabaster* cleare
 To *Heate*, to *Cold*, to *Storm*, to *Eyes's* worse *Rack*
 Shall be laid *naked*; after she hath trod
 (Long time) with her soft Feet the burning Clod.

48.

Besides all this; *Their Eyes* (whose happier lot
 Will be to scape from so much miserie)
 This *Toake* of *LOVERS*, out into the hot
 And unrelenting *Thickets* turn'd shall see.
 Ev'n *there* (when *Tears* they shall have squeez'd and got
 From *Rocks* and *Desarts*, vvhhere no *waters* be)
 Embracing (*kind*) their *souls* they shall exhale
 Out of the faire, but miserable, *Iayle*.

49.

The ugly *Monster* vvent to rake into
 More, of our *Fate*; vvhhen, starting on my feet,
 I ask him, *Who art Thou?* (for to say true
 Thy *hideous Bulk* amazes me to see'r.)
 He (vvreathing his black mouth) about him threvv
 His savvcer-Eyes: And (as his soul vvould fleet)
 Fetching a dismal groan, *replide* (as *sory*,
 Or *vext*, or *Both*, at the *Intergatory*.)

50.

I am that great and secret *HEAD* of *LAND*,
 Which *you* the *CAP* of *TEMPESTS* well did call;
 From *STRABO*, *PTOLOMEE*, *POMPONIVS*, And
 Grave *PLINY* hid, and from the *ANTIENTS* all.
 I the *but-end*, that knits wide *AFRICK'S* strand;
 My *Promontory* is her *Moun'd* and *Wall*,
 To the *ANTARTICK* *Pole*; which (nevertheless)
You, only, have the boldness to transgresse.

51.

Of the rough *sons* oth' *EARTH*, was *I*; and *Twin*,
 Brother to *Him*, that had an hundred *Hands*,
 I was call'd *ADAMASTOR*, and was in
 The *Warr* 'gainst *Him*, That hurls hot *VULCAN'S* Brands.
 Yet Hills on Hills I heapt not: but (to win
 That *Empire*, which the *SECOND* *Jove* commands)
 Was *GENERALL* at *Sea*, on which did sayle
 The *Fleet* of *NEPTUNE*, which *I* was to quayle.

52.

The love I bare to *PELEUS'S* spouse divine
 Imbarqu'd mee in so wild an *Enterprize*.
 The fayrest *GODDESSE* that the *Heav'ns* inshrine
 I, for the *Princesse* of the *Waves* despise.
 Vpon a day when out the *Sun* did shine;
 With *NEBEUS'S* daughters (on the *Beach*) these eyes
 Beheld her *naked*: streight I felt a *dart*
 Which *Time*, nor *scorns*, can pull out of my *Heart*.

53.

I knew't impossible to gain her *Love*
 By reason of my great deformitie
 What *force* can doe I purpose then to prove:
 And, *DORIS* call'd, let *Her* my purpose see.
 The *Goddes* (out of feare) did *THE TY'S* move
 On my behalfe: but with a chaste smile *shee*
 (As *vertuous* full, as she is *fayre*) replide,
 What *NYMPH* can such a heavy love abide?

54.

How ever *Wee* (to save the *sea* a part
 In so dire *War*) will take it into thought
 How with our *honour* we may cure his smart.
 My *Messenger* to mee thus answer brought.
 I, That suspect no *stratagem*, no *Art*,
 (How easily are purblind *Lovers* caught)
 Feel my selfe wondrous light with this *Return*:
 And fann'd with *Hopes*, with fresh *desire* doe burn.

Thus

55.

Thus fool'd, thus cheated from the warr begun,
 On a time (*DORIS* pointing where to meet)
 I spy the glitt'ring forme, ith'evening dun,
 Of snowy *THEY'S* with the silver feet.
 With open Armes (farr off) like mad I run
 To clip therein my *Ioy*, my *Life*, my *Sweet* :
 And (*clipt*) begin those orient *Eyes* to kis,
That Face, that Hayre, that Neck, that All that is.

56

O, how I choake in utt'ring my disgrace !
 Thinking I *Her* embrac'd whom I did seek,
 A *Mountain* hard I found I did embrace
 O'regrown with Trees and Bushes nothing sleek.
 Thus (grappling with a *Mountain* face to face,
 Which I stood pressing for her *Angel's* cheek)
 I was no *Man* : No but a stupid *Block* .
 And grew unto a *Rock* another *Rock*.

57.

O *Nymph* (the fayrest of the *OCEAN'S* Brood) !
 Since with my *Features* thou could'st not be caught,
 What had it cost to spare me that *false* good,
 Were it a *Hill*, a *Clowd*, a *Dream*, or *Thought* ?
 Away fling I (with *Anger* almost wood,
 Nor lesse with *shame* of the *Affront* distraught)
 To seek another World : That I might live,
 Where none might laugh, to see me weep, and grieve.

58.

By this my *Brethren* on their Backs were cast,
 Reduc'd unto the depth of misery :
 And the *vain Gods* (all hopes to put them past)
 On *Those*, That *Mountayns* pyl'd, pyl'd *Mountains* high.
 Nor I, that mourn'd farr off my deep distast,
 " (*HEAU'N*, *HANDS* in vain resist, in vain *FERT* fly.
 For my *design'd* Rebellion, and Rape,
 The vengeance of pursuing *Fate* could scape.

59.

My *solid flesh* converteth to *tough Clay* :
 My *Bones* to *Rocks* are metamorphos'd :
 These *leggs*, these *thighs* (behold how large are *they* !)
 O're the long *sea* extended were and spred..
 In fine into this *CAPE* out of the way
 My monstrous *Trunk*, and high-erected *Head*,
 The *GO.DS* did turn : where (for my greater payn)
THEY'S doth *Tantalize* me with the *MAYN*.

60.

Here ends. And (gushing out into a *Well*
 Of *Tears*) forthwith he vanish from our sight.
 The black *Cloud* melting, with a hideous yell
 The *OCEAN* sounded a long way forthright.
I (in *their* presence, who by *miracle*
 Had thus far brought us, ev'n the *ANGELS* bright)
 Befought the *LORD* to shield his *Heritage*
 From all that *ADAMASTOR* did presage.

61.

Now *PHLEGON* and *PYROUS* pulling come
 (With other *Two*) the *Chares* of the *DAY*:
 When that *high LAND* (to which this *Gyant* grum
 Was turn'd) doth to our Eyes it self display.
Doubling the point, we take another *Rumb*;
 And (coasting) plough the *Oriental Sea*.
 Nor had we plough'd it long, when underneath
 A little in a *Second Port* we breath.

62.

The *People* That this *Countrey* did possess
 (Though they were likewise *ETHIOPIANS* All)
 Did more of *humane* in their *means* express,
 Then *Those*, into whose hands we late did fall.
 Upon the sandy *Beach*, with cheerfulness
 They meet us, and with *Dances* Festival.
 With *them*, their *Wives*: and their mild Flocks of *Sheep*
 Which *fat* and *faire*, and *frisking* they did keep.

63.

Their *Wives* upon straw-Pillions (black as *Jet*)
 Slow-paced *Oxen* (like *EUROPA*) ride:
Beasts, upon which a higher price *they* set
 Then all the *Cattle* of the *Field* beside.
 Sweet *madrigalls* (in *Ryme*, or *Prose* complear,
 In their own *Tongue*) to *rustick-Reed* apply'de,
 They sing in *Parts*, as gentle *Shepherds* use,
 That imitate of *TYTIRUS* the *Muse*.

64.

These (and no less was written in their *Faces*)
Love and *Humanity* to Us afford:
 Bringing us *Hens*, and *Muttons*, in the places
 Of *Merchandizes* which we had Aboard.
 But, for (in fine) our men could spye no traces
 (By any *Sign* they made, or any *word*
 From their dark *Tongue*) of what we wisht to know:
 Our *Anchors* weigh'd, to *Sea* again we go.

Now

65.

Now had we giv'n the tother demi wheel
About black AFRICK, And (the burning Hoope,
That girts the *World*, inquiring with my Keely
To the ANTARTICK POLE I turn'd my *Poope*.
By that small *Isle* (such emulous Thoughts we feel)
Discover'd by a former *Fleet*, we Soope;
Which fought the CAPE OF TEMPESTS, and (*that* found)
Pitcht *here* a CROSS: our *then* DISCOVERIES'S Bound.

66.

Thence, many *nights*, and many sadder *days*,
Betwixt rough *Storms*, and languid *Calmes*, we grope
Through the great *Ocean*, and explore, *new* ways:
No *Lanthorn* to pursue, but our high *Hope*.
One time above the rest (as *danger* Plays
At *Sea* the PROTHEUS) with strange Waves we cope.
So strong a *Current* in those parts we meet,
As ev'n obstructs the passage of our *Fleet*.

67.

More violent without comparison
(As our *reculing Vessels* plain did shew)
The *Sea* was, That did there *against* us run,
Then the fresh *Gale*, that in our *favour* blew.
NOTUS (disdaining much to be out-done
By *That*; and, as he thought, on purpose too
To affront *Him*) puffs, blusters, reinforces
His angry Blasts: and so we pass THE COURSES.

68.

The *Sun*, reduc'd the solemnized *Feast*,
On which, a KING laid in a *Cratch* to find,
Three *Kings* did come *conducted* from the EAST,
In which ONE KING, three *KINGS* at once are joynd.
That day took *we* another *Port* (possest
By *People*, like to *Those* we left behind)
In a great *River*: Giving it the Name
Of that great-day when thereinto we came.

69.

Here *fresh Provisions* of the *Folks* we take:
Fresh-water from the *River*. But, in summ,
No guesst concerning INDIA could we make,
By *People*, unto *Us* as good as dumb.
See (*King*) how many *Canntreys* we did take
Without a *door* found out from that rude *summ*,
Without descrying the least *Track*, or *Scent*,
Of the so much desired ORIENT!

Imagine,

70.

Imagine, *Sir*, in what *distress* of *mind*,
 How *lost* we went, how much *perplexed* with *Cares*,
Broken with *Storms*, and *All* with *Hunger* pin'd,
 Through *Seas* unknown, through *disagreeing Ayres*,
 (So far from *hope*, the wished *LAND* to find,
 As, ev'n with *hoping*, plung'd into *despairs*)
 Through *Climates* rul'd by other heav'nly *SIGNS*;
 And where no *Star*, of our *acquaintance*, shines.

71.

The food we have too, *spoyl'd*; and what we crave
 As *nutriment*, ev'n turn'd into our *Bane*:
 No *Entregens*, no *news*, to make us wave
 Our *Griefs*; or feed us with a *hope*, though *vaine*.
 Think'st *Thou*, if this *choyce band* of *soldiers* brave
 Were *other* then of *Lusitanian* straine,
 They had *obedient* held to this degree
 Unto their *King*, and his *Authoritie*?

72.

Think'st *Thou*, they had not risen long ago
 Against their *GEN'RAL* (cross to their desire)
 Turning *Free-booters*, forced to be so
 By black *despair*, by *Hunger*, and by *Ire*?
 If ever *Men* were *try'de*, These are: since *no*
Fatigue, no *sufferings*, were of force, to tyre
 Their *great* and *Lusitanian* excellence
 Of *loyalty*, and firm *Obedience*.

73.

Leaving, in *fine*, the sweet *fresh-water Flood*,
 And the salt *Waves* returning to divide;
Off from the *Land* a *pretty* space we stood,
 Our whole *Fleet* bent into the *Ocean* wide:
 Lest the cold *Southern* wind (*increasing*) shou'd
 Impound us in the *Bay* and furious *Tyde*
 Made in that *Quarter* by the crooking shore,
 Which to *SOFALA* sends the *golden Ore*.

74.

This part (and the swift *Rudder* streight up resign'd
 To good *St. NICH'LAS*, as in case deplor'd)
 Towards that *Part* we steered; where the *Wind*-
 Possessed *Waves* against the *Beaches* roar'd:
 When the 'twixt *hope* and *fear* suspended mind;
 And which confided in a *painted Board*,
 (Faln from *small hope* to *absolute despair*)
 Lookt up by an *Adventure* rare.

TWAS

75.

'Twas *thus*. When to the *Coast* so nigh we drew
 As to see plain the *Countrey* round about :
 A *River* broacht into the *Sea* we view,
 Where *Barks* with *Sails* went passing *in* and *out*.
 To meet with Men, That *Navigation* knew
 Surpriz'd us with great *joy*, thou canst not doubt :
 For amongst *them*, of things from *Vs* so hid,
 We hop't to hear some *News* : and so we did.

76.

These too are *ETHIOPS* : yet it should appeare
 They had in better company been bred.
Arabick words we pickt out here and there,
 By which was reacht the scope of what they fed.
 A kind of *Terbant* each of them did weare,
 Of *Cotton* fine, pres't close unto his head :
 Another *Cotton-cloth* (and *this* was blew)
 About those-parts that should be kept from view.

77.

In the *Arabick-Tongue* (which *They* speak ill,
 But *FERNAND MARTYN* understandeth though)
 They say ; in *Ships* as great as these we fill,
 That *Sea* of theirs is travers't to and fro,
 Even from the rising of the *Sun*, untill
 The *Land* makes *Southward* a *FULL POINT*, and so
 Back, from the *South*, to *East* : conveying, *thus*,
 Folks, of the colour of the *DAY*, like *Vs*,

78.

If with the sight of *These* so joy'd we were,
 The *news* they give us makes us much more glad.
This (for the *signes* by us collected *there*)
 We call *THE RIVER OF GOOD SIGNS*. We add
 The *Land-mark* of A *CROSS*, the which we reare,
 Whereof some number in our *Ships* we had
 For such Intents : *This* bar the fair *Guides*'s name
 Who, with *TOBIAH* unto *GABABL* came.

79.

Of *Slyme*, *scales*, *shell-fish*, and such filthy stuff,
 (The noysome Generation of the *DEEP*)
 The *Ships* (that come therevvith sordid, and rough,
 Through so long *Seas*) *there* do vve cleanse, and sveep.
 From our kind *Hosts* vve had supply'de, enough
 Of the *Provisions* usual (as *sheep*,
 And *other* things) vvith smooth, and jocund *meen*,
 And as cleer *hearts* : vvich through their *eyes* vvere seen.

But

80.

But the high pregnant *Hopes*, we *there* embraced,
 Bred not a joy unmixt with some *Allay*.
 To *ballance* it, in *other scale* was placed
 A new *disaster* by RHAMNUSIA.
 "Thus gracious HEAV'NS their *Boons* have interlaced:
 "These are the *interfearings*, *This* the way,
 "Of *humane* Things. *Black sorrow* holds the *Dye*:
 "Light joy fades in the twinkling of an Eye.

81.

And *this* it was. The loathsom'st, the most fell
Disease, that ever these sad eyes beheld,
 Rest many a *life*, and left the *Bones* to dwell
 For everlasting in a *foreign* Field.
 Who will believe (*unseen*) what I shall tell:
 In such dire manner would the *gumms* be swell'd
 In our mens *Mouths*; that the black flesh thereby
 At once did *grow*, at once did *putrifie*.

82.

With such a horrid *stench* it *putrified*,
 That it the neighb'ring *Ayre* infected round.
 We had no circumspect *PHYSITIAN* try'de:
 No *Lady-handed SURGEON* was there found.
 But by a *CARVER* might have been supply'de
 The *last*. 'Twas handling of a *dead man's wound*.
 The rawest *NOVICE*, with his *Instrument*
 Might *cut*, and never *hurt* the *PATIENT*.

83.

In fine, in this wild *LAND*, *adieu* we bad
 To our *brave* Friends (never to see them more)
 Who in such *Ways*, in such *Adventures* sad,
 With *Us* an equal burthen ever bore.
 "How easily a burying place is had!
 "The least wave of the *Sea*, any *strange shore*,
 "Serve, as to put our *Fellows's Reliques* in,
 "So of the bravest *Men* that e're have bin.

84

Thus, from this fatal *Haven* we disjoine
 With *more* of joy then what we brought, and *less*:
 And (coasting upward) seek some farther *signe*
 Of *INDIA*, to make out our present guests.
 At *MOZAMBIQUE* we arriv'd in fine;
 Of whose *false* dealing, and *hard-heartedness*,
 Thou must have heard: as also of the *vile*
 And *barb'rous* dealing of *MOZAMBIQUE'S Isle*.

Then

85

Then to the *Sanctuary* of thy Port
 (Whose soft and Royall *Treatment* may suffice
 To *heale* the sick, to *cheer* the *Alamort*,
 We were conducted by *propitious* Skyes.
Heer sweet Repose, *Heer* soveraign support,
Heer Quiet to our Breasts, Rest to our Eyes,
 Thou doest impart. Thus (if thou hast attended)
 whou hast thy wish; my NARRATIVE is ended.

86.

Judge now (O King) if ever *Mortalls* went
 Upon so long, upon so *desprate* ways.
Think'st Thou EN E A S, and the eloquent
 V L Y S S E S travayl d so much *World*, as *These*?
 Durst either (of the watry *element*,
 For all the *Verses* written in their prayse)
 See so much through his *Prowesse*, through his *Art*,
 As I have seen, and shall, or the *eighth* part :

87.

THOU, who didst drink so deep of HELICONE,
 For whom *sev'n Cities* did contend in fine,
 Amongst themselves, RHODES, SMYRNA, COLOPHONE,
 Wife ATHENS, *Chyos*, ARGOS, SALAMINE,
 And THOU, whom ITALY is proud to owne,
 Whose *Voyce*, first low, then high (allways *divine*,
 And *sweet*) thy native MINCIUS (hearing) fell
 Asleep, but TIBER did with glory swell :

88.

Sing, and advance with praises to the skye
 Your DEMI GODS, stretching your twanging lungs
 With WITCHES; CIRCES; GYANTS OF ONE EYE;
 SIRENS, to rock and charm them with their *songs* :
 More, *give them* (both with *Sayls*, and *Oars*) to fly
 CICONIANS; and that *Land*, where there *mates* Tongues
 With LOTO toucht, makes them forget they're slaves
 Give them, to drop their *pilot* in the waves :

89.

Project them *winds* (carried in *baggs*) to take
 Out, when they list, Am'rous C A Y P S O E S bold;
 H A R P I S, their *meat* to force them to forsake;
 Hand them to the *Elysian* shadowes cold:
 As *fine*, and as *re-fin'd*, as ye doe make
 Your *tales* (so sweetly *dreampt*, and so well told)
 The *pure* and *naked Truth*, I tell, will git.
 The hand, of all the *Fabricks* of your Wit.

Q

Vpon

90.

Upon the *Captain's* honyed lips depends
 Each gaping *Hearer* with fresh *Appetite*;
 When his long *Story* he concludes and ends,
 Fraught with *high deeds*, with *Horror*, and delight.
 The vast *Thoughts* of our *KINGS*, the *King* commends:
 And their *Warrs*, known where're the *Sun* gives light:
 The *NATION's* ancient *Valour* he extols:
 The *loyalty*, and *Brav'ry*, of their *Souls*.

91.

The *PEOPLE* tell (with *admiration* strook)
 To one another, what they noted most.
 Not one of them can off those *People* look,
 That came so far, That such dire *Seas* have crost.
 But now the *Youth* of *DELOS*, who re-took
 The rains, which *LAMPETUSA's* Brother lost,
 Turns them, to sleep with *THEYTS* in the *DEEP*:
 The *KING* leaves *that*, in his *own* House to sleep.

92.

"How sweet is *PRAYSE*, and justly purchas't *GLORY*
 "By one's *own Actions*, when to *Heav'n* they soare!
 "Each nobler *Soul* will strain, to have his story
 "Match, if not *darken*, All That went before.
 "Envy of other's *Fame*, not *transitory*,
 "Screws up *illustrious* *Actions* more, and more.
 "Such, as contend in *honorable deeds*,
 "The *Spur* of high *Applause* incites their speeds.

93.

Those glorious Things *ACHYLLS* did in *War*
 With *ALEXANDER* sank not half so deep,
 As the *GREAT TRUMPET* That proclam'd them, far
 And neer; He envies *this*, *This* makes him weep.
 The *Marathonian* Trophies *Larums* are,
 Which suffer'd not *THEMISTOCLES* to sleep:
 He said, no *Musick* pleas'd his ear so well,
 As a good *Voyce*, that did his prayes tell.

94.

VASCO DE GAMA takes great payns, to show
 Those *NAVIGATIONS* which the *World* up-cryes
 Deserve not in such gorgeous *Robes* to go,
 As *his*, which doth astonish *Earth*, and *skyes*.
 True: But that *WORTHY* (who did foster so
 With *Favours*, *Gifts* *Rewards*, and *Dignities*
 The *MANTUAN MUSE*) made *that ENNAS* sing,
 And set the *ROMAN GLORY* on her wing.

SCIPIOS

95.

SCIPIOS, and CÆSARS, Portugal doth yeild;
 Yeilds ALEXANDERS, and AUGUSTUS;
 But with those *lib'ral Arts* it doth not guild
 Them though, which would file off their roughnesses.
 OCTAVIUS made compt *Vetters* in the Field,
 Filling up so the *blanks* of *Business*,
 Forfaken FULVIA will not let me lye
 Through CLEOPATRA'S charms on ANTHONY.

96.

Brave CÆSAR marches conquering all FRANCE;
 Nor was his *Learning* silenc't by his drumme:
 But (in *this* hand a *Pen*, in *that* a *Lance*)
 To th' *eloquence* of TULLY he did come.
 SCIPIO (whose *Wit* in other's *Socks* did dance)
 Wrote *plays*, ev'n wirth that *Hand*, which had sav'd Rome.
 Our HOMER doted ALEXANDER so;
 That th' I LIAD was his constant Bedfellow.

97.

All, That have ere been famous for COMMAND,
 Were learned too; or lov'd the Learned ALL:
 In LATIUM, GREECE, or the most *barb'rous* Land,
 But only in unhappy PORTUGALL.
 I speak it to our shame; the cause no grand
 POETS adorn our *Countrey*; is the small
 Incouragement to such: For how can He
 Esteem, That *understands* not POETRIE?

98.

For *This*, and not for want of *Ingenie*,
 VIRGIL and HOMER, are not born with *Us*:
 Nor will ENEAS, and ACHYLLES, bee,
 (*This* *feirce*, *Hee* *pious*) if the World hould *thus*,
 But (which is worst of all) for ought I see,
 FORTUNE hath shapt our *Lords*, so *boysterous*,
 So *rude*, so carelesse to be *known*, or *know*,
 That they like well enough it should be so.

99.

Thankt let the *Muses* be, by our DE GAME,
 To my deer *Countrey* that my zeale was such,
 As to commend her *noble Toyles* to FAME,
 And her great *deeds* with a bould hand to touch:
 For *Hee*, That's like him (only in his *name*)
 Deserves not of CALIOPE so much,
 Or TAOUS'S Nymphs; That They their golden Loom
 Should leave, to carve his ANCESTORS Tomb.

Q 2

Love

100.

Love to my Brethren; and to do things just,
 Giving all *Portugal-Exploits* their dues,
 To serve the Ladies, to procure their gusts;
 Are th'onely spur, and int'rest of the Mus
 Therefore, for fear of black *Obliuion's* Ruff,
 Heroick Actions let no man refuse:

For by my hand, or some more lofty strain;
 VERTUE will lead him into HONOUR'S Fane.

End of the fifth Canto.

Sixth Canto.

STANZA. 1.

THE *Pagan King* could never entertain
 The NAVIGATORS well enough he thought;
 The friendship of the *Christian King* to gain
 Of men, whose courage had such wonders wrought.
 It troubled him, his lot should be, to reign
 So far from EUROPE, with all good things fraught
 And that his happy Station had not bin
 Where HERCULE's the *Mid-Land-Sea* let in.

2.

With Games, Masks, Revels, Gambals on the Green;
 With Moorish-Dances (their sport natural);
 With jovial Fishings (such as EGYPT'S Queen
 Pleas'd the out-witted ANTHONY withal,
 When Carbonadoed Fish were hang'd unseen
 On her dropt Hooks) he treats the PORTINGALL
 Each day; with Bauquets, of unusual Fare;
 With Fruits, with Fowles; with Flesh, with Fishes rare;

3.

But now the Captain (seeing time spend fast,
 And that the fresh Wind woos him to be gon)
 From the indulgent Land taking in haste
 Th'appointed Pilots, and Provision,
 Resolves to quit it: of the Ocean vast
 Having no little Portion yet to run.

His leave now takes he of the PALACE free,
 Who prays from All a lasting Amittien

He

4.

He prays them more, that *Port* (such as it is)
That all their *Fleets* would visit, when they pass:
For, greater good he doth not wish, then *this*,
To give such men his *Realm*, and all he has,
And, whilst he breathes, whilst, what he has, is his;
Whilst the least sand is running in his *Glass*,
He will be always ready to lay down
For such a *King*, and *People*, *Life*, and *Crown*.

5.

GAMA went not behind, in *Complement*,
And, weighing *Anchor* without more delay,
To the rich *Kingdoms* of the *ORIENT*
(Which he so long had sought) pursues his way.
Now a direct and certain *Course*, he went
The *Fleet*, this *Pilot* means not, to betray,
Which (therefore) from the *hospitable* shore
Goes now securer, then it came before;

6.

The *Oriental* Billows they divide,
Now in the *Indian* Seas: and (spying than
Th' *Alcove*, whence *PHEBUS* rose as from a *Bride*)
See their desires fullfill'd within a span.
But spiteful *THYONEUS* (grudging the *Tyde*
Of *Happiness*, which then to smile began
On *PORTINGALS*, who well had earn'd the same)
Repines, fumes, curses, and with *Rage* doth flame.

7.

He saw the *Stars* unanimous, to make
Of *LISBON*, a new *ROME*, and that in vain
It was for *Him* to hope (alone) to shake
That, which the *SUPREME POWER* did ordain.
Desp'rate, in fine, *OLYMPUS* doth forsake,
To seek below what *There* he could not gain;
Enters the *humid Realm*, and to the *Court*
Of *Him*, that bears the *Trident*, doth resort.

8.

In the abstrusest *Grottoes* of the *DEEP*,
Where th' *OCEAN* hides his head far under ground;
There, whence to play their pranks the *Billows* creep,
When (mocking the lowd *Tempests*) they resound,
NEPTUNE resides. *There*, wanton *Sea-Nymphs* keep;
And other *Gods* That haunt the *Seas* profound:
Where *arched Waves* leave many *Cities* dry,
In which abides each *wary Deity*.

The

9.

The never fadom'd *Bottom* doth expand
 A *Levell*, gravell'd o're with *Silv'n* fine;
 Where lofty *Turrets* rise from *drayned* Land;
 Of *Massive* stuff, *Transparent*, *crystalline*;
 To which, the neerer you shall hap to stand,
 The less will you be able to define
 If it be *crystal* which your *Eye* surveys,
 Or *diamond*, which cast such *glorious* Rays.

10.

The *Gates* are *Massive Gold*, richly imboss'd
 With ragged *Pearle* in their *Mother* shell;
 In goodly *Sculpture* wrought, of wondrous cost,
 On which vext *LIBERS* eyes did feed and dwell.
 Where first old *CHAOS* (in it own selfe lost)
 Varied with proper *shadowes*, doth excell
 Then the *FOUR ELEMENTS* (transcribed faire
 From that *foule Copy*) in their *Colours* are.

11.

There active *FIRE* got highest on the wing,
 Which without *matter* did it selfe sustayn,
 Till (to give *Soule* to ev'ry living Thing)
 By bold *PROMETHEUS* from the *Sea* twas tane.
 Next subtle *AIR* with the *invisible Ring*,
 Gaping for *places* (importuning, vain)
 Now *vacant* in the *world*, which *that* doth not
 Step streight into, though nere so *cold*, or *hot*.

12.

Warted with *Mountains* (then) was the low *EARTH*
 In her *green gown* shadow'd with fruitfull *Trees*:
 Giving those *Creatures*, to which she gave birth,
 Such *sustenance* as best with each agrees.
 The carved *WATER* serves her for a *yrth*,
 And *brancht* (like *Veyns*) ore all her *Body* is:
 Innumerable sorts of *Fishes* breeding;
Men with her *Fish*, *Earth* with her *moysture* feeding.

13.

Another *door* upon it carved has
 The *War*, between the *Gods*, and *Giants* bold,
 Beneath great *ETNA* crusht *TIPHONIUS* was,
 Whence crackling *flames* in *sulphur* *Batts* are roll'd.
NEPTUNE himself stood *beer*, of *breathing* *Brass*,
 Striking the *ground*, in that *contention* old,
 When the first *Horse*, to the rude world, gave *Hee*;
 And *PALLAS* the first *peacefull olive-Tree*.

LYEUS'S

14.

LYSUS's Cholar would not let him stay
To view the rest; and, passing through this *Gate*,
The GOD, who (told of his Approach) did stay
At th'inner Court, receiv'd him there in state:
Accompanied with *Nymphs* in bright Array;
Of whom, *each* seems to wonder, with her *Mate*,
To see the *Waters's King*, paid *one* in fine,
Of *many Visits* made the *King* of Wine.

15.

NEPTUNE (quoth *he*) O! never think it strange,
That BACCHUS comes *thy* succour to implore:
"For *highest pow'rs*, and most secure of change,
"Tis envious FORTUNE's pride, to triumph o're.
Call all thy *Peers* that in the *Ocean* range,
Ere *more* I speak (if thou wilt hear me *more*)
Down-weight of *misery* they shall discern.
Let them *All* hear the wrongs which *All* concern.

16.

NEPTUNE (presuming it some hideous thing
He would impart) doth TRITON streight command
To call the DEITIES inhabiting
The frigid *Waves*, on one; and t'other hand.
TRITON, who vaunts himself son of the *King*
By SALACEE (ador'd in LUSUS's Land)
Was a great nasty *Clown* with all that boast:
His *Father's Trumpet*, and his *Father's Poast*.

17.

His thick *bush-beard*, and his *long hair* (which hung
Dangling upon his shoulders from his head)
Were spongy *Weeds*; so wet, they might be wrung:
Which never *Comb* seem'd to have harrowed.
The nitty points thereof, were rag'd, were strung
With dark blew *Mussels*, of their own filth bred.
He had (for a *Montera*) on his Crown
The shell of a red *Lobster* overgrown.

18.

His *Body* naked, and his *genitals*,
That he might swim with greater speed, and ease:
But with *Maritime* little *Animals*
By Hundreds, cover'd, and all hid, vvere *these*;
As *Crayfish*, *Shrimps*, and other *Fish* that cravvles,
(Receiving *theirs* from the pale *Moon's* increase)
Oysters, and *Periwinkles* vwith their flyme;
Snayles, vwith their Houses on their backs that climbe.

His

19.

His great wreath'd *Shell*, to his black mouth apply'de,
 With all the *might* he had, he now did sound;
 Whose shrill and piercing noyse (heard far and wide
 O'er all the *Sea*) from *wave* to *wave* did bound.
 Now all those *Gods* (without excuses) high d
 To the bright *Palace*, from their Quarters round,
 Of that moist God, who built the Walls of *TROY*,
 Which angry *GREEKS* did afterwards destroy.

20.

Old *Father OCEAN* first (with all the *sons*
 And *Daughters*, he begat, environ'd) went:
NEREUS (That married was to *DORIS*) runs,
 Who peopled all the *Crystal Element*:
 The Prophet *PROTHEUS* (his *Flocks* left for once
 To range the *bitter Meade* at full content)
He likewise came; but *He* already knew
 What, *FATHER BACCHUS* to the *Ocean* drew.

21.

Another way came *NEPTUNE'S* snowy *Wife*
 (*URAN* and *VESTA'S* daughter sovereign)
Grave in her *Gate* (yet had her *Graveness life*)
 And with a *Face*, that calmd the wand'ring *Main*.
 A *Robe of Lawn* (whose *Spinster* had a strife
 With *Her*, That with *MINERVA* strove in vain)
 Of her bright *limbs* was the transparent *Lid*:
 For they had too much beauty to be hid.

22.

Fair *AMPHITRITE* (then the flow'rs in *May*
 Fresher, and sweeter) would not wanting bee:
 The *Dolphin* (who advis'd her to obey
 The love of the *Seas KING*) with *Her* brought *Shee*.
 The *Sun* in all his glory, yields the *Day*
 To *either's Eyes* (more worth then all they see).
 They marched hand in hand (an equal paire)
 For *Both*, the Spouses of *one* Husband, are.

23.

That *Queen* (who, flying *ATHAMAS* run mad,
 Came *so* to compass an *immortal State*)
 Went; and with *Her* her pretty *Infant* had.
 (*Him* too, the *Gods* did to their Ranks translate)
 Toying before his *Mother* tript the Lad
 With painted *Cackles*, which salt *Seas* create:
 Whom when the loofer sand molests and harms;
 Fair *PANOPEA* bears him in her Arms.

Likewise

24.

Likewise that *God*, who had been once a *Man*,
 And, though a powerfull *Hearb* he chanc'd to tast,
 Was chang'd t' a *Fish*; so from that los began
 A glorious life, turn'd *Deitie* at last;
 Came adding water to the *Ocean*,
 Still weeping the lewd Tricks by *CIRCE* past
 On his lov'd *SCYLLA* (*Hee* below'd by *This*):
 "Hate, where it springs from *love*, so mortall is.

25.

Seated (in short) the *Powers* that rule the *seas*
 In the great *Hall*, majestick, and divine;
 On gorgeous *Cushions* first the *Goddeses*,
 The *Gods* in carved *Chayres* of *crystall* fine,
 The *King* with gracious gestures *All* did please;
 His *Throne* deviding with the *King* of *Wine*.
 The *House* is filld with that rich sea-bred masse,
 Which doth *Arabian Frankinsence* surpasse.

26.

When now the *whisprings* of the *Gods* were ceast
 And *ceremonies* done between the *Kings*:
 Burst *THYONEUS* began from hidden Breast
 To powre the *Cause* out of his *sufferings*.
 Knitting his brow a little (which confest
 His leaded *Heart* hung heavy on the strings)
Hee, that with *other's* weapons he may slay
 The men of *Lusus*, thus his cards did play.

27.

PRINCE, who (of right) from one to t'other pole
 The angry *sea* dost awe, and dost command,
 Thou that all *earthly* creatures dost comptroll,
 And bridlest *Nations* with a roape of sand;
 And (Father *OCEAN*) Thou whose Billows roll
 About the *world*, and circumscribe the *Land*,
 Least those meet *Bounds* which are for *All* decreed,
 It's proper *dwellers* should presume t'exceed.

28.

And you, *SEA-Gods*, that wont not to permit
 Your *Kingdom's* high *perogatives* be broke;
 But, who'd dar'd to trespass upon *It*,
 Felt, what it was, your vengeance to provoke:
 What *tameness* this? what dull *lethargick* Fit?
 Who had such pow'r to stay your *Anger's* stroke,
 Ready (with cause) upon *mankind* to fall,
 Frayle as the *Glasse*, yet venturing at *All*:

R

You

29.

You saw, with what unheard of Insolence
 The highest H E A V'N S they did invade of yore :
You saw, how (against *Reason*, against *sense*)
 They did invade the S E A with *Sail* and *Oare* :
Actions so *Proud*, so *daring*, so *immense*,
You saw; and *We see* dayly more, and more :
 That in few years (*I fear*) of *Heav'n* and *Sea*,
Men, will be called G O D S ; and but *men*, W E E.

30.

You see a little Generation *now*
 (Call'd by the *name* of one that *serv'd* me *too*)
 With haughty *Bosom*, with undanted *Brow*,
 Both *you*, and *me*, and all the *World* subdue.
You see, your *Sea* with *winged* Oak they Plough.
 Farther, then R O M A N E A G L E S ever flew.
You see, your *Wealth* how they propose to drayn,
 Your *Statues* cancel, and your *walks* profane.

31.

When first the M Y N I Æ went about (ye know)
 To cut a way through the forbidden *Flood*,
 How B O R E A S , and his Fellow A Q U I L O ,
 (With all the rest) the *Trespass* then withstood ?
 If *They* so *storm'd*, if *they* concern'd were so,
 That, as their own, *your* wrong they understood ;
You (whom it touches in a *neerer* way)
 Why sit ye *still* ? for what do ye *delay* ?

32.

Nor think (O *Gods*) that, for your *sole* concern,
 And for the great *Affront* which put I see
 On *you*, I have forfook the C O U R T S U P E R N :
 But for *That* likewise which is offer'd *me*.
 For, all those *Honours* which my *sword* did earn,
 When (as the *World*, and *you*, can witness be)
 I N D I A I quell'd, and quell'd the O R I E N T ,
 I by *this* *People* see trod down, and rent.

33.

For the H I G H R U L E R , and *his* *Fates* (who deale
 The *under-world*, as pleases best their *mood*)
 Have *marks* these men for *Glory*, *Pow'r*, and *Weale*,
 Greater then ever, in the *Ocean-Flood*.
 And (*Gods*) from *you* I must not *now* concale,
 That they teach *sorrow*, ev'n to *Gods*. 'Tis good :
We too, are *slaves* to their *preposterous* Will ;
 Which gives *Ills* to the *Good*, *Goods* to the *Ill*.

Now

34.

Now therefore from OLYMPUS am I tost,
To seek some *Cure*, some *Balsome* for my wound :
To see, if that *esteem*, I there have lost,
May happily within your *Seas* be found.
More would have said: But *Tears* the passage crost,
Which (trickling down his Cheek in *Ropes*, that bound
His *worlds*) with suddain fury did inspire
And set the watry *Deities* on fire.

35.

So rough the billows of their Anger went,
So swiftly and so high their rage did mount ;
That no mature advice it did consent,
Permit no pawse, no weighing, no discount.
Orders from NEPTUNE are already sent
To mighty EOLUS, that without Count
He split the strugling *Winds* from their strong *Caves*,
And let no Vessel *live* upon the waves.

36.

PROTHEUS rose twice to speak, and went about
His judgement in the matter to propound :
Nor *Any* who were present, made a doubt
But that it was some *Prophecy* profound.
But still a rising tumult put him out,
And in their sence the *Gods* did so abound,
That THE TYs stuck not to exclaime; *Will you*
Be teaching NEPTUNE *what he hath to do?*

37.

Then doth the proud HIPPOTADES enlarge
From their *close prison* the enraged *Winds* ;
And *them* with *animating* words discharge
Against the Men of never-danted minds.
For a thick *clowd* hides *Heav'n* (as with a *Target*)
And ARGUS's hundred Eyes, that guild it, blinds.
The swelling *blasts* have in a trice o'rethrown
Tow'rs, Mountains, Houses. — But of *that* Anon.

38.

Whilst in the DEEP was held this *Parliament*,
The wearied *Fleet* (yet free from sad dismay)
Before a gentle Wind pursuing went
Thorough the tranquil *Ocean* their long way.
That Time it was, when from the ORIENT
Removed is the *Lamp* that rules the *Day* :
Those of the *first* did lay them down to sleep,
And others come the *second Watch* to keep.

R 2

Conquer'd

39.

Conquer'd they come with sleep, and (ill awake)
 Repose their nodding heads against a saile.
 Their Cloathes (thin, thin) but weak resistance make
 To the *Night's* Ayre, which blows a nipping Gale.
 Yawning, they stretch their Limbs; themselves they shake;
 With their *seal'd* Eyes to ope can scarce prevaile.
Cures against sleep they practise, they devise:
 Tell thousand *Tales*, tell thousand *Histories*.

40.

What better *spur* (said one) to *post away*,
 Or *pastime* to *deceive* the hours, that creep;
 Then by some *pleasant* Tale, wherewith we may
 Knock off the *leaden shackles* of dull *sleep*?
 Quoth LEONARDO then (who, whilst a day
 He hath to live, will faith to CUPID keep)
 A *pleasant* Tale? then what can do so well
 As *one* of Love? and *That*, my self will tell.

41.

Reply'de VELOS O; 'tis not *fit*, not *just*,
 To treat *soft* subjects in so *hard* extreams.
 For a *Sea-life* (replenisht with *disgust*)
 Permits not *love*, permits not *melting* *Theames*.
 Our *Story* be of WAR, bloody, Robust;
 For *we* (the *Westis*, and *Pilgrims* of the *streames*)
 Are onely born to *horror*, and *distress*:
 Our *future* dangers whisper me no less.

42.

To *This* they *All* agreed: and pray'd VELOSE,
 What he *commended*, that *himself* would *doe*.
 I shall (quoth He); then listen to my *Prose*:
 I promise you an *old* Tale, and a *true*.
 And (to incite, with apt *examples*, Those
 That hear me, great *Beginnings* to pursue)
 Of our own *Countray-men* shall treat my *story*:
 And let it be the *Twelve* of ENGLAND's glory.

43.

When JOHN the son of PEDRO rul'd our Land
 (Temp'ring his *People's* mouths with a soft *Bit*)
 After he had with a *victorious* Hand
 From potent neighbour's jaws deliver'd it;
 In merry ENGLAND: (which, from *Cliffs* that stand
 Like Hills of *snow*) once ALBION's name did git)
 ERYNNIS dire rank *seeds* of *strife* did sow,
 Whence *Lusitanian* *Lawrels* chanc't to grow.

Twixt

44.

'Twixt the *fair damsels* of the ENGLISH COURT,
And *Barons bold* That did attend the same,
A hot *dispute*, beginning but in *sport*,
To end at last in *down-right-earnest* came.
The *Courtiers* (though the *Courship* is but short
That gives reproachful terms to any *Dame*)
Said: They would prove, that such, and such of Them,
Had been too lavish of their *Honor's gem*.

45.

And if with *Lance in Rest*, or *Blade in Fist*,
To take their parts they had, or *Knights*, or *Lords*;
That *They*, in *open Field*, or *closed List*,
Would do them dye, with *Spears*, or else with *Swords*.
The weaker *Sex* (unable to *resist*
With *deeds*, and less to *swallow* such *bale words*)
Condemning *Nature*, That deny'd them *force*,
Unto their *Kin*, and *servants*, had recourse.

46.

But their *Accusers* (mark you?) being *great*
And *potent* in the Kingdom; neither *Kin*,
Nor *humble servant*, durst their *Cause* abet,
A- their *Fame's Champions*, which they should have bin.
With *beauteous Tears* (which, from their blissful seat,
Might all the *Gods* to their assistance win)
Distilling down each *Alabaster Cheek*,
Unto the DUKE OF LANCASTER they seek.

47.

This puissant *Branch*, of ENGLAND'S *royal Tree*,
Had warr'd against CASTLE with PORTUGALL;
Where his *Camrads's great Hearts* he try'd did see,
And their *good stars* which bare them out in *All*;
Like proof of their *respect* to *Dames* had *He*,
When to that *Land* his daughter he did call;
With whole bright *Beauties* beams our *Monarch* strook,
The vertuous *Princess* for his *Consort* took.

48.

He (loath to give them aid with his own Hand,
Left, so, he should foment a *civil flame*)
Says: when I past to the IBERIAN LAND,
To the CASTILIAN CROWN to lay my clayme;
Such *heavenly parts* in PORTINGALL'S I scand,
Such *Courship*, *Courage*, such high thirst of *Fame*,
That they alone (unless I much mistake)
With fire and sword your just defence can make.

To

49.

To them then (*injur'd Ladies*) if you please
Ambassadors from me (for you) shall go,
 Who, with meet *Letters* and smooth *Sentences*,
 The wrong which you sustain to them may show.
 Let *Letters* likewise from your selves, your Seas
 Of *Tears* indeare; and from your Pens let flow
 Nectar of Words, to charm them to your Ayd:
 For there's your *Tow'r*, There all your hopes are laid.

50.

Th'experienc't *Duke* the *Dames* this counsell gave,
 And streight to them *Twelve* valiant *Knights* did name;
 And, that each *Dame* may know her Champion brave,
 Bids them cast *Lois*, their number being the same:
 And, by this way of *Lottry* when they have
 Descry'de which *Knight* belongs unto which *Dame*,
 To her own *Knight*, in varied phrase, each writes;
 The *King*, to *All*; the *Duke*, to *King*, and *Knights*.

51.

The messenger arives in *Portugal*:
 The *Novelty* doth ravish all that *Court*:
 The gallant *King* would be the first of *All*,
 Might it with *Regal Majesty* comport.
 Each *Courtier* longs, it to his chance would fall
 In such a brave *Adventure* to consort;
 And each one's glory doth in this consist,
 To hear his name from the *Lancastrian* List.

52.

In the old loyal *City* there, whence took
 Was the eternal name of *PORTUGALE*;
 He, to the *Rudder* who thereof did look,
 Bad fit a *Frigat* light, with Oare, and Sayle.
Armours and *Cloathes* (delays they cannot brook)
All, of the fashion that did then prevail,
 The *Twelve* provide: *Helms*, *Crests*, *Knots*, *Motto's* neat.
 Horses, and gay *Caparisons* compleat.

53.

Leave from that *King* is had, their sayles to losen
 And pass out of the celebrated *DWERE*,
 By Them that had the honor to be chosen
 Of famous *JOHN OF GAUNT*, who knew them there.
 A better, or a worse, in all the dozen
 (For *skill*, or *force*) there was not: *Peers* they were.
 But one (*MAGRYS*) in whom new thoughts did rise,
 Bespake his valiant *Fellows* in this wife.

Brothers

54.

Brothers in Arms, There hath been long in me
 A strong desire through *forraign Lands* to range;
 More *Streams*, then *T E J O's*, and fresh *D W E R E's*, to see;
Strange Nations, Cities, Laws, and Manners *Strange*.
 Since in the *World* then many *Wonders* be,
 And now I find this purpose cannot change;
 I'll go before by Land (with your good leave)
 To meet in *ENGLAND*, traversing the *S L E E V E*.

55.

And if (arrested by *his Iron Mace*
 Who is the period of each mortal thing)
 I hap to fail th'appointed time and place;
 To *you* small damage can my failing bring.
 Fight for *your selves*, and *me* to, in that case.
 But in my *angring* Eare a Bird doth sing;
Chance, Rivers, Mountains (all their malice meeting)
 In *LONDON-TOWN* shall not prevent our greeting.

56.

This said, about his valiant Friends he cast
 (In fine) his Armes; and, licenc't, went his ways.
 He past rough *L E O N*: both *C A S T E E L S* he past:
Towns, won by *Lusitanian Arms*, surveys:
NAVARRÉ: With *Pyrenean Mountains* (plac't
 'Twixt *SPAIN*, and *France*, as if to part their Frays):
 Survey'd (in fine) all that is *rare* in *FRANCE*,
 To *BELGIAS* great *Emporium* doth advance.

57.

Heer (whether *sickness* 'twere, or fresh *Adventer*,
 Advancing *not*) He many days did stay.
 But our lev'n *Worthies* the salt *Ocean* enter,
 And to the *Northern Climate* plough their way.
 Arriv'd in the first *Port*, to the great *Center*
 Of populous *ENGLAND* (*London*) travail'd They:
 Lodg'd by the *Duke* upon the Bank of *T H A M E S*;
 Eggd on, and complemented by the *Dames*.

58.

The *day* was come, and now the hour at hand,
 When with the dozen *ENGLISH* they must fight:
 The *King* secur'd the *Lifts* with an arm'd *Band*:
 In *complex Steel* begins to cloath each *Knight*:
 Before each *Dame* (her *Honour's Shield*) did stand
 A *SPANISH MARS* in dazeling *Armour* bright:
 Themselves in *Colours*, and in *Gold* did shine,
 With thousand *Jewels*, joyful and divine.

But

59

But *she*, to whom MAGRISO (who was not
Arrived) fell; in *mourning* Rayment came;
Because to have, it was *her* hapless lot,
No *Knight*, to be the *Champion* of *her* fame.
Howe're: th'*Elev'n* (before they leave the *Sport*)
That they will so behave themselves, proclame;
As that the *Ladies* shall victorious be,
Though of their number wanted two or three.

60.

Upon a high *Tribunal* took his place
THE ENGLISH KING, with all his *Court* about.
The *Combatants* by *Three* and *Three* did face,
And *fowre*, and *fowre*, their *Foes*; as it fell out.
The *Sun*, from GANGES, till he ends his *Race*,
Sees not another *Twelve* more *strong*, more *stout*,
More highly *daring*, then those ENGLISH were,
Who the *lev'n* PORTINGALLS confronted there.

61.

The golden *Bitts* the foaming *Palfreys* champ:
Upon the glitt'ring *Armes*, the *Sun* curvets,
As when roll'd *Cakes* of *Ice* reflect his *lamp*,
Or (mingling *Rays*) on *Dancers* gems it beats.
Now in the *Ladies's* hearts some little damp
(The *Troops* prepar'd to charge) the odds begets
Of *Twelve* & *eleven*; when (Loe!) incontinent,
A murmur'ing uproare round the *Scaffolds* went,

62.

Unto that common *Center*, where the *Rout*
Began this tumult, ev'ry *Face* inclines.
Enters a *Knight* on *Horse-back*, arm'd throughout,
As one, who *battail* presently designs:
Salutes the *King*; the *Dames*; faceth about,
And, with th'*Elev'n*, the great MAGRISO joynes.
His greedy *Arms* upon his *Friends* he throws
(*Sure Card*) to lay them next upon his *Foes*.

63.

Then *she* that well perceiv'd this was the *Knight*
Who came *her* honour to defend and rayse,
Cloathes too with *Helle's* *Fleece*, which (more then bright
Vertue) the *brutish* *soule* loves, and obays.
The signall giv'n, the *Trumpets* blasts, incite
The warlick *minds*, inflam'd with *rage* and *praise*.
Spurs are clapt to, *Reyns* slackned in a trice,
Speares coucht in *Rest*, *Fire* from the struck ground flies.!

The

64.

The furious *Genets* seem, in their Career,
 To make an Earth-quake with their thund'ring Hooves.
 The *Shock*, in *All* that then *Spectators* were,
 At once *Fear*, *Pleasure*, *Admiration*, mooves.
This, doth not fall, but *flye* (dismounted cleer);
 That, *Steed*, and all (He better *Horseman* proves):
 One, his *white Armour* in *Vermillion* walhes:
 One, with his *Helmet's plumes* his horse-croop lashes.

65.

There fell asleep for ever, *more* than one,
 And a short step from *life* to *death* did make:
Here, runs a *Horse* (the *Man* strook down) alone:
There, stands a *Man*, whose *Horse* the *Foe* down strake.
 The *English Honor* tumbles from it's *Throne*:
 For two or three of *them* the *Lists* forsake.
 With *Shields*, *Arms*, *Maile*, Those who to *Arms* appeale,
 And *Hearts* of *Spanish mettle*, have to deale:

66.

To lay out words in counting ev'ry *gash*,
 Each cruel *thrust* in that most bloody *Fight*,
 Is of those *Prodigals* of *Time*, and *Trash*,
 That tell you *stories* which they dreamt last night.
 Suffice it, I inform you at one dash,
 Through *courage* high, through never-equal'd *might*,
 The *Victory* went on the *Ladies's* side:
 Curs crop the *Bays*, and *They* are *justifide*.

67.

With *Balls* the *Duke*, with *Feastings*, and with *joy*,
 Treats the *twelve Victors* in his *Palace* faire;
 With *Cooks*, the *Bewy* of bright *Dames* imploy
Nets, *Hounds*, and *Haulks*, in *Water*, *Earth*, and *Aire*.
 For *These*, their brave *Compurgators*, would cloy
 Each *day*, and *hour*, with thousand *banquets* rare,
 Whilst they in *ENGLAND* are content to roam,
 Without reverting to their dearest *Home*.

68.

But great *MAGRISO* (if we trust reports)
 Great things abroad still greedy to behold,
 Clung to those parts: where at the *Gallick Courts*
 Highly he serv'd the *Flandrian Countess* bold,
 For *there* (as one unpractis'd in no sports,
 To which *Thou MARS* inur'st thy *Schollers* old)
 He, hand to hand a *FRENCH-MAN* in the *Field*
 (Like *ROME'S TORQUATUS*, and *CORVINUS*) kill'd.
 Another

69.

Another of the *Twelve* launcht out, into
 HIGH GERMANY: where with an ALMAN He
 Had a fierce *Combat*, who by means undue
 Thought to have shorn his thred of destinie.
 VILOSO come to a full point; the Crew
 Pray him, he would not with such brevitye
 Pass the *French Duel*, but be more exact
 Therein: as likewise, in the *German Falt*.

70.

Just *here* (to drink his words, *they list'ning All*)
 The Master (Loe! (who in the *Skye* did peepe)
 His *whistle* sounds. From ev'ry Corner crawl
 The *Saylors*, half-awake; and half-asleepe;
 And, for the *wind* augments, he bids them fall
 The *Top-sayles*, climbing to the *Scuttle* steep.
 Awake (he said) ope, and unseale, your Eyes:
 From yon black clowd, ye see, the *Wind* does rise.

71.

Not fully *lor'd* the windy *Top-sayles* were
 When a great *Gust* upon a suddain came.
Strike, cry'd the Master, (so that all might hear)
Strike, strike, the *Main-sheet*; thrice he did exclaime.
 The hasty *winds* (for *Tyrants* have no Eare)
 Ere *struck* it could be, rushing thwart the same,
 Rend it to rags, with such a hideous rash,
 As if (the *World* destroy'd) the *Poles* did clash.

72.

Then did the *Men* strike HEAV'N with a joynt-groane,
 Themselves with *horror* struck, and pale dismay:
 For (the *Sayle* split) the *Vessel*, hanging prone,
 A pow'r of Water scoops up from the Sea.
Lighten (the Master cryes with mournful tone)
Lighten the Ship: if yewould *live*, obey,
 Run others to the *Pump* (w'are at the Brink
 Of perishing) unto the *Pumpe*: We sink:

73.

Unto the *Pumpe* th undanted *Soldiers* ran:
 To which no sooner come, *their* parts to do:
 But the *Ship* (stagg'ring like a drunken Man)
 Their heels tript up, *them* to the *Larbord* threw.
 Not three the sturdiest of the *Saylors* can
 Manage the *Helm*, with all their strength put to.
 The *Ship* is bound with *Ropes* in every part:
 The *Land-men* lose their *strength*, *Sea-men* their *Art*.

Such

74.

Such the *impetuous* winds, that to have shown
 More *force*, and *fury*, they could not devise;
 Had they at *once* from *all* the *Quarters* blown
 To throw down *BABEL*, which did threat the skyes.
 The *AMMIRALL* upon the overgrown
Mountains of water, shrinks into the size
 Of her own *cock-boat*: wondring *her selfe*, how
 She did to *live* in such a *sea* till now.

75

The *second ship* (in which was *PAUL DE GAME*)
 Had her *main mast* snapt in the midst and broke :
 The *people* in her (almost drown'd) the name
 Of *Him*, that came to save the *world* invoke,
 With like vain *Ecchoes* to the Ayre, exclaime
 In the *Third*, all *CHILLIOS* daunted folk ;
 Although that *master* so good *order* took,
 That, e're the *storm* arriv'd; *her sayles* were strook.

76.

Now *All* to *Heaven* are hoysted by the *fury*
 And rage of *NEPTUNE*, terrible and fell :
 Now to the bottom of *his waves* *All* hurry,
 As if their keels would knock the *Gates of Hell*.
 The *East*, *West*, *South*, and *Northern* winds (to woory
 The *world* by turns) from ev'ry corner swell.
 Her self with *Torches* the deformed *Night*
 (With which the *Pole* is all on fire) doth light.

77.

The *Halcion* along the ratling shore
 With *strayned* voyce cryes in a *dolefull Key*,
 Rubbing with *this* the overplayst red soare
 Of her own los; by *like* tempestuous sea,
 The amorous *Dolphins* hide them, which before;
 Did friske and dance about the *watry* sea;
 Flying the cruell storm in *Caves* obscure,
 Nor in the very *bottom* are secure

78.

Never such red-hot *Thunder-bolts* were made,
 Rebelling *Gyants* to confound and awe,
 By that *foule Smith*, who (by his *faire wife* pray'd)
 Forg'd a rich *Armour* for his *son in law* :
 Nor ever (by the *Thunderer* displayd)
 That frighted *paire* such flakes of *lightning* saw
 In the great *FL O O D* (*they* only left to mourn)
 Who *stones* to *people* (a *hard race*) did turn.

79.

How many *mountains* did the *waves* uncrown;
 Bouncing againſt them like a batt'ring *Ram* !
 How many aged *Trees* the *wind* ruſht downe,
 Which by the *Cable-roots* at once up came !
 Little thought *They*, the *earth* ſwept with their crowne,
 To turn their *Heel's* to *Heav'n* in the low *dam*,
 As little thought the *sands*, which there were hid,
 To floate upon the *top*, as *then* they did.

80.

VASCO DE GAMA (ſeeing his *Hopes* croſt,
 Juſt at the *Butt* and *end* of his deſire,
 Seeing the *Billowes* now to *Hell* goe poſt,
 Now with freſh fury unto *Heav'n* aſpire:
 Confus'd with *horror* giving *All* for *loſt*,
 Seeing no humane *Fence* againſt ſuch *Ire*)
 To that HIGH POW'RB (who is the ſov'rain *Ayd*,
 And can *Impoſſibilities* (thus pray'd.

81.

Protector of the *Quires Angelicall*,
 Whom *Heav'n*, and *Earth*, and angry *ſeas* obay;
 Thou, who the *Read-ſea* mad'ſt a double wall,
 Through which thy flying *IſRAEL* to convey;
 Thou, who didſt keep and ſave thy ſervant *PAUL*
 From *open Rocks*, and *Shelvs* that *bidden* lay.
 And ſav'd'ſt (with *His*) from *Cataracks* down hurl'd
 The ſecond *PLANTER* of the drowned *WORLD*:

82.

If we have paſt new dangers numerous
 Of other *SCYLLA's* and *CHARIBDEES*;
 other dire *Syrts*, and *Quickſands*, infamous
ACROCEBAUNIAN ROCKS in other ſeas;
 Why, in the *Cloſe*, doeſt thou *relinquiſh* us ?
 Why, throw us off, after ſuch ſcapes as theſe,
 If with our *labours* thou art not offended,
 If thy ſole ſervice be thereby intended ?

83.

O happy men, whoſe lot it was to dye
 On whetted point of *Mauritanian Lance*;
 Whilſt, ſmeard with *beauteous duſt* of *AFFRICK*
 The *CHRISTIAN FAITH* they (fighting) did advance
 Whoſe *glorious deeds* remain in *History*,
 Or carv'd in everlaſting *Verſe* perchance,
 Who loſing a *ſhort life*, a *long*, did git:
 Death ſweetned with the *Fame* attending it.

Whilſt

84.

Whilst this he says, contending *Winds* (that roar
 Like two *wild Bulls* when one with t'other copes)
 Augment the *horrid Tempest* more and more,
 And (*ratling*) whistle through the *Spiny Ropes*.
 The flashing *Light'ning* never does give o're;
 The *thund'ring* such, that there are now no hopes
 But that *HEAV'N'S Axles* will be streight unbuilt:
 The *ELEMENTS* at one another tilt.

85.

But, see, the *amorous* star, with twinkling Ray,
 Conspicuous in the *EASTERN HEMISPHERE!*
 Fair *Harbinger*, and *Usher* of the *Day*,
 It visits *Earth*, and *Sea*, with forehead clear.
She, from whom arm'd *ORION* slinks away,
 And who this *Star* sits guiding in her *Spheare*,
 Spying what *Risk* her deare *Armada* ran,
 At once with *Anger*, and with *fear*, grew wan

86.

Here hath been *BACCHUS* (says she) I am sure:
 Will he ne're leave this rancour? but in vain.
 He shall not *wag* the Ruine to procure
 Of *mine*, but I will have him in the Train.
 She stoops like *Lightning* from *OLYMPUS* pure
 Upon the troubled *Kingdom* of the *MAYN*;
 Her *Nymphs* to crown them (as for wagers) bids
 With *waking ROSES* that new ope their lids.

87.

With *thousand-colour'd* Garlands she commands
 Their flowing *locks* a little be comptroll'd:
 (*Who* would not judge, *LOVE* there, with his own hands,
 Inamell'd *painted flow'rs* upon *true gold*?)
 Her purpose is, to fetter in those *bands*
 Th' *inamourd Winds*, where *there* they wander *bold*:
 The Faces of those loved *Nymphs* to shew them
 (More faire then *Stars*) to charm and to subdue them.

88.

And so it prov'd. For she no sooner did,
 But presently they faint, they dye away.
 Under their wings their bashful heads they hid:
 In humble posture at those feet they lay.
 The slip, *Those* take them up in; is the thrif
 Of that bright Hair, which scorns the mid-day's Ray.
 Then, to her servant *BOREAS*, thus did say
 His sweet and bosom friend, *ORYTHIA*.

Fierce

89.

Fierce BORRAS, *This* is not the way to prove
 That e're thou *lov'dst*, as thou pretend'st to doe;
 For meek, and soft as his *wings* down, is LOVE:
 And *fury* ill befits a *Lover* true,
 Either this *madness* from thy mind remove.
 (What shall I say? couldst thou endure a *shrew*?
 I shall be frighted with it, *wee* must sever:
 "Feare choler may ingender, but *love* never.

90.

Fayre *Galatea* likewise lays the case
 To blustering NOTUS, who, full well she knows,
 Hath many a *long* sigh fetcht for that sweet Face,
 And is at her *devotion* doth suppose.
 The *Raunter* (scarce believing such a grace)
 His heart, too ample for his bosome grows.
 The pleasure of his *Mistresse* to fullfill,
 He thinks it a cheap bargain, to sit still.

91.

The *others* take the *other* winds aside,
 And her too boystrous *lover* each reproves.
 They give them to the Queen of *Beautie*, tyde,
 Calme as the *Lambs* and gentle as *her* doves.
 She gives them back to *them*, and (their *faith* tryde)
 Promis'd return eternall of their loves:
 Worn on the *Nymphs*'s white hands, e're thence they stir,
 In the *whole voyage* to be true to *Hir*.

92.

Now rising SOL with gold those *Mountayns* lips
 Which GANGES (*murmuring*) washes: when a Boy
 From the tall *Am'rall's* scuttle shews the ships
 LAND, to the prow, with *that* (late *storm's* Annoy,
 And halfe their *Voyage*, over (each heart skips,
 Repriev'd from its vain fears. For now with joy,
 The *Pilot* (whom MELINDIANS to them put)
 Cries: if I err not, LAND of CALICUT.

93.

This is that *Land* (I'm sure) for which y're bound:
This, the true INDIA, which we see before:
 Then (if your vast desires one world can bound)
 Quiet your *Hearts*, ye have what ye explore.
 Now GAMA could not hold, when as he found
 (To his high joy) the *Pilot* knew the shore,
 With *Knees* sticht to the *decks*, *Hands* spread to Heaven,
 Eternall thanks by him to GOD are given.

Thanks

94.

Thanks he did give to GOD (and well he might)
 Who was not onely pleas'd, to *Him* to show
 That LAND, which he had fought through so great fright,
 And for the same such *shocks* did undergo:
 But snatcht him with *strong Hand* that very night
 From watry Grave, through winds that raged so,
 Through *Thunder's* stroke, through blasting *Lightning's* beame
 As one awak't out of some horrid dreame.

95.

By dreadful *dangers*, by such *Brunts* as these,
 By such *Herculean* labours, and vast *toyles*,
 They That in *GLORIE'S* Schools take their *degrees*,
 Acquire *immortal Lawrels* and fat *spoils*,
 Not wholly leaning, against rotten *Trees*
 Of *ancient Houses*, not, on empty *Styles*;
 Not, on rich *Couches*, wrapt in *Sables* soft,
 Of the *Muscovy Merchant* dearly bought.

96.

Not, by *new-fangled dishes* exquisite;
 Not, by eternal *Visits* tedious;
 Not, by *successive pleasures* infinite,
 Effeminating *Bosomes* generous;
 Not, by a never quenched *Appetite*:
 Whereby, *old Wantons* FORTUNE makes of us
 To that degree, We know not how to rise,
 Or step, to any *Virtuous Enterprize*.

97.

No, but by tearing out of *Horror's* mouth
Honours, which we may truly call our owne;
 By cloathing *Steel*, incountring *Hunger*, *Drowth*,
Watchings, *high winds*, and *Billows overgrown*;
 Conqu'ring dull *cold*, in *Bosome* of the *South*,
 T'other *extreme* of the inflamed *Zone*;
 Gulleting in, corrupt and putrid meat,
 The *Spice*, and *Sawce*, with which the *Valiant* eat.

98.

And, by accustoming a *Face* (where doubt
 Sate once) *secure*, *serene*, fearless of *Harm*,
 To march through *Bullets* whizzing round about,
 And taking here a *leg*, and there an *Arm*.
 These (*HONOUR'S* Brawn) make a man proof throughout,
 Make him scorn *Money*, and false *Honour's* charm:
 Money, and *Honours*, which light FORTUNE made;
 Not VIRTUE; who is *just*, *solid*, and *stayd*:

S E E,

99.

SHEE, shapes an understanding *round*, and *cleer*,
 EXPERIENCE the *Hammer* and the *File*:
 SHEE constant sits (as in a *Throne* or *Sphære*)
 Regarding busie *Mortalls* with a *smyle*:
 SHEE (where *discretion* doth a *Kingdom* steer,
 Nor partiall *Favour merit* doth beguile)
210 IS suddainly caught up, *High Rooms* to fill:
 Not, by her seeking; but, against her will.

End of the sixth Canto.

Seventh Canto.

STANZA. I.

VVellcom, O wellcom (Friends) to that good LAND
 Which by so many hath been coveted,
 'Twixt INDUS, and the silver GANGES's strand,
 In the *Terrestriall Heav'n* that hides his head.
 Valiant and Happy men, put forth a Hand
 To crop the *Lawrells* which from others fled:
 For (loe!) ye see, before your faces, loe!
 The *Territory* where all *Riches* flow.

2.

To you I speake, ye sons of Lusus old;
 Who, of the world compose so small a stake.
 What talk I of the world? of that small fold
 Belov'd by him, who the round world did make.
 You, whom from conquering of Nations rold
 In Vice not only dangers did not take;
 But neither Avarice, or want of love
 To Holy CHURCH, whose Head is crown'd Above.

3.

You (PORTINGALLS) as stout, as ye are Few;
 Who never care how small your numbers be:
 You, who are Usurers of losses: you,
 Who frayle life chaffer for eternitie
 Thus PROVIDENCE was pleas'd That him (who drew
 The shortest lot) we of more use should see
 T'extend the Fayth, then all the CHRISTIAN KINGS:
 "So much thou (CHRIST) exaltest little Things!

The

4.

The haughtie GERMANS, a great Flock (behold!
 In a large pasture, into Factions broke;
 Who (not to be restrain'd within one Fold,
 Nor yet content to justify with stroke
 Of Argument what few rally they hold)
 Some for, and some against the Roman Yoke,
 Their fatall pistols in that Quarrell span,
 Which should be all discharg'd at OTTAMAN.

5.

See ENGLAND'S Monarch, styling himself yit
 For deeds long past KING of the HOLY TOWNE,
 The filthy ISMAELITE possessing it
 (What a reproaching Title to a CROVNE !)
 How in his frozen Confiner he doth sit,
 Feeding on empty smoake of old Renown;
 Or gets him new, on Christian Foes alone,
 Not, by recov'ring what was once his own !

6.

Meane time an UNBELIEVER is for Him
 Head of IERUSALEM on earth, whilst love
 Of earth, hath made him an unusefull lim
 Of the IERUSALEM which is Above:
 Of the FRENCH then, what shall we say, or deem,
 Who (call'd MOST CHRISTIAN) doth his style disprove.
 Who doth not only in her Aid not come :
 But evn invites the scourge of CHRISTENDOME ?

7

To CHRISTIAN'S Lands findst thou thy Title good
 (Having so fayre a Kingdom of thine own)
 Not, to CYNIFIUS, and NYLE's sev'nfold Flood,
 Old Enemies to true Religion ?
 There shouldst thou vent the heate of thy French blood,
 'Gainst the Rejectors of the Corner-stone.
 LEVVIS, and CHARLES, left thee their Name and seat:
 Not that which styl'd one SAINT; the other GREAT

8.

In the last place, what shall we judge of Them,
 Who by base sloath, and Ryot (rather Rot)
 Shorten their days, drown'd in their own wealth's stream,
 Their ancient Valour, buried, and forgot ?
 From Lux, Oppression springing; from this stem,
 Dissensions in a people giv'n to plot :
 I speake to Thee (O ITALIE) brought loe
 With thousand Vices. and thine own worst Foe.

T

Ah

9.

Ah, foolish CHRISTIANS! are *you*, happilie,
 Those *Teeth* which CADMUS did to Earth commit,
Self-Bane (for *Children* of one *wombe* ye bee,
 And *All* one heav'nly *Father* did begit)?
 The HOLY SEPULCHER do ye not see
 Posselt by *dogs*? how *Those*, themselves can knit,
 To wrest from *you* your *old Inheritance*,
 And on your *shames* their name in *Arms* advance?

10.

Ye see it is a *principle of state*,
 A rooted custome, in the HAGARENE,
Armies on *Armies* to accumulate
 Against the *people* That on CHRIST doe leane.
 But, amongst *you*, doth sow rank *seeds* of *Hate*,
 And *Tares* of *strife*, the *Enemie* unclean.
 How can ye sleep *secure*, how can ye close
 Your *Eyes*, having both *them*, and *you*, your *Foes*?

11.

If love of *powre*, and *empire* uncomptroll'd.
 Set you a work to conquer *others Lands*; !
 Both HERMUS and PACTOLUS's streams behold,
 Rouling into the Ocean *golden sands*!
 ASSYRIA spins, and LYDIA, thrids of gold;
 AFFRICK's rich *Mynes* imploy her *Negroes* hands.
 Against THE TURKE let Bootie league you all:
 If not, to see THE HOLY CITY Thrall,

12.

That *Hellish project* of the IRON AGE,
 Those *Thunderbolts of Warr* (the *Cannon-Ball*)
 At TURKISH GALLEYS let them spit their Rage,
 And batter prou'd CONSTANTINOPLE's Wall.
 Thence, to their *Holes* in *Caspian* Clifffes, ingage
 The frighted *monsters* back again to crawl,
 And *Scythian* Wains, that in *your EUROPE* build,
 With *barb'rous* spawn her *civill Countreys* fild.

13.

The THRACIAN, GEORGIAN, GREEK, ARMENIAN,
 Cry out upon you, that ye let them pay
 (*Sad Tribute*!) to the brutish ALCORAN
 Their *Christian-children*, to be bred that way:
 To scourge the arrogant MAHUMETAN
 Your *hands* unite, your *heads* together lay.
 Unwise, ungodly, *Glory*, cease pursuing:
 By being *valiant* to your *own* undoing.

But

14

But whilst (*mad People*) you refuse to see,
 Whilst thirst of your own blood diverts you All,
Christian-Indeavours shall not wanting be,
 In this same little *House of PORTUGALL*,
 Strong places upon *AFERICK's* Coast has she;
 In *ASIA* a *Style Monarchicall*,
Dominions in *AMERICA* she has;
 And, were there more *Worlds*; Thither she would pass.

15.

And turn we to behold in the mean while,
 To our Sea-faring *Worthies* what befell,
 After that gentle *VENUS*, with a *File*
 Of *BEAUTIES*, the *inamour'd Storm* did quell:
 After they came in sight of that vast *soyle*,
 Sought with a purpose so unchangeable,
 The *CHRISTEAN FAITH* into the same to bring,
 To introduce *new Laws*, and a *new King*.

16.

No sooner come at that *new Land*, a sort
 Of little *Fisher-barks* they light among,
 Directing them the way into the *Port*:
 Of *CALICUT*, whereto the same belong:
 Thither they bend their *Prows* (being the *Court*
 Of *MALABAR*) A *City* fair, and strong:
 In which a *King* his *Residence* did hold,
 Who, round about, a spacious *LAND* comptrold.

17.

On this side *GANGES* and the *YND* beyond
 A large and famous *Province* is markt forth;
 On the *South* bounded by the *Ocean-Strand*,
 By the *Emodian Mountain* on the *North*,
 Sundry both *Laws* and *Kings* obeyth this *Land*,
 Sundry pretended *Deities* ador'th:
 Some, beastly *MAHOMET*; some, *Idols* dead;
 Some, *Living Creatures* in that *Region* bred;

18.

In that *long Mountain*, which all *ASIA* laces
 (Running athwart so vast a *Continent*,
 And borrowing sev'ral names of sev'ral places
 Through which it runs) Two *Fountains* have their vent;
 Whence *YND*, and *GANGES* (starting for *two Races*
 At the same *Post*, and at the same length spent)
 Dye in the *INDIAN SEA*: Now *This*, and *I hey*,
 Make the true *INDIA* a *Pen-Insula*.

T 2

Twice

19.

"Twixt these expiring *Rivers's* Mouthes wide
 From the broad *Countrey* a long *point* extends,
 In fashion not unlike a *Piramide*,
 Which (fronting *CEYLAN's* *Isla*) in th'*Ocean* ends,
 And where (first thrust out of the *Mountain-side*)
 The great *Gangetick Arm* a *Richness* lends,
Tradition says; the *Folk*; That there *did* dwell,
 Of dainty *flow'rs* were nourish'd with the *finell*

20.

But the *Inhabitants* That *now* are found
 (In names and manners differing from the old)
 Are *DELIIS*, the *PATANs*, who most abound
 In *People*, and in *Countreys* which they hold;
 The *DECANIES*, the *OREASs*; That found
 Their hopes of being sav'd, in what th'are told
 Of sounding *GANGES*. Then, *BENGALA's* Land,
 With which can none in *Competition* stand.

21.

CAMBAYA's Warlike *Kingdom* (this of yore
 Held great *KING PORUS*, as the *same* doth *goe*):
 The *Kingdom* of *NARSINGA*; powerful more
 In *Gold*, and *Jewels*, then against a *Foe*.
 Here (from the *INDIAN OCEAN's* *Billows* hoare)
 Discerned is of *Mountains* a long *Rowe*;
 Serving for *Nat'ral Walls* to *MALABAR*,
 Inroads of those of *CANARA* to bar.

22.

GATE the *Countrey's* *Natives* call this *Ridge*:
 From foot whereof skirts out a narrow *Down*,
 Which (*back* by that) is by a natural *Seige*
 Of angry *Seas* affronted. Here the *Town*
 Of *CALICUT* (undoubted *Sov'raign Liege*
 Of all her *Neighbours*) rears her lofty *Crown*:
 Seat of the *EMPIRE*, Fair, and Rich; and *Him*
 That's *Lord* thereof, they stile the *SAMORIN*.

23.

The *Fleet* arriving close to that rich strand,
 A *PORTINGALL* is sent in a *long-Boate*
 To let the *Pagan Monarch* understand
 Their coming from a *Region* so remote.
 He (through the *River* entering the *Land*,
 Which enters there the *Sea* by a wide *Throate*)
 With his strange *Colour*, *Physiomy*, *Attire*,
 Makes all the flocking *Multitude* admire
 Amongst

24.

Amongst the *Rout*, which *Him* did swarm to see,
Comes *one*, trayn'd up in the *ARABIAN'S* Lore,
Having been born in Land of *BARBARIE*,
There, where *ANTEUS* was obey'd of yore:
Whether, the *Lusitanian* People, *He*
Knew meerly as a *neighbour* to that shore;
Or (bitten with their *steel*) was sent so far:
On *FORTUNE'S* errand by the chance of War.

25.

The *Messenger* with *Jocund* Face survy'd,
He, in plain *Spanish* gave him thus the *Haile*;
How, to *this World*, in name of Heav'n (*Cam'rade*)
So distant from thy native *Portugale*!
Op'ning a passage through rough *Seas* (he said),
Which never *mortal* *Wight* before did sayle,
We come to seek of *INDUS* the great streame,
Whereby to propagate the *GOSPEL'S* beam.

26.

Astonisht at so great a *Voyage* stood
The *MOOR* (his name *MONSAYDE*) briefly told
Their sad *disasters* on the *Azure Flood*,
And hair-breadth *Scapes*, by this (ame) *LUSIAN* bold.
But since, his main *Affair* (he understood)
Unto the *King* alone he would unfold;
He tells *Him*, *He* at present is 'not there:
Being retir'd into the *Countrey* neer.

27:

So that (until the *News* at *Court* have bin
Of their prodigions passage through the *MAYN*)
Please him, to make his homely *Nest*, his *Inne*;
With *Victuals* of the *Land* hee'l entertain
Him There: and, being well refresh'd therein,
Himself will bring him to the *Fleet* again.
For that, the *World* hath not a thing more sweet,
Then in a *distant Land* when *Neighbours* meet.

28

The *PORTINGALL* with *Bosome* not ingrate
Accepts the Offer, kind *MONSAYDE* made.
As if their friendship were of ancient date,
With *Him*, he eat, and drank, as he was pray'd.
Towards the *Ships* (that done) return they straight:
Which the *Moor* knew, when he the *Build* survy'd.
They climbe the *Av'ral*: where both *Man* and *Boy*,
Receive *MONSAYDE* with a gen'ral joy.

The

29.

The *Captain* (rapt) *Him* in his Arms did squeeze,
 Hearing the *Musick* of the *Spanish Tongue*;
 And (seated by him) Shreives him by degrees
 Touching the *Land*, and things thereto that long.
 But, as in *THRACIAN RHODOS* the *Trees*,
 And *Bruits*, to hear his golden *Lute* did throng
 Who did his lost *EURIDICE* deplore:
 So throng'd the *common-men* to hear the *MORE*

30.

He thus begins. *Omen!* whom *NATURE* plac'd
 Neer to the *Nest* where I my birth did take;
 What *Chance*, or stronger *Destiny*, for *vast*
 So *hard a Voyage*, made you undertake?
 For some *hid cause* from *TROUS* are ye past,
 And unknown *MINIUS*, through that horrid *Lake*
 On which no *Barks* before did ever float,
 To *Kingdoms* so conceal'd, and so remote.

31.

GOD, GOD hath brought you: *He* hath (sure) some grand
 And special buis'ness *here* for you to do:
 For *this* alone, he leads you by strong *Hand*
 Through *Foes, Seas, Stormes*, and with a *heav'nly Clew*.
INDIA is *this*, with sev'ral *Nations* man'd:
 Great *NATURE's* bounty *All* beholding to
 For glist'ring *Gold*, for sparkling *Stones* of price,
 For oderiferous *Gums*, for burning *Spice*.

32.

The *Province* ye are anchor'd now upon,
 Is called *MALABAR*. In the old way
 It worships *Idols*: The *Religion*
 That bears in all *these* parts the greatest sway,
 Held 'tis, by sev'ral *Kings*: yet onely *one*
 Rul'd it of old, as their *Traditions* say.
 The last *King*, was *SARAMA PERIMAL*,
 Who in one *Monarchy* posselt it *All*.

33.

But, certain *strangers* coming to this *Ream*
 From *Mecha* in the *Gulph* of *ARABIE*,
 Who brought the *Law* of *MAHOMET* with Them
 (In which my *Parents* educated me)
 It so befell, with their great *skill*, and stream
 Of *Eloquence*, *These* to that hot degree
 This *PERIMAL* unto their *Faith* did win,
 That he propos'd to dye a *Saint* therein.

Ships

34.

Ships he provides and therein (curious)
 For *Offrings* lades his richest Merchandize;
 To turn *Monastick*, and *Religious*,
 There, where our LEGISLATIVE PROPHECY lies.
 Having no *Heir*, left of the *Royal House*;
 Before he parted, he did canonize
 His *Realm*. Those servants, he lov'd best, he brings
 From *want*, to *wealth*; from *Subjects*, to be *Kings*.

35

To *one*, COCHIN; t'*another*, CANANOUR;
 CHALE, t'*a Third*; t'*a Fourth*, the PEPPER-ISLE;
 To *This*, COULAN; To *That*, gives CRANGANOUR;
 The rest, to them who most deserv'd his smile.
 One young man onely (who had mighty pow'r
 On his Affections) was forgot the while.
 For whom was left poor CALICUT alone,
 A *City* since; Rich, great, by *Traffick* growne.

36.

This gives he *Him*: and (to eke out the same)
 A shining Title *Paramount* the Rest.
 That done, his *Voyage* takes; his life to frame
 So, as to reign hereafter with the *Blest*.
 And hence remain'd of SAMORIM the name
 (By which *imperial pow'r*, and *height* is exprest)
 To that *young man* and to his *Heirs*: from whom
 This (who the EMPIRE now injoys) is come.

37.

The NATIVES's manners (*poor*, as well as *rich*)
 Are made up all of *Lyes*, and *vantie*.
 Naked they go: onely a *Cloth* they stich
 About those *Parts* which must conceal'd be.
 Two *Ranks* they have, of *People*; *Nobles*, which
 Are *NAYRES* stil'd: and *Those* of *base degree*
 Call'd *POLEAS*. To *Both* the *Law* prescribes
 They shall not marry out of their own *Tribes*.

38.

And *Those* That have been bred up to *one Trade*,
 Out of *another* may not take a *Wife*;
 Nor may their *Children* any thing be made,
 But what their *Parents* have been all their life.
 To touch a *NAYRE* with their *Bodys shade*,
 A scandal is to his *trerogative*.
 If *themselves* chance to touch them as they meet,
 With thousand *Rytes* himself he washes sweet:

Just

39.

Just so the *JEWISH PEOPLE* did of yore
 The touch of a *SAMARITAN* Eschew.
 But, when ye come into the *Countrey*, more,
 And things of greater strangeness ye shall view.
 The *NAYRES* onely go to war: Before
 Their *King*, they onely stand a Rampire trew
 Against his Foes. A *Sword* they alway weild
 With their *right-hand*, and with the *left* a *Shield*.

40.

Their *Prelates* are call'd *BRAMENS* (an *old* name,
 And (amongst *them*) of great *Prebeminence*):
 Of his fam'd *Seet*, who *Wisdom* did disclame,
 And took a *stile* of a more *modest* sence.
 They kill no *living thing*, and highly blame
 All *flesh* to eat with wondrous abstinence:
 But *other* flesh their *Law* doth not forbid,
 Yet *They* as prone thereto, as if it did.

41.

Their *Wives* are common: but are so to none
 Save those, who of their *Husbands's* Kindred are.
 (O blessed lot, blest *Generation*,
 On whom fierce *jealousie* doth wage no war!)
 These are the *Customes*, but not *these alone*;
 Which are receiv'd by Those of *MALABAR*.
 The *LAND* abounds in *Trade* of all things; *Isle*,
 Or *firm-Land* yields from *CHINA* unto *NYLE*.

42.

Thus did the *MOOR* recount. But Gossip *FAME*
 Crying the *Newes* about the *City* went
 Of a *strange people* come, with a *strange* name:
 To be inform'd the truth when the *King* sent:
 Now, through the gaping streets, inviron'd came:
 With either *Sex*, and *Ages* different,
 The noble *Men* dispatched by the *King*
 The *Gen'ral* of the *Fleet* to *Him* to bring.

43.

And *Hee* (thus licenc'd by the *SAMORIM*
 To disembarque) departs without delay,
 The noblest of his *LUSIANS* hon'ring *Him*
 As his bright *Trayn* (*himself* more bright then *They*)
 The sweet variety of colours trim
 Dazes the ravish'd people all the way,
 The compact *Oare* strikes, leisurely the *water*
 Of the *Sea* first; of the fresh *River* after.

Upon

44.

Upon the *Key* a potent *Officer*,
 Whom in *their Tongue* the *CATUAL* they call,
 Begirt with *NAYRES*, stood to welcome *There*
 The brave *DE GAMB* with *Pompe* unusuall:
 Whom in his Arms himselfe to land did beare,
 Then poynts him to a *Cowch Pontificall*:
 On which (*their custome of most auntient date*)
 Upon *mens shoulders* he is born in state.

45.

Thus *Hee* of *LUSUS*, *Hee* of *MALABAR*,
 Move to the place where *them* expects the *King*.
 The other *PORTINGALLS*, and *NARYES* are
 Their *Infantry* advancing in a Ring.
 The *multitudes* (like *Baggage* in a *War*)
 Confused, pester one and t'other *Wing*.
 They would aske questions but have not the power:
 Their mouths were stopt for *that* in *BARBELL'S Tower*

46.

Ride talking *GAMA*, and the *CATUAL*,
 Of things which the *Occasign* ministred:
MONSAYDE the *Interpreter* of *All*,
 As understanding what by each is sed.
 Thus marching, and ariving where the tall
 And sumptuous *Fabrick* did erect it's head
 Of a rich *TEMPLE* in the *Citie's Center*,
 At the large two leav'd door abreast they enter.

47.

There stand the *Figures* of their *Deities*
 Carv'd in cold *stone*, in dull and stupid *wood*:
 In various *shapes* presented to the *Eyes*,
 In various *postures* as the *Feind* thought good.
 Some, in yet more *abominable* wise,
 (*CHIMERA*-like) with *shapes repugnant* stood.
 The *CHRISTIANS* (us'd t'adore *GOD Man*) deride
 To see *Men Beasts*, and *Monsters* deifide.

48.

One's humane Head a payre of *Horns* disgraces
 (*JUPITER HAMON* stood in *LYBIA* so):
Another had one *Body*, and *two Faces*,
 (Thus the old *ROMANS* did old *Fanus* show):
A Third, with hundred *Hands*, fifty *embraces*
 (Like *BRIAREUS*) pretends at *once* to throw:
A Fourth *Hee* grins with a *dogs Face* (the plain.
 Adord *ANUBIS* in *MEMPHITICK FANE*).

49.

Here, by the *barb'rous* people of that *Sett*
 Their *Superstitious Worship* being payd;
 Their course, without digression *Both* direct
 To where the *King* of these vain *GENTILES* stayd.
 The *Trayn* augments; through *Those*, who the aspect
 Of the strange *Captain* to behold, assay'd.
Women, and *Boys*, from all the *Houses* gaze:
 These style the *Roofs*; *Their Eyes*, the *Windows glaze*.

50.

Now they approach with slow and solemn pace
 The beautiful and oderiferous *Bow'rs*,
 Which barr'd the *prospect* of the *Royal Place*;
 In *structure* sumptuous, though not high in *Tow'rs*.
 For *They* their nobler *Buildings* interlace
 With fanning *Groves*, and aromatick *Flow'rs*.
 Thus liv'd enjoying that rude *people's King*
 In *City*, *Countray*; and in *Winter*, *Spring*.

51.

On the fair *Frontispieces*, *Ours* decry
 The subtlety of a *Dadalian Hand*,
 Fig'ring the most remote *Antiquity*
 In lasting *Sculpture* of the *INDIAN-LAND*.
 So *lively* are presented to the Eye
 Those *Ancient Times*; That *They*, who understand
 From learned *Writers* what the *Actions* were,
 May read the *Substance* in the *Shadow* There.

52.

Appears a copious *Army*, which doth tread
 The *Oriental Land*, *HYDASPES* laves.
 By a sleek ruddy *Warriour* was it led,
 Fighting with *leavy Javelins* curl'd in waves.
NYSA stood by her *Founder*: by *Her*, slid
 The *River's* self, washing her *winy Caves*.
 So right the *God*, that *THERBAN-SHMELE*
 (Had she been present) would have cry'd; 'Tis *HAB*.

53.

Farther, a vast *Affyrian* multitude,
 That drank whole *Rivers* e're they quencht their thirst.
 A *Woman* Captain, with rare *Form* indude;
 And of a *Valour*, great, as was her *Lust*.
 By her side (never cold) her *Palfrey* chew'd
 The foaming *Bit*, and (fiery) paw'd the dust,
 (Her *NINU'S* *Rival*) with whom yet 'twas done
 More innocently, then she lov'd her *Son*.

Yet

53.

Yet *farther* ; trembled in the *fancied* wind
 The glorious *Ensignes*, GREECE triumphant bore
 (The world's THIRD MONARCHY) spreading from YND
 One con'qu'ring *wing* to the *Gangetick* shore.
 A *young man* led them, of a *boundless* mind,
 From head to foot with *Lawrells* cover'd ore:
 Who would not bee (so high his Thoughts did rove)
 The son of PHILIP, but the son of IOVE.

54.

The LUSIANS feasting with these *Acts* their eyes,
 The CATAL unto the *Captaine* sayd,
 The time draws neer, when *other Victories*,
 Shall blot *these* out, which thou hast *now* surwayd,
Heer shall be graven, *modern Histories*
 Of a *strange people*, that shall us invade.
 Such our deep *Sages* find to be our doom,
 Poring into the things which are to come.

55.

By the *black Art* they doe moreover tell;
 'Tis that, to prevent so great approaching *Ill*
 By *humane wisdom*, tis impossibell:
 "For vaine, is *earthly wit*, against *Heav'n's will*.
 But, say withall; Those *strangers* shall excell
 So much in *Martiall* and in *civill skill*;
 That through the *World* it will in after story,
 Be fed: The *conquerers* are the *Conquer'd's* glory.

56.

Discourfing thus they enter the gilt Hall,
 Where leans that EMPEROR magnificent
 On the rich *Cowch* (which take it worke, and all)
 Could not be matcht beneath the *Firmament*.
 His *Face* and *posture* (that *Majestickall*;
 And this *secure*) his *Fortune* represent:
 His *Robes* are *cloth of gold*: A *diadem*
 Upon his *head*, with many a *flaming gem*.

57.

An old man (at his elbow) with grave meen
 Upon the knee did ever and anon
 Of a hot *plant* present him a leaf green;
 Which, as of custome, he would chaw upon.
 Then did a *Bramen* of no mean esteem,
 Approach DE GAMA with slow motion;
 To present *Him* unto the MONARCH great:
 Who *there* before him, nods him to a seate.

59.

DE GAMA seated neer to the rich Bed
 (*His*, keeping off) with quick and hungry Eyes,
 The SAMORIM upon the *Habit* fed
 Of his new *Guests*, their uncouth *bew*, and *Gnyse*
 With an *emphatick* *Voyce* from a deep head
 (Which much his *embassie* did authorize
 Both with the *King*, and all the *People* there)
 The *Captain* thus accosts the *Royall* care.

60.

A potent *King* (who governs yonder, where
Heav'n's ever-rolling wheles the *day* adjourn,
 Benighting earth with earth; that *Hemisphere*
 Which the *sun* leaves mourning till his Return)
 Hearing from FAME (which makes an *Ecchoe* there)
 How this IMPERIAL L CROWN by Thee is worn.
 (The sum'd up *Majestie* of INDIAN LAND)
 Would enter with thee into *Friendship's* Band.

61.

And (through long windings) to thy COURT sent me,
 To let the know; that *whatsoever* stores
 Goe on the *Land*, or goe upon the *sea*,
 From TAGUS there, to NYLÉ's enriched shores :
 All that by *Zeland Merchants* laden be :
 By tributary *Ethiopian-MORBS* :
 From *seething* *River*, or from *froZen* *Barr* :
 Heapt up and centerd in his *Kingdom*, are.

62.

Then if thou wilt, with *leagues* and *mutuall* *Tyes*
 Of *Peace* and *Freindship* (*stable* and *divine*)
 Allow commerce of *superfluities*,
 Which bounteous NATURE gave his *Realms* and *Thine*,
 (For *Trade* brings *Opulence* and *Rarities*,
 For which the *Poor* doe *sweat*, the *Rich* doe *Pine*)
 Of two *great* *fruits*, which will from thence redound,
 His shall the *glory*; *thine*, the *Gain* be found.

63.

And (if it so fall out, that this fast knot
 Of *Amitie* be knit between you two)
 He will assist thee in all adverse lot
 Of *Warr*, which in thy *Kingdom* may insue,
 With *Soldiers*, *Arms* and *Shipp*s; and coldly, not,
 But as a *Brother* in that case would doe.

It rests, that thou resolve me in the close,
 What he may trust to touching this *propose*.

This

64.

This was the *Errand* of the *Captain* bold,
 To whom the *Pagan Monarch* answer'd thus:
Ambassadors from such farr parts, we hold
 No little honour to our *Crown*, and *Us*,
 Yet shall not in this case our *will* unfold)
 Till with our *COUNCELL* we the thing discus:
 What this *King* is, informing our self well,
 The *people* and the *Land* whereof you tell.

65.

In the mean time repose you from the *Quoye*
 Of labour past, and nauseating *Seas*:
 Whom we will back dispatch, within a while,
 With such an *answer* as shall not displease.
 Now *Night* (*Task-mistresse* of all *earthly* *Toyle*)
 Gives *humane labours* wonted stint, to ease
 Exhausted *lims* with sweet *Vicissitude*:
Eyes, with the *leaden Hand* of *sleep* subdude

66.

In the most noble lodgings of the *Court*,
 The *PRIMERE MINISTER* of *INDIAN LAND*
 (With the Applause of people of each fort)
 Did feast *DE GAMA*, and his valiant *Band*:
 The *CATUALL* (that he may make report
 To his dread *Leige*, who gave him in command
 To find it out; which way the strangers came,
 What *Laws*, what *Faith*, what *Countrey*, and what *name*)

67.

Soon as he spyes the fired *Axel-tree*
 Of the fayre *Delian* youth the *day* renew,
 Sends for *MONSAYDE*; upon *Thorns*, to bee
 At large informed of this *NATION* new.
 Prompt and inquisitive, he asks if *Hee*
 Can give him full *Intelligence* and *trew*,
 What these strange people are (for he did heare,
 That to his *Country* they are neighbours neer.)

68.

A punctuall accompt, of every thing
 He knew of them, he charg'd him to afford;
 As that which was a service to the *King*,
 Whereby to judge of the propos'd accord.
MONSAYDE answers: That which I can bring
 Of light thereto, is spoken in a *Word*.
 Thus much I know; *they* are of yond fame *SPAYN*,
 Where *PHEBUS*, and my *Nest*, bache in the *Mayn*.

69.

By *them* a certain *Prophet* is ador'd,
 Born of a pure and incorrupted *Mayd*,
 Conceiving by the *Spirit* of the *Lord*,
 The *Lord* of life, by whom the *world* is swayd.
 Of *them*, that which *my Parents* did Record,
 Was that of bloody *Warr* the noble Trade
 To it's full pitch by their strong *Arm* is wound:
 Which to our cost *their predecessors* found.

70.

Them (arm'd with *vertue* above humane strayne)
 They threw out of their delectable *Seates*
 By golden *TAGUS*, and fresh *GUADIANE*,
 Through glorious and memorable *Feats*:
 Nor so content (ploughing the stormy *Mayn*
 Toth' *Affrick side*) ev'n in our owne *Retreates*
 Let us not live secure: but pull us out
 From our Strong *walls*, and *there* our *Armies* rout.

71.

Nor have they shown lesse strength of *Hand* and *Brayn*,
 In whatsoever *other* warrs did chance
 With many warlick *Nations* of their *SPAYNE*,
 And some that fell down by the way of *FRANCE*.
 So that, in fine, no story doth remayne,
 That ever they were quell'd by *foreign Lance*;
 Nor for those *HANNIBALS* (I will be bound)
 As yet, was ever a *MARCELLUS* found.

72.

But if this *Information* (as I make
 Accompt it does) appear to *Thee* too short,
 Of *them*, let *them* inform thee. Thou mayst take
 (So doe they hate a *lye*) their *own* report.
 Goe view their *Fleets*, their *Arms*, and how they rake
 With *founded Brass*, which tames the strongest Fort:
 And it will please thee, of the *PORTINGALL*
 To see the *civill Arts*, and *Martiall*.

73.

To see the things the *MOOR* exalted so,
 Now the *IDOLATER* is of a flame,
 Calls for his *Barge* in hast, for he will goe
 To view the *ships* in which *DE GAMA* came.
 Together from the cover'd *shore* they rowe:
 Cov'ring the *sea*, the *NAYRES* doe the same.
 They climbe the strong and goodly *Ammirall*:
 By her long *side* aboard doth hand them *PAUL*.

Her

74.

Her waste-cloaths Scarlet, and her Banners are
 Of the rich Fleece which by a worm is bred:
 In them are painted glorious deeds, in War
 Atchiev'd by valiant Hands of WORTHIES dead.
 Here a pitch-Field and there a single jar,
 Fierce one, and t'other: Pictures full of dread!
 From which, since them the Pagan first did spye,
 He never could recal his greedy Eye.

75

To know, the Things he sees, he doth beseech.
 But first, DE GAMMA prays him sit, and prove
 A little of those delicacies, which
 Those of the Set of EPICURUS love,
 The foaming Goblets with the Liquor rich,
 Devis'd by NOAH, swell their banks above.
 The Pagan sits; but cannot Eat (he saith)
 Truth is, it cross a precept of his Faith.

76.

The Trumpet (which in Peace doth represent
 War, to the Fancy) rends the Ayre. In Thunder
 The fired Diabolick-Instrument
 Speaks audibly to it's infernal Founder.
 The Pagan observs All: but (most intent
 On the Defunct) seems to confine his wonder.
 To those brave Deeds, which in a little Sphere
 Are by Mute poetry described there.

77.

He starts upon his Feet; with Him (betwixt
 Whom, he was plac'd both the DE GAMES: and, from
 VASCO's ride side CORLLIO. The MOOR fixt
 His Eyes, upon the warlike Transcript dumb
 Of an old man, who in his Face had mixt
 Something divine, nor, till the World's one Tomb,
 Shall ever dye. Clad in the Greekish mode.
 A Bough in his right hand, what he was shew'd.

78.

His right hand held a Bough — But O blind man
 I! That (unwise, and rude) without your clew
 (Nymphs of MONDEGO, and the Tagan Stran)
 A course so long, so intricate, pursue.
 I lanch into a boundless Ocean,
 With Wind so contrary; that, unless you
 Extend your favours, I have cause to think
 My brittle Barke will in a moment sink.

Behold

79.

Behold how long, whilst I strain all my *pow'rs* ·
 Your *TAGUS* singing, and your *PORTUGALE*;
FORTUNE (new *Toyles* presenting, and new *Sow'rs*)
 Through the *World* drags me at her *Charets-Tayle*:
 Sometimes committed to *Seas's* rolling *Tow'rs*,
 Sometimes to bloody dangers *Martiale*!

Thus I (like desperate *CANACEE* of old)
 My *Pen* in *this*, my *Sword* in *that hand* hold.

80.

Now by declin'd and scorned *poverty*
 Degraded, at Another's Board to eate.
 Now (in possession of a Fortune high)
 Thrown back again, farther then ever yet.
 Now scapt, with my life onely, which hung by
 A single Thrid (ev'n *that* a load too great):
 That 'tis no less a wonder, I am here,
 Then *JUDA's* King's new lease of fifteen yeere.

81.

Nay more (my *Nymphs*) I thus being made an *Iste*
 And *Rack* of *want* (surrounded by my *Woes*)
 The same, whom I swam singing all that while,
 Gave me, for all my *Verses*, but course *Prose*.
 Instead of hoped *Rest* for long *Exile*,
 Of *Bays* to thatch my head (which bald now grows):
 Unworthy *scandals* they therein did hayle,
 Which laid me in a miserable Jayle.

82.

See, *Nymphs*, what learned Lords your *TAGUS* breeds!
 What *Patrons* of good *Arts* we live among!
 Are *these* the *favours*, and are *these* the *meeds*,
 For *Him* That makes *them* glorious with his *Song*?
 What *Precedents* are *these*, what likely seeds
 To raise in future curious *WITS* and strong,
 To register the *Acts* of all those men,
 That merit *Fame* from an *immortal Pen*?

83.

Then in this *Flood* of *Ills* let it suffice
 That *your* sole grace and favour I obtain;
 And chiefly *here*, where such *Varieties*
 Of honorable *deeds* I must explain.
 Give it me onely *you*: For (by your *Eyes*)
 On any, that deserves it not, one grain
 I will not spend: not flatter *Dukes*, nor *KINGS*,
 Pain of ungrateful to your *sacred springs*.

Nor

84.

Nor think, O *Nymphs*, I'll waste your pretious *Fame*
 On *Him*, who to his *King* and *Countrey's* weal
 Prefers his *private interest* (The same
 Will from the *Throne*, yea from the *Altar*, steale).
 No, no *Ambitious man* shall hide his shame
 Under my *leaves*, who mounts, that he may deale
 More largely to his *Lusts*, and exercise
 His *Office*, not, but his *impieties*.

85.

No man, That stalks with *popularity*,
 Thereby to catch the *Prey* he hath design'd:
 Who, with the erring *Vulgar* to comply,
 Changeth as oft as *PROTHEUS*, or the *Wind*.
 Nor (*MUSES*) fear, that ever sing will I
 Whom, with grave *Face*, grave *case*, grave *pace*, I find
 (To please the *King* in the new *Place* he's in)
 Fleece the poor *People* to the very skin.

86.

Nor *Him*, who finds it just (and so it is)
 The *King's* Laws should be kept in ev'ry thing:
 But does *not* find it just (and that's amis)
 To pay the sweat of *those* that serve the *King*.
 Nor *Him*, who *says his Book*, and thinks with *This*
 (Though *unexperienc't*) he hath wit to bring
 All to his *Rules*: and, with a niggard Hand,
 Rates *services*, he doth not understand.

87.

Those (and those *WORTHIES* *only*) will I sing,
 Who their dear lives have ventur'd and laid down,
 First for their *GOD*, and after for their *KING*;
 To be repaid with *use* in due renown.
 Help me *APOLLO*, and the *Muses's* Ring,
 With doubled *Rage* their *Lawrell'd* heads to crown:
 Whilst (almost tyr'd) I *here* take breath a while,
 So with fresh *Spirits* to renew my Toyle.

End of the seventh Canto.

X

Eighth

Eighth Canto.

STANZA 1.

ON the first *Figure* stuck the HAGARENE,
Which in the waving *Flag* did come and go:
Upon a *leavie staffe* it seem'd to leane,
With a long combed *Beard*, white as the snow.
Who this grave *Warriour* is, and what should meane
That same *device* he bears, he longs to know.

PAUL tells him: whose wise words which here insue,
MONSAYDE rendred; who both *Idioms* knew.

2.

These *FIGURES* all (which, *moving*, seem *alive*)
As *fierce* and *warlike* as they show, for here;
By the bright fame that doth of them survive,
In *truth*, and *Fact*, more *fierce* and *warlike* were.
They stand *far off* in time: Through *perspective*
Of cleer *WITS* yet, they *live* both *great* and *neer*.

This thou now seest, is *Lusus*, from whom *Fame*
Gives to our *Kingdom*. *LUSITANIA*'s name.

3.

He was that *THEBAN*'s *Son*, or else: *Camrade*,
Who in so many *Lands* did *Lawrels* gaine.
Following the *Wars*, (which he did make his *Trade*)
This *Lusus* built at length a *Nest* in *SPAIN*,
With those delicious *Fields* so well *spaid*
(Th' *Elysian* once) 'twixt *DWARRE*, and *GUADIANE*,
That there he set up his long *Rest*. He gave
A *Name*, to *Those*; and *Those*, to him, a *Grave*.

4

The *leavy staffe* (he bears for his *Device*)
The *Thyrsus* is, That *BACCHUS* self did beare;
Which is to *Us*, a *letter of Advice*
And this was his own *Son*, or *Friend* as deare.
Seest Thou *Another*, who long *Seas* did slice
With wand'ring *Keele*, and *Lands* by *TAGUS* there,
Where he, a *Fane* to *PALLAS* sacred calls,
And is the *Author* of eternal *Walls*?

5.

It is *Ulysses*: who that *Temple* founded
For *Her* with Eloquent his *Tongue* that guiled.
If he in *ASIA* here fair *TROY* confounded,
In *EUROPE* there great *LISBON*, hath he builded.
Who may this *other* be, which *dead* and *wounded*
That sows the *field* (his sword with both hands weilded)
Death and *Destruction* on great *Hosts* that flings;
Where *painted Eagles* flye with *true ones* wings?

6.

Thus said the *Pagan*. Thus replies *DE GAME*.
This, thou now seest, a keeper was of *Ewes*
(And know, that *VIRIATUS* was his name)
But, better then a *Hook*, a *Sword* could use.
With *this*, he did affront the *Roman Fame*,
Invincible: nor *Fame* once got, did loose.
No, *ROME* had ne're with *Him*, nor shall (that's more)
That luck, with *PYRRHUS* which she had before.

7.

By *Valour* not, but creeping *trechery*,
They rob'd him of his life. Why doest thou wonder?
In desp'rate *Cases* *MAGNANIMITY*
It self, doth teare it's proper laws in sunder.
Behold *Another* (for *Indignity*
Receiv'd) with *Us* that did his *Countrey* thunder!
To gain immortal *Honour* he chose well.
With *whom* to do it, if he must *rebell*.

8.

With *Us*, behold, *He* likewise puts to flight
Those *Birds* that are the *Favourites* of *JOVE*!
So long ago, *Nations* of greatest might
Knew how to yield, when *against ours* they strove.
See with what *wyle*, and artificial *Slight*,
Our People he to fight his *Quarrel* drove,
Th' *inspiring Hind*, that helpt him with *Advice*!
He, is *SECTORIUS*: *she*, is his *DEVICI*.

9.

Behold that *ether Flag*! *There* painted, see,
Of our first *Kings* the great *Progenitor*!
We make him an *HUNGARIAN*; but, there bee,
That do affirm, he was a *LORRAIGNOR*.
After that overcome the *MOORS* had he,
GALLEGOS, and the *LEON-WARRIOR*,
Went holy *HENRY* to the *Holy War*:
To *sanctifie* the *Trunk* whence our *Kings* are.

10.

Surpriz'd with wonder, *who is this* (demands)
 Tell me, *who this* is (cries the CATUAL)
 That doth, so many *Troops*, so many *Bands*,
 Destroy and scatter with a *Force* so small?
 So many *Battles* strikes with his own hands?
 With whose fierce *Rams* so many strong *Towers* fall?
 That fights in *blood* up to the Saddle-bow,
 Whilst *Flags* and *Crowns* fall at his feet like snow?

11.

'Tis first ALPHONSO (doth DE GAME return)
 Who from the MOOR all PORTUGALL did take.
 FAME by the waters of black STYX hath sworn
 Ne're more to sing of ROMAN for his sake.
 He, lov'd of Heav'n, with love of Heav'n did burn;
 Whom GOD the scourge of MOORS (his Foes) did make:
 Their Throne and Walls broke down to let CHRIST in,
 And nothing left there for his Heirs to win.

12.

Had CESAR fought, had ALEXANDER GREAT,
 With such thin *Troops*, so slender, and so short,
 Against such num'rous *Armies*, as were beat
 By this brave King, of every kind, and sort:
 Believe t nor He, nor He, with JOVE had eat;
 Nor their proud *Fames* made such a lowd report.
 But leave his Acts (too glorious to unfold!)
 His *Vassails* deeds are worthy to be told.

13.

This, whom thou seest upon his *pupil* (broke)
 All patience lost, casting an angry Face;
 Bidding him rally up his scatt'ed Folke,
 And turn again to justifie the place;
 Turns the *young man*, turns the *old man* That spoke,
 And turns with *them* the day in a small space:
 EGAS the name, which the brave old man hath,
 Tutor of MARS, myrrour of Subjects faith.

14.

There, how he marcheth with his children, look,
 (Barefoot, and Ropes about their Necks) t'his end;
 Because the *young man*, as he undertook;
 To pay CASTLE low *Homage* could not bend!
 He rays'd the *Seige* with *Craft*, and *Oaths* he took,
 When vain were *Arms* the *Rampire* to defend.
 He pays the *forfeit* with his *Babe*, and *Wife*:
 And, to preserve his *Mother*, gives his *life*.

15

Less did that *CONSULL*, who through folly was
Caught at the *CAUDINE GALLOWES* in a Trap,
When *Him* insulting *Samnites* forc't to pass
Under that shameful *Yoke* they there did clap.
He, (brave and constant) did *himself* disgrace,
To save his *Army* in so sad mishap:

This gives to *shame*, and *death*, *himself*, his dear
Children, and guiltless *Spouse*: the last goes neer.

16.

Seest thou *this man*, who from an *Ambuscade*
Beats up a *King*, besieging a strong Town,
The *Leaguer's* rays'd, the *King* his pris'ner made:
A deed-great *MARS* could wish had been his own!
See him again (now *Head* of an *Armada*)
Massacring *MOORS* upon the watry *Down*!
Boarding their *Galleys*, carrying cleer away
PORTUGAL'S maiden *Victory* at *Sea*!

17.

It is *DON FUAS ROUPINIO*; on the *Land*,
And on the *Ocean*, gaining equal *Fame*:
Which from the *fired Galleys* (neer the *Strand*
Of *AVILA*) shines glorious in *their* flame.
See, how content he falls by the same *Hand*,
The Fortune alter'd, but *the Cause* the same!
Like *Palme* (deprest in vain) through shafts of *MORRS*
His happy *Soule* to *Heav'n* triumphant soars.

18.

Seest thou not, landing *there* in strange *Attire*
From a great *Navy*, Troops *Auxiliar*,
Not without which, our first *King* did acquire
LISBON (their *Prologue* to the *Holy-War*)!
Of *these*, did *HENRY* (famous *Knight*.) expire.
Behold *Palms* sprouting from his *Tomb*! They are
CHRIST'S supernatural *Badge*, for *Him* to wear
Who, born a *GERMAN*, dyed a *Martyr* there.

19.

See a *Priest* brandish (not in vain) his *Blade*
Against *ARRONCHEZ*, with revenge sharp whet,
To quit for *LEYRIA*, which They taken had
Who couch the *Speare* in *Rest* for *MAHOMET*!
'Tis *PRIOR TEUTON*. — But, a *Seige* is laid
To *SANTAREN*. Look, how *Secure*, and *Great*,
That *FIURE* plants upon her scaled wall
The ever-winning *Cinques* of *PORTUGALL*

Behold

20.

Behold once more (where SANCHE overthrows
In a fierce war the ANDALUSIAN MOORE.)
He kills th' *Alferez* charging through the Foes,
And makes SEVILIA'S Standard mat the floore.
MEM MONIZ 'tis; (How like his Sire he shows,
The *Phenix* of his *Ashes*?) worthy sure
The *Royal Flag*, and *This*; who *his*, did put
Up, with his *Hand*; the *Foe's* field at his *foot*.

21.

See *Him*, that by his *Lance* descending slid
With the two *Centenells's* two *heads* by night,
To where he hath his men in *ambush* hid,
With whom he gains the *Town* by *force* and *sight*!
That takes for *arms* the *Knight*, who take that did,
And the cold *Heads* in one hand of the *Knight*.
He, That atchiev'd this unexampled deed,
His *name*, is GERRARD: *Surname*, without *dreed*.

22.

Doeſt thou not ſee a wrong'd CAſTILIAN
By their *ninth* King ALPHONSO (for old gall
To thoſe of LARA) to the MOORS That ran,
Making himſelf a Foeto PORTUGALL?
ABRANTES with thoſe *Infidels* he wars
With whom into our Countrey he did fall:
But a bold PORTINGALL, with a ſmall Force,
Here takes him priſner; routed Foot and Horſe.

23.

DON MARTIN LOPEZ is the man, that crops
The *Lawrels* he was grasping. But behold
An *Apoſtolick Warriour*, That chops
For *Lance* of *Steel* his *Croſiers ſtaffe* of *gold*!
See, how erect the *ſtage-ring* minds he props!
How *hot* to fight the MOOR, his men grown cold!
Behold his *Viſion* in auſpicious ſkyes,
With which the *few* he has, he fortifies!

24.

Then SEVILL'S King, and He of CORDOVA,
With other two, Loe routed! Nor alone
Routed, but slain! The strength that got this Day,
Was not of Man: GOD claim'd it as his owne.
See now ALCACER hath no more to ſay,
Though, lin'd with *ſteel*, her *Battlements* of *ſtone*.
To MATTHEW (LISBON'S *Biſhop*) ſhe ſubmits:
Who *Sprigs* of *Palme* into his *Miter* knits.

Behold

29.

Behold a *Master* poud'ring from CASTELL
 (A PORTINGALL by Birth) ALGARVES Land
 How he does conquer, his devou'ing Steel
 Incount'ring none that can the same withstand.
 Strong *Towns* (by broad day scal'd) *see*, what they *feel*:
 Such his good *star*, so certain is his *Hand*.
 Big with *Revenge* (Loe!) TAVILA he takes,
 And makes it smart for the SEVN HUNTERS's fakes.

30.

See, how of SYLVES Master he became
 By *Stratagem*! (the MOOR paid dearer for't)
 CORREA DON PELAYO is his name,
 In whom (to envy) *Wit* and *Force* confort.
 But the PAYR-ROYAL thou o'reseest of FAME,
 That did such Fears in *French* and *Spanish Court*.
 By *Fests*, and *Tournaments*, and *Duels*, there,
 Immortal *Lawrels* they did win and weare.

31.

Loe, by the name of KNIGHTS ADVENTURERS,
 Into the Kingdom of CASTELL they come,
 Where, in BELLONA's sports, not one but beares
 The prize away (they prove *true jests* to some)!
 See, dead, the prow'd Castilian *Cavaleers*,
 That challeng'd one of them by sound of drum!
 RIVERS GONZAGUE was He, Propt with his sword,
 His *Gyant-Fame* did LETH's River ford.

32.

Mark well that *Knight*, by FAME so lov'd and sung,
 That her old *Theames* are scorn'd, are out of date!
 Of his dear *Countrey*, by one third that hung,
 On his strong shoulders he sustayn'd the weight.
 See, where (with *Anger* dide) a peale he rung
 To a cowl *People*, and degenerate,
 That they a *stranger's yoke* might from them fling,
 And take the *sweeter one* of their *native King*.

33.

See, through this *Counsel*, and his *proffes* too,
 Guided by GOD, and his good *star* alone,
 What was impossible in *humane view*,
 The vast Castilian Army overthrown!
 See, through his *Valour*, *force*, and *cave*, a new
 Clear *Victory* (inferiour unto none)
 Over a *People*, fierce and numerous, Here
 'Twixt GUADON and GUADALQUIVIR

20.

Seest thou not *There* how almost routed is
 The *Lusitanian Host*, through the retreat
 Of this *Religious Leader* (whom they miss)
 Th'assistance of the *Lord of Hosts* t'intreat?
 See, with pale haste he's now found out by *his*,
 Who tell him, there's no dealing with so great
 A *Pow'r*; that he *himself* would look thereto,
 And with his presence cheer his fainting *Crew*!

31.

But see, with what a *holy carelessness*
 He answers them; 'Tis yet too soon to goe:
 As who, by *Faith*, already did possess
 The *Victory* which *God* will streight bestow.
POMPILIUS thus (his *Kingdom* in distress
 By suddain inroad of a potent *Foe*)
 To Them That bring him the *ill News*, replies;
 And I (ye see) am offering sacrifice.

32.

What his name is thou long'st to know (I see)
 That with such boldness on his *GOD* did seize:
 The *LUSITANIAN SCIPPIO* it should bee,
 Were not a greater *NUNIO ALVAREZ*.
 O *Countrey* blest in such a *Son* as He,
 Indeed thy *Father*! whilst *SOL* compasses
 This *Globe* of *NEPTUNE*, and of *CERES* yellow,
 To mourn again, thou ne're shalt own his fellow.

33.

Victorious, see, in the same *war*, and *Cause*,
 Another *Captain* of a *squadron* small!
 He routs *Commendum'd Knights*, and lays his paws
 On the great *Prey* they marcht away withal.
 See where his reeking *Blade* again he draws,
 Rescuing his *Friend* from *Foes* That lead him Thrall:
 His *Friend*, a martyr for his loyalty!
PEDRO RODRIGUEZ LANDROAL was *Hee*.

34.

See yon *Faith-breaker*, paying an old score
 And the base *pelfe* he up at intrest took!
GIL-FERNAND-ELVAS plays his *Auditors*,
 And with the *Debtor's* death crosses the *Book*.
 Here drowns, in their *Castilian* Owners gore,
 The *SHERREZ-Fields* (their *sacks* they may go look).
 But see *PEREYRA*, who, like *Lightning* throw'n
 Upon the *Foe's Armada*, shields his *own*

Behold

35.

Behold, how poor *seventeen* of PORTUGALE
 (Upon a *Mountain*) brave resistance make
 Against *four hundred* of CASTLE, That wall
 Them in on ev'ry side, to sweep the Stake!
 But (to their cost) *these* find a crew so small
 More then *Defendants* in that bloody Wake.

A deed deserving everlasting *Rimes*:
 Match it *elsewhere*, in *old* or *modern* Times.

36.

Of *Ours* (I grant) *three hundred* did ingage
 And rout a thousand ROMANS, in that Time
 When VIRIATUS came upon the Stage,
 And his *Fame* lightned through each wond'ring *Clime*.
 Whence *Those*, who follow'd him in that brave *Age*,
 Left to their *Race* this *Legacie* sublime,

Never to fear a *Foe* for *multitude*:
 Which, that we do not, pretty well w^e have shew'd.

37.

Two *Princes* here (PEDRO, and HENRY) see
 Generous *Progenie* of our first JOHN!
 The *one*, forc'd FAME into HIGH GERMANIE
 To lacquay him (defrauding death of *one*):
 T'other, to trumpet *Him* through the wide SEA
 For it's *discov'rer*, and (his *Pen* by thrown)

Makes enter'd CEUTA see on t'other side
 His *Lance* can prick the bladder of her Pride.

38.

Behold the Earle DON PEDRO, holding out
 Two *Seiges*, 'gainst the pow'r of BARBARIE!
 Behold another Earle, as strong, as stout,
 As MARS himself, and fam'd for *Chevalrie*!
 Who, not content (with Foes clapt round about)
 ALCACER to defend most gallantly,

Of his KING too the pretious *life* defends;
 And (as his *Bulwark* there) his *own* expends.

39.

Many a *FIGURE*, in these *Flags* that wants,
 The PAINTER (truly) did to add intend,
 But *Pencils* he doth lack, lacks *Oyle*, and *Paints*:
 "Meed, Honour, Favour, are *Art's* Life, Nurse, Friend.
 The fault in our degenerating *Plants*
 From those high *Trunks* of which they do descend.

Of *Vanitie* we see sufficient *Flow'rs*:
 But where's the good *Fruit* of their *Ancestours*?

Y

Those

40.

Those *truly noble Ancestors* of theirs
 (From whom this swelling greatness had it's *Rise*)
 For VERTUE's love, digested bitter Cares,
 And of their *Houses* to inhance the Price.
 Blind! to *intaile* (with wealth) *flaash* on their *Heirs*
 (VERTUE supplying *fewel* unto *Vice*)
 Disfig'ring them to boot: For, in this case,
 "The *Founder's Glory* is his *Seed's disgrace*."

41.

Others there are, with *wealth*, and *Pow'r* that flow
 Above their Banks; nor *nobly born*, nor *faire*.
 The fault of KINGS: who on one *Minion* throw
 (Sometimes) more then a thousand *worthier* share.
 Of *These* wouldst thou behold the *Pictures*? No:
 It is a *vanity* their Friends can spare.
As monstrous Creatures MYRRORS fly, or break:
 So *these men* hate the PICTURE that doth *speak*.

42.

I not deny, but *some* (whom I could name)
 Deriv'd from *great* and *worthy* Ancestry;
 By high and honorable *Parts* proclame,
 And correspond with, their *nobility*:
 Who, if the *light* of their *Fore-Fathers* Fame
 Their brighter *Vertue* do not *clarify*;
 Yet, keep it in they do. But, of this *Crew*,
 The PAINTER tells me there are very few.

43.

Thus PAUL DE GAMA blazons those great deeds
 Which *there* in various *Ink* are written *faire*;
 Which by a *Master's hand* (whose skill exceeds)
 In so cleer *Perspectiue* there painted are.
 Th' intente CATAL distinctly reeds
 The *History*, as legible, as rare:
 A thousand times he *askt*, a thousand *heard*,
 The *Battails* delicate which *there* appear d.

44.

But cleft was now the *Sun's* ambiguous light
 Between the one and t'other *Hemisphere*;
 In neither was it *day*, in neither *night*,
 But *morning's twilight* here, and *Ev'nings* there:
 When, from the warlike *Ship*, the FAVOURITE
 And noble NAYRES, to the *City* steer
 To court dull *sleep*; which *broods* all living Things
 Of fable *Night* under the downy wings.

Meane

45

Mean time the famous *Augurs* of the Land
 (Who falsly think, or so are thought at least,
 To see by *magick* all things beforehand
 In entrails of a sacrificed Beast)
 Do their *black office*, at the *King's* command,
 To scrutinize, what shall befall the *EAST*
 By the arrival through the hanfell d *Maine*,
 Of these unheard of *Guests* from unknown *SPAIN*.

46.

Of *Lyes* the *Father* shews them *here* signes true;
 That a strong *yoake*, which they should ne're remove,
 Their endless *Bondage*, shall, this *People* new,
 Their *wealth's* consumption, and *their* people's prove.
 The frighted *AUGURS* with pale horror flew
 To tell the *KING*, that which infernal *JOVE*
 Made legible by their astonisht Eyes
 In the *red letters* of the *Sacrifice*.

47.

Confirming *This*, T'a *Priest* (a *Zealous* one,
 And *pillar* of the *Law* of *MAHOMET*,
 Whose Bosome with that Gall did over-run
 Wherewith both *Seets* against *CHRIST's Law* are set,
 In that *false Prophet's* shape, who from the Son
 Of Bond-mayd *HAGAR* did descend) the yet
 Inraged *BACCHUS*, and who never cleers
 His filthy stomach, in a *Dream* appears.

48.

And, *guard you, guard you*, *People mine* (quoth *He*)
 From *ills* provided for you by the *Foe*,
 That cuts a passage to you through the *Sea*:
Guard you, befo e the danger neerer grow.
 Th'amazed *MOOR* starts from his Rest, to see
Who gave him this *alarum*. Thinking *Tho*,
 'Tis but a *Dream* (like common *Dreams*, in deep
 Of *Night*) returns into the *Arms* of *sleep*.

49.

BACCHUS returns, and says. Know'st thou not (*MORE*)
 The great *Law-Giver*, who the *ALCORAN*
 Shew'd thy *Fore-Fathers*, without which Thy *store*
 Would fail, and half thy *Flock* be *CHRISTIAN*?
Rude, do I watch for *Thee*, and doest thou snore?
 Well, those *white Guests* (I'd have thee to know, than)
 Shall bring great dammage to that *Law*, my *Pen*
 Deliver'd over unto *stupid Men*.

Y 2

Now,

50.

Now whilst this People's strength is not yet knit,
 Think how ye may resist them by all ways.
 For, when the *Sun* is in his *nonage* yit,
 Upon his *morning Beauty* Men may gaze;
 But let him once up to his *Zenith* git,
 He strikes them *blind* with his *Meridian Rays*:
 *Sob*lind will ye be, if ye look not too t,
 If ye permit these *Cedars* to take root.

51.

This said: both *be*, and *sleep*, vanish at once.
 The *MOOR* remains: rockt in his Bed with fright.
 Th'infused *poysen* working in his sconce,
 He starts, and to his servants cries a *light*.
 When the new light (which doth precede the *Sun's*)
 Disclos'd it self *Angelical*, and *white*:
 The *Chief* of that vile *SECT* he did convoke,
 To whom his *Dream*e in every point he spoke.

52.

Then sev'ral, and cros Reasons they discourse;
 As they from *others*, or *themselves*, dissent.
 Secret *way-layings*, open *Feud*, and *Force*,
 And sev'ral ways of each they do invent.
 But, when *those* seem'd too *fine*, and *these* too *course*,
 To take a middle way is their intent.
 To do *their* buis'ness with *another's* Hand,
 They mean to bribe the *Grandes* of the *Land*.

53.

With *Gold*, and other *Presents* underhand,
 The *ruling men* they to their *Partie* gaine;
 Giving them *speciously* to understand,
 These *Guests* will put a *period* to their *Raigne*:
 That of lewd *Vagabonds* they are a *Band*,
 Who, plying to and fro the *Western Mayne*,
 Live on *Pyratick* spoyle, without (in fine)
 Or *KING*, or *LAWs*, or *humane*, or *divine*.

54.

O how a Perfect *KING* it doth behove
 To chuse his *FAVOURITES* and *COUNCELL* such
 As are lind through with *VERTUE*, and *her* love;
 As feel of *CONSCIENCE* a true *inward* touch!
 For *He* (who in the *highest Orb* doth move)
 Of things *remote* can onely have so much
 Intelligence, whereby to judge, as *They*
 That are his outward *Organs* will convey.

Nor

55.

Nor ev'n on VERTUE let him so much dote,
 T'adore't in *picture*, or without *Controule*
 T'employ't; as some, who in a simple Coat
 Have trust an *Hypocrite* (a *preying Foule*)
 And, if a *Saint* indeed, hee'l speak by rote
 In *worldly* matters: For the *Dove* like foule
 Seeld with an *ANGEL'S Quill*, hath *Eyes* to find
 The way to *Heav'n*, but to the *Earth* is blind.

56.

But *here*, these avaritious *CATUALS*,
 Who did that *Pagan-Kingdom* rule and sway,
Brib'd by *infernal* People to play false,
 The *Portingal-Dispatches* did delay.
 Now the wise *Leader* of the *PORTINGALS*,
 Of all the *Indian Prince* can do, or say,
 Caring for nothing back with him to bring
 But *news* of this *discov'rie* to the King:

57.

In *this alone* takes pains. For well he knew,
 When he should carry back *this news alone*,
 That *Navies*, *Arms*, and *soldiers* would insue
 From *MANUEL*, who fills the *Regal Throne*;
 With which to *CHRIST*, and *Him*, he would subdue
 The *Globe* of *Earth*, and *Sea*: That *Himselfe* s one
 Sent out but as a *Dove*, as a *Line* hurld,
 To *spy*, and *sound*, this *OCEAN*, and this *WORLD*.

58.

Resolv'd he is, the *Pagan King* to find,
 And pray *dispatch*, that he may take his leave;
 Which *now* he sees, those *spightful* People mind
 (If *they* can help it) he shall ne're receive.
 The *King*, who with suggestions of that kind
 Was shook and startled you must needs conceive
 (Too *creduous* to ev'ry *AUGUR'S* word,
 Much more to *All*, and when the *MOORS* concurr'd):

59.

Free'd with this fear hath his ignoble Brest.
 On t'other side the *sacred Thirst* of *Gaine*
 (A *Vice* in *Him* that's *Paramount* the rest)
 Kindles a *fire* which *thaws* that *Frost* againe.
 For his *advantage* he sees manifest,
 If he with *cleer intentions* entertaine,
 And with *firm Actions* cherish, and pursue,
 The *League* which *PORTUGAL* invites him to.

His

60.

His COUNCELL then commanded to attend,
He found no *one* that did in this comply :
Because on *Those*, who should their judgements spend,
Money had done it's office pow'rfully.
For the magnanimous *Captain* he doth send.
To whom (arriv'd) with a *Majestick* Eye;
If, *here*, the pure and naked *Truth*, to me
Thou wilt *confess*; I pardon thee (quoth *He*).

61.

I am assur'd, th' *Ambassage* thou hast done
To *me* in thy *King's* name, is meerly coyn'd :
For that, nor *King*, nor *Countrey* doest *Thou* own,
But (*vagabonding*) sayl'dst with ev'ry wind.
From farthest *SPAINE's* remotest *Region*
Would any *King*, or *Prince* (in his right mind)
A *single ship* much less a *Navy* send,
Through so *incertain* ways to the *WORLD's end*?

62.

And, if *thy King* support his Majesty
Which great and potent *Realms*, which he commands;
Thy *unknown Truth* to prove and testifie,
What pretious *presents* knit this *friendship's* bands ?
" In *Presents* rich, in sumptuous *Gnifts* and high,
" *Kings* speak their loves : *Their Rhet'rick's* in their *Hands*.
A *Hand*, that gives not *Any* falsifies :
Nor will a *Sea-man's* testing it suffice.

63.

If banisht from thy *native soyle* thou be
(As many a *man* hath been of great *Renown*)
Welcom, by *Jove*, both to my *Realms*, and *me* :
" For to the *Valiant* ev'ry *Land's* his own.
Or if, a *Pyrat*, thou infest the *Sea*;
Spare not through *fear*, or *shame*, to make *that* known :
" For in all times, a vital breath to draw,
" *NECESSITIE* hath been *exempt* from *Law*.

64.

He said. *DE GAMA* (finding this *new Face*
Of *Things*, is from the greedy *CATUALLS*;
Suborn'd, by *ISHMAEL's* malicious Race,
The *Royal Ear* to poyson with things false)
With such a high *assurance*, as the Case
Requir'd, instead of fresh *Credentials*,
(Which *VENUS ACIDALIA* did inspire)
To his wise Breast (surcharged) thus gave fire.

If

65.

If the gilt *Cup* of *Lyes* (which *MAN* betrayd
 Out of his *Paradice*) had not *pledg'd* bin
 By our *first Parents*, and by them *convayd*
 From *hand* to *hand* through *foul original sin*;
 Till in the *hand* of *MAHOMET* it stayd,
 Who suckt the very *dreggs* that were therein:
 Most mighty *King*, thou never had'st receiv'd
 This *Calumny* by that damn'd *Self* conceiv'd.

66.

But, in as much as there's no *good* that's *great*
 Done without *great Contract*; and *Actions* tall
 (For man his bread in his *Brows* sweat must eat.)
 That stand *on tiptoe*, are tript at by *All*;
 Therefore *they* brand me for a *Counterfait*,
 Therefore dost *Thou* my *Truth* in question call,
 Although so *cleer*, that *see it* needs thou must,
 Didst thou not *credit* whom thou shouldst *MISTRUST*.

67.

For, if I liv'd by robbing on the *Sea*,
 Or (wreck of *Fortune*) banisht my dear *Home*;
 What need I go so far to seek my *Prey*?
 For unknown *Mansions* need I hither roam.
 What *gain*, what *hopes*, could make me in this way
 To tempt the fury of the *waves* that foam,
Antartick colds, Heats of the *burning line*,
 Where *Aries* hangs, the *Equinoxial sign*?

68.

If on great *Gifts* of estimation high
 The *credit* due to me thou pin and cast;
 My comming now was onely to descry
 Where *NATURE* hath thy ancient *Kingdome* place:
 But to my *Countrey*, and *Dread Leige*, if *I*
 Through *Fortune's* goodness get, long *Seas* re-past;
 At my return I promise thee (O *King*)
 That such *CREDENTIALS* never man did bring.

69.

If unto *Thee* an uncouth thing it show,
 That, where her farthest Arm *HESPERIA* flings,
 A *King* should send me to thee, *Thou* should'st know
 That nothing possible is hard to *Kings*.
 Then *Kings* of *PORTUGALS* (if *this* be so)
 May be allow'd, for spreading of their wings,
 Something of greater, and of larger scope,
 Then what is giv'n for *common Kings* to hope.

Know

70.

Know, that for sev'ral *Generations* past
 Our Kings have firmly purpos'd in their hearts,
 With all those *Toyles* and *Dangers* to contrast
 Where with *Heroick* deeds whole *NATURE* thwarts:
 And (*Enemies* to *sloath*) of th'*OCEAN* vast
 Piercing into the undiscover'd Parts,
 Aspir'd to know the end of it, and where
 The farthest *Countreys*, which it washes, were.

71

The worthy *Project* of the learned *Branch*
 Of that *victorious King*, who, to displant
 From his dear *Nest*, did through the *Sea* first lanch,
 Of *AVILA* the last *Inhabitant*.
 He joyning *one* unto *another* planch,
 (As far from *Idle* as from *Ignorant*.)
 Discover'd all those *Parts*, which lighted are
 By *Argo*, *Hydra*, th'*Altar*, and the *Hare*.

72.

Gath'ring fresh courage *then* from the event,
 In that those first *endeavours* prov'd not vain,
 Discov'ring farther new *Advent'urers* went
 Successively the secrets of the *Maine*.
 Th'*Inhabitants* of *AFRICK*, That frequent
 Her *SOUTHERN CAPE*, and never saw *CHARLSWAYN*,
 Were seen by *These*: leaving behind each *Isle*,
 And *Continent*, which Both the *Tropicks* broyle.

73.

With this so high *Resolve*, and fixt therein,
 Our *Nation* quell'd, and triumpht over *Chance*:
 Till *I*, now ending what *Those* did begin,
 The farthest *Pillar* in thy *Realm* advance.
 Breaking the *Element* of molten *Tyn*,
 Through horrid storms *I* lead to *thee* the *Dance*;
 From whom (to carry to my *King*) I ask
 Onely a *sign* that I have done my *Task*.

74.

This is *Truth* (*King*) For, for so doubtful gain
 So inconsiderable a *Content*,
 As (were it other) I could hope; so vain
 A *lye*, and formal, I would scorn t'invent.
 No, on the restless *Bosome* of the *MAYN*,
 To set my *Rest* up, I would first consent
 Forever; and by *Pyracy* to get
 An unjust living out of others sweet.

So

75.

So that, O KING! if my great *Veritie*
 Thou hold (as 'tis) for single and sincere;
 Dispatch me to my *Prince* with brevity,
 Hold me no longer from my *Country* deare.
 But if the scruple still remain in thee,
 Ponder the *Reasons* I have render'd *Here*;
 I lay them in thy piercing *judgements scale*
 Secure: "For great is *Truth*, and will prevail.

76.

The *King* markt all along the *Confidence*
 Which *DE GAME* ev'n proved his discourse.
 A full assurance of his *Innocence*,
 A perfect credit did this speech inforce.
 He weighs the copious *Words*'s magnificence,
 Th'authoritie with which they fetch their source:
 Thinks now the *CATUALL* deceived is;
 But He is *brib'd*: and so he thinks amis,

77.

Added to this, his avaritious Eye
 Upon the gainful Trade of *PORTUGALL*
 Makes him obey; and rather to comply
 With the brave *Captain*, then the *Moorish* gall.
 In short, he bids *DE GAMA* presently
 Get him aboard his *Fleet*; and, without all
 Suspect of harm, whatever *Merchandise*
 To send ashore to sell, or truck for Spice.

78.

In fine, he bids him send of every thing
 That in *Gangetic Kingdoms* is not met;
 Ifought that fits them from that *Land* he bring
 Where the *Land* ends begins the *Ocean* great
 Now, from the awful presence of the *King*,
 Illustrious *GAMA* parteth; to intreat
 The *CATUALL*, That of the *Ports* had charge,
 (His *Own* from shore) to order him a *Barge*.

79.

A *Barge* he prays from this illustrious Lord:
 But this is more, then he is well content
 (As ruminating mischief) to afford:
 Pretending this and that impediment.
 Yet (as in order to his going aboard)
 Far from the *Royal Court* with *Him* he went,
 Where *he* (unnoted by the *King*) may write,
 To *Avarice* what *malice* did indite.

Z

He

80.

He tells him, yonder afar off, that He
 Hath imbarcation fitter for his turn;
 Or that to morrow it may better be,
 If he till then his going will adjourn.
 Now did abused G A M A plainly see,
 By this *put off* unto another morn,
 The *great one* too is in the *Moorish* plot:
 Which t l. that instant he suspected not.

81.

This C A T U A L was *one* (and *first*) of Those
 That were corrupted by that crooked *Self*:
 And whom the S A M O R I M (that lov'd him) chose
 Th' Affairs of all his *Empire* to direct.
 In *Him alone* those *devils* now repose.
 To bring their plotted Treason to effect.
 He (who consents to break his *Master's* faith)
 Steps not an inch beside *their* chalked path.

82.

To be dispatcht D E G A M A begs, and prays,
 But begs in vain, in vain he pray'rs lets fall:
 Protests th' *Embargue*; now will this please (he says)
 The noble *Successor* of P E R I M A L.
 Why these *Impediments*, why these *delays*,
 When he should fetch the *Goods* of P O R T U G A L?
 Since, what commands the *Sou'raign* of a *Land*,
 None hath authority to countermand.

83

The bribed C A T U A L small reck'ning made
 Of this *Protest*: rather in spiteful mood
 Some never-heard of *Treason* (to be weigh'd
 Out of the Stygian dam) within did brood.
 Or, how he may imbrew his cursed Blade
 In those detested veins, confid'ring stood:
 Or, how the *Ships* he may blow up, or burn.
 That they may never into S P A I N E return.

84.

Thus it (ev'n that they never see S P A I N E more)
 For which the M O O R S infernal *Funs* a bribe:
 That so they may not wealthy I N D I A's shore
 Unto the *King* of P O R T U G A L describe.
 In fine D E G A M A goes not: the R E G I D O R E
 Forbids, in favour of that barbarous *Trib*.
 Nor without his permission can it be:
 For a stop laid on all the Boats had He.

To

85.

To all the *Captain's* importunities,
 The *Pagan* bids him in a word, command
 (For the more ready truck of Merchandize)
 To have his *ships* brought close up to the Land:
 It is the way of *Thieves*, and *Enemies*
 (He says) at distance with their *Fleets* to stand.
 "No sign so sure of one that *Ill* intends
 "As to suspect *ill dealings* from his *Friends*.

86.

Wise *GAMA* understood by half a word,
 The Cause the *CATUAL* did ne'er desire
 To have the *ships*, was, that with *fire* and *Sword*
 He *openly* might wreake on them his *Ire*.
 'Twas time (he thought) he *now* himself bestir'd,
 That he assemble *now* his *Wits* intire.
 His *Fancy* musters, to defeat all plots:
 All things he fears, and all things counterplots.

87.

As of a *Mirror*, the reflected light,
 Of burnisht *Steel*, or *Cristal* without stain,
 Which struck by *SOL* (as if in fell despight)
 Strikes the next *man* it meets, or *Thing* again:
 And (mov'd by nimble *Hand* of some young *spright*
 About the *House*, who is in gamefome *vain*)
 Skips on the *Floor*, the *Roof*, the *Wall*, the *Chaire*,
 And has you *here*, and *There*, and *ev'ry where*.

88.

So shot the wav'ring *Fancy* to and fro
 Of circumspect *DE GAMA*, imagining
 That possibly the *Boats*, *COELLIO*
 Might to the shore (as he had order'd) bring.
 Back to the *Navy* (if that were) to row,
 He sends to Him forthwith advertising;
 On *Him*, or *That*, lest ought attempted be
 By the *MOORS* cruel *Infidelitie*.

89.

Such should be *All*, who in *war's* Trade profound
 Would imitate and match illustrious men;
 Fly like the *Needle* all the *Compass* round,
 First divine *Dangers*, and prevent them *then*,
 With martial skill try ev'ry depth, and ground,
 And for the *Foe's* one fence play shew Him *ten*.
 Believe all *is*, that *maybe*: For (in brieve)
 "To say, *I thought* is ugly in a *Captain*.

90.

The MALABAR protests, that he shall rot
 In prison, if he send not for the *Ships*.
He (*constant*, and with noble *Anger* hot)
 His haughty *menace* weighs not at two chips.
All, that base *malice* dares or *do*, or *plot*,
 When her black trailing bowels forth she rips,
 Alone hee'l bear, e're he will dis-ensure
 His *King's Armada* which he hath secure.

91.

All that long *night*, and *part* he *there* was held
 Of the next day, when to the SAMORIM
 He means again to go: but was withheld
 By a strong *Guard* plac'd in the entry dim.
 The *Pagan* (seeing how he still rebell'd,
 And fearing lest the *King* should punish *Him*
 In case he knew, as know he must e're long,
 If this restraint proceed, the barb'rous wrong)

92.

Bids him then send for, and expose to sale,
 Not *some*, but *all* the *Merchandise* he brought;
 That men may buy and truck in open scale:
 "For where *free Trade* is barr'd there *war* is fought,
 DE GAMA (though he pierce through this thin vail
 And plainly views the *Evil* of his *Thought*)
 Consents thereto: because he well doth see
 That with his *Goods* he buys his *libertie*:

93.

Th'agreement is, that *Boats* the *Pagan* find
 Such as are fit to Land the *Merchandise*,
 For to send *his* the *Captain* doth not mind
 To be embark'd, or sunk by *Enemies*:
 To fetch such *Spanish wares*, as *Vend* in *YND*,
 Are soon dispatcht, the *Indian Almadies*.
 The *Captain* to his *Brother* writes, to lade
 The *Goods* with which his *Ransom* must be payde

94.

Landed they are: which wondrously doth please
 The *CATUAL's* infamous *Avarice*:
 Therewith doth *DIEGO* stay, and *ALVAREZ*:
 With pow'r to truck, or sell them at a price.
 That (*more*, then *KING*, *Pray's*, *Honor*, or *All these*)
 Upon a soul infected with that *Knee*
 A *Bribe* can do, the *Pagan* heere doth show:
 Who, for the *Goods* did let *DE GAMA* go.

For

95.

For *Those*, he lets *Him* go: before he quit
 The *Pawn*, on which he *now* hath layd his hand,
 Meaning a better penny thence to git
 Then if he kept the *Captain* still on Land,
He (scapt out of the *Trap*) thinks it no wit
 On t'other side, to come within command
 Again: but (safely got aboard his *Fleet*)
 In his own *Nest* takes sleeps secure, and sweet.

96.

At leisure *then* he walks upon his *Decks*
 To see what *Time* and *Patience* will bring forth.
 No *Ruler* hath he *there* to make him vex:
 Imperious, brib'd, without or *shame*, or *worth*.
 Now let the judging *Reader* mark what *Rex*
 The *Idol Gold* (which all the World ador'th)
 Plays both in *Poor* and *Rich*: by *Money's* Thurst
 All *Laws* and *Tyes* (Divine, and *Humane*) burst.

97.

Slain by the *Tracian* King, to seize a vast
 Intrusted Treasure, *POLIDORO* was.
 When stern *ACRYSIUS* thought his *Daughter* fast,
 A *Show'r* of gold did pierce a *Tow'r* of *Brass*.
 The yellow *Bracelets* of the *Foes*, did cast
 Such tempting beams on the *TARPEIAN LASS*,
 That she, for *Those*, the *Tow'r* of *ROME* unbar'd:
 Who brain'd her with the *Bribe* for a reward.

98

This strongest *Fort*s subverts, and overthrows:
 Makes *Kindred*, *Kindred*; and *Friends*, *Friends* betray.
This noble-men ignobly doth dispose:
 Delivers *Captains* to their *Foes* a Prey.
This blasts of pure *Virginitie* the *Rose*:
 Trampling on *Fame* and *honour* by the way.
This bribes ev'n *LIBERALL ARTS* (it's pow'r is such)
 Makes *JUDGEMENT* have no sight, *CONSCIENCE* no touch.

99.

This, in unheard of *Sences* *Text*s doth take:
This makes and unmakes *Laws* in the same case:
This perjures *Subjects*, and *This* *KING*s doth make
 Stoop to the *Lure*, like *Eagles* from their place.
 Ev'n *golden minds* (of *those* That *All* forsake
 For *GOD*) this *Antichrist* doth debase
 To vilest mettle: with this *Diff'rence* though,
 That still *These* glister with a *holy show*.
 End of the eighth Canto.

Ninth Canto.

STANZA. 1.

Long in the *City* the Two *Faſtors* lay,
 Without diſpatching off the *Merchandize*.
 So many *rubbs* are ſcatter'd in their way
 By the falſe *INFIDELS*, that no man buyes.
 All, *Theſe* deſign thereby; is to delay
INDIA'S Diſcov'ers There (whom *they* call *ſpyes*)
 Arriv'd till they the Fleet of *Mecha* ſee,
 With which this *other* overwhelm'd may be.

2.

At the far end o'th'*ENITHREAN SEA*
 Where (calling it by his dear *Siſter's* name)
 The goodly *City* of *ARSINOR*
 (Which afterwards to be call'd *Suez* came)
 Was founded by *EGYPTIAN PTOLOME*,
 The Port of *Mecha* lyes: which hath it's fame
 From *MAHOM's* ſuperſtitious *Lavatory*,
 Promiſing *Heav'n* through watry *Purgatory*.

3.

GIDDA the Port is call'd, in which did meet
 The Trade of that *RED SEA* and flouriſht moſt:
 The *Gain* whereof was not a little ſweet
 To *EGYPT's Soldan* who then rul'd that Coaſt.
 From hence to *MALABAR* a warlike Fleet
 Of *INFIDELS* the *Indian Ocean* croſt
 Each year, in that *EMPORIUM* to find
 Health-giving *Drugs*, and *Spices* of each kind.

4

The *Ships* expected by the *Moors*, are *Theſe*,
 With which (not onely great, but built for *Fight*)
 Them, who ſupplant their *Traffick* in thoſe Seas,
 To wrap and burn in crackling flames and bright.
 In this Sure Card themſelves they ſo much pleaſe,
 That, all they wiſh to gorge their Appetite,
 Is, that the *Strangers* will but ſtay ſo long
 Till from ſam'd *Mecha* come this *Navy* ſtrong.

But

5.

But the GREAT GOVERNOR of *Heav'n and Earth*
 (Who, for what *He* before all Time did doom,
 Likewise decreed fit means, which to the birth
 Should bring the same when the full Time should come)
 Kindled unlikely love on the cold *Hearth*
 Of a MOOR'S breast (*MONSAYDES*) sending whom
 Before, *He* to *DE GAMA* gave advice
 Of *All*, and for his payns had *PARADICE*.

6.

This man (of whom the MOORS had no suspicion,
 Being *one* himself, but on the contrary
 To all their secret *junta's* gave admission)
 Did to the *Captain* this *foule play* descry.
He visits oft the *Fleet*, and repetition
 Makes of his visits oft, though far it lye:
 To heart he lays the danger it is in,
 Through the black *Project* of the *SARACIN*.

7.

He tells the cautious *GAMA* of the *Fleet*.
 Which from *ARABIAN MECHA* comes each yeere.
 And how those Countrey men do thirst to see't,
 As a sure *Engin* to destroy him there.
 That it comes stuf't with *Soldiers*, and in *It*
 Doth horrid *Thunderbolts* of *VULCAN* beare:
 So that confid'ring, how his own is bruist.
 It may thereby be overpowr'd and cruist.

8:

DE GAMA, besides *this*, considering
 That now the time it self calls him away;
 And that for better answer from the *King*
 (Who loves the MOORS) he may till doomsday stay:
 Sends one ashore, the *Factors* summoning
 To come aboard forthwith; and, lest that *They*
 Be stopt, if their intent perceiv'd should be,
 Commands them do it with all secrecie.

9.

But long it was not e're a rumour went
 (And it fell out to be a rumour true)
 That the two *Factors* were to prison sent,
 'Cause from the *City* they by stealth withdrew.
 The *Captain*, seeing which way the world went,
 Seiz'd (by *Reprisal*) without more ado
 Some, That were then aboard his *ship*, lin'd well
 With *Precious Stones* which they desir'd to sell.

10.

Grave *CitiZens*, and wealthy were *These* all;
 Well known, and well allide in *CALICUT*;
 Therefore, to see them bound for *PORTUGALI*,
 Into an *uproare* did the *City* put.
 For streight to work the sturdy *Sea-men* fall:
 The *Capstone* roles, their *sev'ral* strengths set to't
 In *sev'ral* manners: *some* the *Cable* halling,
 With the *Bar* others their hard *bosoms* galling.

11

This, hangs by the *main-yard*; and now untyes
 The flowing *Saile*, with a great *cry* displayd:
 When to the *SAMORIM* with greater *cryes*
 Is told how hastily the *CAPTAIN* waigh'd.
Their Wives and *Children* (trust up in this wise
 That are) a noyse, as they were murther'd made
 In the *KING*'s hearing; screaming they should lose,
 These their dear *Fathers*: their deare *Husbands*, *Those*.

12.

The *Lusitanian Merchants*; with the *Ware*,
 (There's no delaying) freely he remands,
 Although thereat the *MOORS* do stamp and stare,
 Or else his *own* must visit uncouth Lands.
 With all *excuses*, to make things look faire,
 Sends to his King. *DE GAME* (who understands
 The *Restitution*, better then the *Cringe*)
 Returns some *BLACKS*, and gives the *ships* their swinge.

13.

He *coasts* it homewards, fully satisfy'de
 That he in vain solicits with *that* King
 A *peace* and *friendship*, to be ratify'de
 By mutual Trade, as he propos'd the thing.
 But, having now that noble Land descry'de
 Which lay much hid under the *Morning*'s wing,
 For his deare *Countrey* with this *news* is bound:
 Carrying sure *signes* of that which he hath found.

14.

He carries *MALABARS*, retain'd by Him
 Perforce, of *Those*, who the stopt *Factors* brought
 Aboard from the inforced *SAMORIM*.
 He carries burning *Pepper*, which he brought;
Nutmegs (the which their own dry'de flow'rs up trim)
 From *BANDA*; the black *Clove* (for which is sought
 MOLUCO'S ISLE) and *Cinnamon*, through which
 CEYLAN is noble, beautiful, and rich.

All

15.

All *these* provided by the diligence
 Of good MONSAYDE, whom he carries too :
 Who fir'd with *Evangelick* influence
 To have his name writ in CHRIST's book doth sue.
 O happy AFRICAN! whom PROVIDENCE
 DIVINE, out of *infernal darkness* drew;
 And, so far from thy *Countrey*, found a way
 To thy *true Countrey* to reduce thee, stray.

16.

Thus vanish from the spicy Territory
 The happy *ships*, whose *Prows* directly stand
 OF GOOD HOPE pointing at THE PROMONTORY
 (*South-Bound* of NATURE fixt by her own Hand);
 Bearing the evidence and welcom story
 To LISBON of the *oriental Land*:
 Once more committed to the rude annoy
 Of *Seas* uncertain betwixt *fear* and *joy*.

17.

That they are going to their *Countrey* deare,
 To their dear *Parents*, and *Aboads* at last;
 To tell their wond'rous *Navigation*, there,
 The various *Nations* seen, and *Dangers* past;
 That now the *Harvest* of their *Toyles* is neare,
 The *Fruits* of their *Adventure* ripe to tast;
 Is such a *joy* as cannot be *express'd*
 By their faint *Tongue* pent in their narrow *Brest*.

18.

But CYPRUS's *Queen*, who by the *King* of HEAV'N
 Was made the LUSITANIANS's *Patronefs*,
 And for a *Guardian Angel* to them giv'n,
 To whom she many yeers hath prov'd no less;
Glory, for which they have so bravely striv'n,
 Amends for their so well indur'd distress,
 Means them by way of *earnest* beforehand;
 And in sad *Seas* the *Pleasures* of the *Land*.

19.

Having a while revolved in her thought
 The world of *Sea* which they have back to pass,
 The world of *Woes*, that God on them had brought;
 In AMPHIONIAN *THEBES* twice-born that was:
 It is her purpose, *joys*, so dearly bought
 With *Griefs*, to fill them in an ample glass;
 To cook them some *delights*, find them some nest,
 Where in the rolling *Empire* they may rest.

Aa

In

20.

In fine an *Inn* of *pleasure* by the way
 To *bait* and *strengthen* tyr'd *Humanity* :
 To give her gallant *Sea-men* (not their *Pay*,
 But) the use *here* of fair *ETERNITY*.
 She means to tell't her *Son*, and well she may ;
 For, with *his shafts* it is, she makes the *high*
 GODS, stoop to the *base ground* : and, with *his fire*,
 Unworthy mortals to *bright Heav'n* aspire. .

21.

This well digested, she resolves in fine
There, in the middle of the *briny frost*,
 To have in readiness an *Ile* *Divine*,
 With *flow'rs* on *green inameld* and *imboft* :
 For she hath many in those *Seas*, which joyned
 To that *blest Land* which our *first mother* lost ;
 Besides those sweet ones in the *Midland Seas*,
 Impounded by the *Gates* of *HERCULES*.

22

There will she have th' *Aquatick maids* prepare
 To these rare men their *graces* to impart ;
 All that are honor'd with the name of *Faire*
 (The *glory* of the *Eye*, *Bane* of the *Heart*)
 With *Balls*, and *Banquets blithe* and *debonayre* :
 For she inspires into their *breasts* the *dart*
 Of *secret love*, that *they* with all their *might*
 Of their *Gallants* may study the *delight*.

23

Such once her *Project*, for the man she bare
 To *TROY'S ANCHISES* neer to *SIMOIS'S flood*;
 To get him *welcome* in that *City* fair
 Which in the compass of an *Oxe-hide* stood.
 Her *boy* she seeks (for, without *Him*, her rare
Beauty is nothing) *CUPID* giv'n to *blood* :
 That, as to *Him* of *yore* she recommends
 Her *sailing son*, so *now*, her *sailing Friends*.

24.

She yokes those *Birds* unto her *Coach* of *gold*
 Which sing their own sad *Dinge* with long *white necks* :
 And *those*, into the which was turn'd of old
PERISTERA, That gather'd *flow'rs* by *pecks*.
 The flying *Goddess These* in *Rings* enfold,
 Exchanging *kisses* with *lascivious Beaks*.
 She, where she *passes*, makes the *Wind* to *lye*
 With *gentle motion*, and *serenes* the *skye*.

Over

25.

Over *Idalian* Mountains *now* she hung,
 The *winged Boy* residing in that Land,
 To get an *Army* up of *Bow-men* young.
 For a great *War* which he hath then in hand
 Against the rebel *W O R L D*; where late have sprung
 Much *Weeds*, as he is giv'n to understand :
 Loving those things, wherewith 'tis richly stor'd,
 To be made use of, not to be ador'd.

26.

He sees *A C T E O N* hunting, so inclin'd
 To that mad *sport*, and brutal *exercise*,
 That a deform'd *wild-beast* to follow (blind)
 The Beauty of a *humane* Face he flies :
 And (to torment him with a *Fair Unkind*)
 Shews stript *D I A N A* to his gazing eyes.
 Now, let him take good heed he do not prove
 A *Prey*, ev'n to those *Hounds* he doth so love.

27.

He sees the *great ones* of each Land, that none
 Have *Publike Good* so much as in their *Eye* :
 Sees they love nothing but themselves alone ;
 Which is part *Intrest*, and part *Philantye*.
Courtiers he sees (men That besiege a *Throne*)
 How for *true Doctrine* they vent *Flattery*.
 'Tis husbandry *these* like not in a *King*
 To weed the *Flow'rs* out of his *Corn* in *Spring*.

28.

He sees, how *Those* that owe a *vowed* love
 To *Povertie*, and *Charitie* to *Men*,
 Love *Riches* onely, and to floate Above,
 Pretending *justice*, and a *Conscience* clean.
 They tell the *People*, what doth *Them* behove ;
O B E D I E N C E, in the *deed*, the *Tongue*, the *Pen*.
 Laws they set up in favour of the *C R O W N*,
 Laws in the *People's* favour they pull down.

29.

He sees, in fine, none love that which they should
 But onely what complies with some vain lust :
 Therefore his hands can *be* no longer hold
 From *punishments* that may be *sharp*, yet *just*.
 His *Captains* prickt, his *Soldiers* are inrol'd
 Fit for a *War* which undertake *he* must,
 With the misgovern'd *World* : whereby to quell
 All that persist against him to rebel.

A a 2

Swarms

30.

Swarms of these little *Hov'ers* (newly flown)
 At sev'ral *works*, busie as *Bees*, are all;
 Some whetting *Arrow-Heads* on bloody *Hane*,
 Others the shafts of *Arrows* shaving small.
Working they *sing*, and *sing* of love alone,
 And then that *Love* it is *Seraphical*:
 In *Parts*; and in the *burthen* all do joyne;
 The *Ditty* excellent, the *Tune* Divine.

31.

On the immortal *Anvils* (where their *Arts*
 They use, the *steeled points* to forge, and fit)
 Instead of *Embers* there are burning *Hearts*,
 Which bring their *Bellows* with them (panting yit):
 The *streams*, with which they temper their *steel'd darts*,
Tears, which from miserable *LOVERS* flit:
 The sparckling *flame*, the never-quenched *fire*,
 (Which *burns*, and not *consumes* them) is *desire*.

32.

Some of these *Archers* exercise their *Hand*
 On the hard *Bosomes* of the *Vulgar* rude;
 The *bar'd Ayre* his't (by this we understand
 The *fighings* of the wounded *multitude*);
 For *Sugeons*, *Nymphs* to *Cure* them ready stand,
 With *Sov'raign Vertue* to this end indu'd:
 Who, to the *Hurt* not onely life can give,
 But make, ev'n *them* that ne're were *born* to live.

33.

Some of these *Nymphs* are faire, and some are not,
 According to the *Nature* of the *Wound*:
 Into the *blood* if once the *Taint* be got,
 Oft ugly *Treacle* gives the *Patient* found.
 There are, whom *Spells* and *Philsters* do besot;
 Nay'd to their *Seates*, they wifs not how and bound:
 Where *this* is, *LOVE* hath us'd against frail'e *Hearts*
Unlawful weapons, shooting *poysen'd darts*.

34.

From these *raw Soldiers*, out of *ranke* and *life*,
 A thousand rash, and senceless *Darts* are sped:
 A thousand senceless *loves* are born the while
 In the low *People*, to be pittied.
 Ev'n amongst *Those* in *highest Forms*, of *vile*
 And horrid *Love* are thousand *patterns* read:

BIBLIS, and *MYRRA*, for *one sex*; for *t'other*,
Th'ASSYRIAN SON, and the *JUDEAN BROTHER*.
 And

35.

And *you* (Great *Lords*) by *shepherdesses* meant
 Under the yoke of *LOVE* have oft been brought,
 And *you* (great *Ladies*) with rude *Clowns* unclean
 In *VULCAN*'s subtle *Nets* have oft been caught:
Some, watching the dim fall of the *Serene*;
Some, pitchie *Night*, o're *Tiles*, or *Walks* to vault.
 Though for these *sordid fires* (if *right we did*)
 More then the *Son* the *Mother* should be chid.

36.

But the swift *Coach* now softly on the *Green*
 The white *Swans* (ballanc't in their *Harnes*) put;
 On which *DIONE* (in whose *Cheek* is seen
 The *Snow-mixt Rose*) sets light her milky foot.
 The *Archer* meets her with a jocund meen
 Who shoots at *HEAV'N*, and doth not miss the *But*.
 With *Him* in *Squadron* his *SUB-CUPIDS* move,
 To do their *Homage* to the *QUEEN OF LOVE*.

37.

she (not to spend the pretious time in vain)
 Snatching her Child up, confidently said;
 Dear Son, in *whom*, and whose strong *Arm*, I reign;
 And the Foundations of my *Pow'r* are laid;
Son, in *whom* all my *strengths* always remain;
Who feard st not *Them*; That made great *Jove* afraid;
 I have a special buis'ness to be done,
 In which I greatly need *thy* pow'r my Son.

38.

The *LUSITANIANS*, harast out, behold!
 Who are my *Care* of long *Antiquity*;
 Because my *Friends* (the *Fates*) to me had told,
 Wheree're *They* go, my worshipt name should fly.
 And, for they imitate my *ROMANS* old
 In all *Heroick* Actions, therefore I
 Resolve, for them to do a *Guardian's* duty,
 And raise the *Posse* of the *Realm of Beauty*.

39.

And, since the malice of the God of Wine
 Spun them new troubles upon *Indian-ground*,
 When from the furies of the swelling *Brine*
 They crope out weather-beaten, and half-drown'd;
 Therefore in middle of the *Sea* (in fine)
 Which they their bitter enemies have found,
 And neer that *INDIA*, I would have them breathe,
 And of their *Labours* the *first-fruits* receive.

As

40.

As wanton *Fishes* then therein are strook,
 So do *Thou* strike the fair *NEREIDES*;
 That on these *LUSITANIANS* they may look
 With *amorous* eyes, who carry home the Keys
 Of their discover'd World. Sick with the Hook
 Let them on shore an *Isle*; an *Isle* (in *Seas*
Immense) which *I* have deckt with all the Flow'rs.
 Or *ZEPHYRUS* breathes, out; or *FLORA*, pow'rs.

41.

There with a thousand *dishes* delicate,
 With oderiferous *Wines*, and *Roses* sweet,
 In crystal *Palaces* immaculate,
 In *lillie sheets* (they whiter then the sheet)
 In fine with thousand joys past *Vulgar* rate,
 Let the obliging *Nymphs* their *Heroes* meet
 (wounded with *love*) and yield up *Nature's* treasure,
 To be all ranfact at the *Victor's* pleasure.

42.

In *NEPTUNE'S Realm* (to which I owe my birth)
 A fair and manly *Off-spring* would I have;
 To serve for *pattern* to the Bastard-Earth,
 Which with rebellious Heart thy *pow'r* doth brave:
 That men may know, From *Thee*, the Foe of mirth
Hypocrisie, nor *walls of brass* can save.
 Ill can it be resisted on the *Land*,
 If in the *Sea* burn thy immortal *Brand*.

43.

She had not ended when the *Wag* her Son
 Prepares himself to do as he was told:
 Calls for his *Iv'ry Bow*, ingrav'd upon,
 Whose *Arrow-points* are tagg'd with heads of *Gold*.
 Ravisht with joy the *CYPRIAN PARRAGON*
 Sets the *Boy* by her, in her *Coach*, which troll'd,
 The rains enlarged to those *Birds*, whose *Song*
 The death of *PHATHON* laments so long.

44.

But we do want a certain necessary
 Woman, to broke between them *CUPID* said;
 Whom, though to *Him* she had been oft contrary,
 Yet, of his side, he had as often made:
Rash Boaster, who both *Eyes* and *Truths* doth carry,
Sister to *Them* that did the *Gods* invade,
 Who with a thousand *Tongues* spreads where she flies,
 That which she saw but with a *hundred eyes*.

Her

45.

Her find they out, and make her go before :
 Who with a ratling *Trumpet* doth proclaim
 The *Praises* of the *Navigators* more
 Then of all else she e're vouchsaf't to name.
 Now in the hollows of the *Rocks* did roare,
 And the hoarse *Waves*, the piercing voice of *FAME*.
Truth she relates, and *Truth* esteem'd to be,
 For with the *Goddess* went *CREDULITY*.

46.

Brib'd with this *Praise*, this excellent *Report*,
 The *Gods* (whom *BACCHUS* so inflam'd had erst
 Against these gallant men, in *NEPTUNE'S* Court)
 With passion for them are a little pierc'd.
 The female *Breasts* (that quit with less effort
 The prejudices they receiv'd at first)
 Now call it an ill *Zeale*, a cruel *mind*;
 Which to such *Vertue* made them prove unkind.

47.

The bloody *Boy* strikes while the *Iron's* hot.
 Shafts, follow shafts, the *Sea* roares with his shoors.
Some, through the fickle *Waves* point blank are shot :
Some, hit on *Rocks* ; nor, to be rocks, it boots.
 Down drop the *Nymphs*, each hath her death wound got,
 All dart out burning sighs from their heart-Roots ;
 No *Face* yet seen: " For Shafts, which *Love* lets flye,
 " Kill in the *Eare* as sure as in the *Eye*.

48.

With doubled force the *Lad*, that tam'd was never,
 Makes the two *horns* meet of his *Iv'ry Moon*.
 More, then of *All*, he aims at *THEY'S* Liver :
 For more then *All* hath she against him done.
 Now not one shaft is left in all his *Quiver*;
 In all the *Sea* *NYMPH* left alive not one:
 Or if (being hurt) they live, it is for *This*,
 That they may feel how sweet such dying is.

49.

Make room, ye azure Billows of the *Deep* :
 Loe ! *VENUS* comes, and brings the *Medicine* with her !
 The pregnant *Sayles* on *NEPTUNE'S* surface creep,
 Like her own *Swans*, in *Gate*, out-chest, and *Father*.
 That their desires like equal pace may keep,
 And neither to great *Love* complain of either,
 The *Mens* bold fires shall press chaste *HYMENS* bands ;
 The *Female-Blush* do *BEAUTY'S* *QUEENS* commands.

50.

All the faire *Quire* of the *NEREIDES*
 Is now prepar'd, and in a lofty Dance
 (After their *loving* custome) through the *Seas*
 To th' *Isle* by *VENUS* shew'd, at once advance.
 The skilful *Goddeſs* there erudiates *Theſe*
 In all ſhe did, when *LOVE* her Breasts did lance.
They, whom the *Sea* had conquer'd, are not nice
 To liſten to the *Mother's* ſweet advice.

51

The lofty *ſhips* went cutting the vaſt *Sea*
 In their long *Voyage* to their *Countrey* deare,
 Leaft *that*, they had, ſhould fail them by the way,
 Proling about for water *freſh*, and *cleare*.
 When (to their ſuddain joy) at break of day
 Th' *inamour'd* *Iſle* doth to them *All* appeare.)
 Streight *MEMNON's* mother, delicate and faire,
 Spread all her ſweetneſs through the purged *Ayre*.

52.

They ſee *Aloofe* the *Iſland* *freſh*, and *green*,
 Which *VENUS* carries floating on the *Main*,
 Juſt as the *Wind* does their white *ſayles*; and ſeen
 The *ſhips* are from the *Iſle* too, but not plain.
 For, leſt by *Theſe* o'reſhot it ſhould have been,
 Making her *Wiſh*, and *Preparations*, vain;
 (What cannot *VENUS ACIDALIA* do?
 She mov'd it *plum* in the *Armada's* view.

53.

But fixt it; when ſhe ſaw, *They* ſaw, and fought
 The *Iſland* with their *Keels*: ſo, on the *Floods*
 Was *DELOS* fixt, when forth *LATONA* brought
APOLLO, and the *GODDESSE OF THE WOODS*.
 Thither through ſliced *Seas* their way they wrought
 Where a calm *Bay* the crooking *ſhore* includes,
 Whoſe glifſ'ning *Sands* with interſuſed *vains*
 Of purple *Cockles* *CYTHEREA's* ſtains.

54.

Three goodly *Mountains* with a graceful pride
 Thrust their majestick *Heads* into the *Ayre*
 (With green imbroydred *Hangings* beautify'd)
 In this gay *Iſle* delicious, *freſh*, and *faire*.
 From their three *Tops* three crystal *Springs* did glide,
 Lacing the *Liv'ry* their rich *Margents* ware.
 Jumping on *Peebles* while their *Cryſtals* brake:
 Such *Muſick* never *Water-works* did make.

55.

In a pure *Valley* which those *Hills* divides,
 As by appointment the three *Currents* meet,
 Shaping a *Table* with proportion'd sides,
 Broad, and beyond imagination, sweet.
 A *Fringe* of *Trees* hangs over it, and prides
 It self, in so cleer *Glasses* it self to greet:
Now prancks its *locks* therein, and *now* retires;
Now looks again, and its own form admires.

56.

A thousand gallant *Trees* to *Heav'n* up-shoot
 With *Apples*, odoriferous, and faire:
 The *Orange-tree* hath in her sightly fruit
 The colour *DAPHNE* boasted in her *Haire*:
 The *Citron-tree* bends almost to her Root
 Under the yellow burthen which she bare:
 The goodly *Lemmons* with their *button-Caps*,
 Hang imitating *Virgins* fragrant *Paps*.

57.

The *savage-trees* (That doe the *Forest* there
 With *leavie-Haire* innoble and adorn)
 Are, *Poplars* of *ALCIDES*; *Laurels*, deare
 In vain unto the *GOLDEN GOD UNSHORN*;
Myrtles of *VENUS*; the proud *Pine* severe,
 That *CYBELLE* for meaner love did scorn.
 The speared *Cypress*, from this vale of *Vice*,
 Stands pointing at *CELESTIAL PARADICE*:

58

The fruit *POMONA* gives, *NATURE* bestowes
 Her lib'rally, and in the kinds all good;
 Better then *elsewhere* it in *Gardens* growes,
 'Tis *beer* undrest, unplanted in the *Wood*;
 The *Cherry*, that begs *outside* from the *Rose*;
 The *Mulberry*, stain'd with *true-Lovers* blood;
 The *Peach*, translated from its *Mother-soile*
 In *PERSIA*, and made better by *Exile*.

59.

Th'ingenuous *Pomgranat* shews his Heart,
 With which Thou, *Rubie*, lovest thy esteem:
 From her lov'd *Elme* the *Vine* doth not depart,
 Her Clusters loading *Him*, some red, some green:
 And, *Pear* pyramidall, if loth thou art
 To dye before thy time, hide thee between
 The Leaves; for to anticipate thy Fate
 Ten thousand feather'd *Minsbrels* lye in waite.

B b

The

60.

The fine and noble *Carpets* then (which *there*
 Lye to be trod on by the meanest Plant)
 Make those of *PERSIA*, *course*; and *pleasanter*
These of the gloomy Valley *All* will grant.
NARCISsus, there, over the water cleere
 Hangs his sick head, who what he had, did want.
There flaunts the *Grand-child-Son* of *CYNARAS*,
 For whom Thou, *PAPHIAN QUEEN*, cry'st yet, *alas*!

61.

It was not easie to be understood
 (The self-same *colours* seen in *Skyes*, and *Bow'rs*)
 Whether *AURORA* lent the *Flowers* blood,
 Or borrowed *complexion* of the *Flow'rs*
There, *ZEPHYRUS* and *FLORA* painting stood
 The *Vi'let*, with the *Pale* of *Paramours*;
 The *Flow'r-de-lis*, with *blew*; the lovely *Rose*,
 Just *such*, as in a *Virgin's* *cheek* it blows.

62.

The *Lilly*, white; in whose pure snow the print
 Sits of the *Morning's* *Tears*: and *Marjorane*:
 The doleful *ay*, read in the *Hyacint*;
 A *Flow'r* *LATONA's* son loves for the name.
FLORA bets high *POMONA* knows no stint,
She *Vyes* with *Flow'rs*, with *fruits* This sees the *Game*:
 Nor *Flow'rs*, and *Fruits*, are *All* that place affords;
 The Earth hath *Beasts* besides, and the *Ayre* *Birds*.

63.

Along the *Lake* the snowy *Swan* did sing,
Him *PHILOMELA* answers from a *Bough*;
ACTION drinks out of the crystal *Spring*,
 Nor fears the *shadow* of his *burned* *Brow*.
Here the close *Hare* (to whom her fear gives wing)
 Starts from her *Form*; or, from a *Brake* the *Row*:
 The wanton *Sparrow*, there, to his dear *Nest*
 Bears in his *Bill* the little *Chirpers* feast.

64.

The *second* *ARGONAUTS* now disembarked
 From the tall *ships* into an *EDEN* green.
There, in this *Isle*, this *Forest*, or this *Parke*,
 The fair *Nymphs* hide, with purpose to be seen.
Some touch the grave *Theorba* in shades darke,
Some the sweet *Lute*, and gentle *Violeens*:
Others with golden *Cross-bows* make a show
 To hunt the *Bruiis*, but do not hunt them though.

Thus

65.

Thus counsell'd them *their Mistress*, and her *Art's* :
 That so, the more their own desires they Master,
 And seem a *flying prey* to their *sweethearts*,
 It might make *them* to follow on the faster.
Some (who are *Conscious* that their *skins* have *darts*,
 And put their trust in *naked Alabaster*)
 Bathe in *Diaphane* streams, their *Roabs* by-thrown,
 And ask no *Ornament*, but what's their own.

66.

But the bold *Striplings* setting on the sand
 Their nimble feet, which long'd to touch the ground.
 (For not a man of them but came a land
 To see what *Savage Game* might there be found)
 Dreamt not to finde *Game* ready to their hand,
 In that sweet *Forest* (without *snare*, or *Hound*)
 So *Debonayre*, so *tender*, so *benigne*,
 As was there hurt by means of *ERICINE*.

67.

Some (who with *Guns* and *Cross-bows* make account
 The *Royal Stag*, and *Lordly Buck*, to slay)
 Through the sharp *Bushes* resolutely mount,
 And lofty *Forest*; where no *Foot-path* lay:
Others in *Shades* (which *PHEBUS's* *Arrows* blount)
 Walking, or resting, while the *Heats* away
 By those sweet *Brooks*, which (stumbling as they past
 Over white *Peebles*) to the *Sea* did hast.

68.

When suddainly, thorow the *Green-wood* leaves,
 Variety of *Colours* they descry;
Colours, which soon the judging eye perceives
 Are not of *Roses*, or fresh *Flow'rs* the dye:
 But, of fine *wool*; or *That*, the rich *worm* weaves:
 Of which *LOVE* makes his *Lure*, and *Sauces high*;
 Of which their *Garments* *Humane* *Roses* make,
 To make the *Bird* sell for the *Feathers* sake.

69.

Amaz'd *VILLOSO* with a lowd voice cry'd;
 Strange *Game* (my masters) in this *Forest* rise:
 The ancient *Poets* *Tales* are verif'd,
 And this *Isle's* sacred to the *D E I T I E S*.
 Nay, what to *humane-fancy* is deny'd
 To hope, or comprehend, see with your *Eyes*!
 And see, what *wonders*, what great *blessings* then,
 The *world* and *Nature* hide from *vulgar* men!

70.

Chafe we these *Goddesses*; it shall be seen
 If they be *Real* or *Fantastical*.
 This said (more swift then *Bucks* o're *Pastures* green)
 Through the rough *Brakes* and Woods darted they *All*.
 The *Nymphs* went flying the thick boughs between,
 Yet not so *Swift*, as *Artificial*.
 Skreeking, and laughing softly in the close,
 They let the *Greyhounds* gain upon the *Dogs*.

71.

One's golden *Tresses* up the wind did blow,
 The light *coats* of *Another* as she fled:
 The *desire*, kindled by the *naked Snow*,
 Upon the dainty *Prospect* (greedy) fed.
 This falls on purpose, and whilst she doth go
 To rise (with *kindness*, more then *Anger*, red)
 He that *pursues*, falls over her; like *one*
 That rubs the *Mistress* when his *Bowle* is *gone*.

72.

Others (who *Game* in other *Parts* did seek)
 Chop on the *Goddesses* that bathing were.
 These suddainly begin a fearful shriek
 As if they wonder'd to see *Mortals* there.
Some (sliding through the *Laund* their *Bodies* sleek,
 As who should say; *shame* less, then *force* We fear)
 Scud to the *Cops*, exposing to the *Eye*
 What to the greedy *Hand* they did deny.

73:

There *is*, That (hiding with a *Veile* of *Glass*
 (*DIANA*-like) if not her *Lims*, her blushes)
 Sinks where she stands: There *is*, That (on the *grass*
 Snatching her *Cloaths* that lye) shoots through the *Rushes*.
 Amongst the *Rest*, an eager *Lad* there *was*,
Rayments and all, into the *Rash* that brushes
 (For, whilst he stript, he feared to lose the *Game*)
 To quench in *water* his tormenting *flame*.

74.

As a rough *Water-dog*, to fetch and seek
 That's us d, and wait upon his *Master's gun*,
 Seeing *him* lay the *Steel-Cane* to his *Cheek*,
 Aym'd at a *Duck*, or *Teal*, to *him* well known;
 Before the *blow*, into the *stream* or *creek*
 (Sure of the *Quarry*) doth impatient run,
 And, barking, swims: The *Lad* so, from the shore
 Swam to the *Nymph* whom *Love* had shot before.

Another

75.

Another (*LEONARD*) whom *Books* adorn,
 Stout, noble, handsom, amorous, and young;
 On whom *GOD CUPID* had not cast *one* scorn,
 But *all* his *gall* into *his* *potion* wrung;
 So that he well might think, he was not born
 To any luck in loving; yet, among
 His *faults*, 'twas *one*, that *on* he still would play
 (As *Gamesters* use) in hope 'twould turn one day.

76.

'Twas *here* his fortune, in pursuit to fall
 Of fair *EPHYRE* (*LOVE's* own *sister-Twin*)
 But *one*, who would give dearer than they *All*,
 What *Nature* gave to *Her* to give *agin*.
 On *Her*, *He* (*spent* with running) lowd doth call.
 O *Cruelty*, lodg'd in too fair an *Inn*,
 If to thy *Shrine* (quoth *he*) I'm vowed whole,
 Stay for my *Body*, since thou hast my *soul*!

77.

All (out of breath, and weary) *Nymph* divine,
 Are yielding to the pressing *Enemy*.
 Through *Bryers* and *Thorns* *Thou* onely still fly'st *Thine*:
 Who told thee, I am *I*, that follow thee?
 If thou were't told it by that *star* of mine,
 Which, wherefoe're I fly, *shoots* after me;
 Ah! do not credit *That*: For when as *I*
 Did so, thou canst think how it would lye.

78.

I tire with tyring *Thee*, my *spirits* waft;
 And if thou *fly*, thereby to flye my touch,
 I can assure thee (fair one) *stay* thou may'st,
 And yet I ne're the neer, my *star* is such.
 Stay, if thou please; and see but (if thou *stay'st*)
 The *sight* of *hand*, the which my *Fate* (so much
 In vain deplor'd) will finde at last, to reare
 A *Wall*, between the *Sickle* and the *Eare*.

79.

O flye me not! So may *Time* never flye
 Thy *Beauty* out of sight. For, do but turn;
 Dast with the beams of thy *Majestick Eye*,
 No *sawcy* fire in me will dare to burn.
 What *KING* could break the force of *destiny*?
 What *ARMY* conquer it? and *mine* hath sworn
 To thwart *me* still. Yet stay: I'm happy than:
 And thou shalt do what *KINGS*, nor *ARMIES* can.

With

80.

With my *malignant star* doest *Thou* take part?
 To help the stranger is not *nobly* done.
 Carriest *Thou* with thee my *Grief-loaden* heart?
 Send it me back, and thou wilt faster run.
 That *Soul* of mine, grown heavy with long smart,
 Hang'd in those *Tresses* which out-shine the *Sun*,
 Does it not *clog* them? Or, since it came *there*,
 Hath it chang'd *mood*, and weighs but for one *Here*?

81.

With this *hope* onely thy white feet I trace,
 That either *Thou* her weight will not indure,
 Or *she*, by being in that *heav'nly* place,
 Will change her *luck*, and *better stars* procure.
 And, if *that* change, flye never such a pace,
 LOV^r can hit *flying* I am very sure;
 And, if he hit, *Thou*'t stay; and, on *this* score,
 If thou do stay, of *Heav'n* I ask no more.

82.

The fair *Nymph* now fled not so much to sell
 The *Jewel* dear, for which the *Lad* pursu'd her;
 As, the sweet *Tunes* to hear, that from him fell,
 And amorous *laments* with which he woo'd her.
 Her *Eyes* (now bath'd in *smiles* and *tractabell*)
 Turn'd upon *Him*, who with his *charms* subdu'd her;
 All melted in pure *love*, languidly *sweet*,
 She lets her self fall at the *Victor's* feet.

83:

O what *devouring Kisses* (multiply'd)
 What *pretty whimprings*, did the *Grove* repeat!
 What *flattering Force*! What *Anger* which did *chide*
Itself, and *laught* when it began to *threat*!
 What more then this the blushing *MORNING* spy'd,
 And *VENUS* (adding *Her's* to the *NOON's* heat)
 Is better try'd, then *guess'd*, I must confess:
 But *Those* who cannot try it, let them *guess*.

84.

For first with all the *Rites* of *wedlock* joyn'd
 Were the lov'd *Sea-men* to th'*AQUATICK POW'RS*:
 What gentle *Tongue*, and what white *Hand* could bind,
 The *Nymphs* had added in those *sacred Bow'rs*.
 And now their *Lovers* heads they crowned (kind)
 With *gold*, and *Lawrel*, and abounding *Flow'rs*:
 Promise, to keep them company for ever;
 Whom *life*, or *death* with *honor*, shall not sever.

85.

The *Chief* of them (whom all the *rest* went after,
 And did obey in all things her behest,
 Of URANUS and Holy VESTA Daughter,
 As by her Face was easie to be gueſt,
 Filling with wonderment both *Earth*, and *Water*)
 Th'illuſtrious *Captain*, worthy of the Beſt,
 With grave and Royal Ceremonies took :
 Shewing her Greatneſs in her Pompe and Look.

86.

HIM (whom ſhe firſt acquainted with her name,
 Then, in a kind *exordium* mixt with ſtate,
 Gave him to underſtand ſhe Thither came
 By the immutable decree of Fate;
 To Him of the promiſcuous *Globe* and *Frame*
 Of the vaſt EARTH, and OCEAN, to relate
Paris undiscover'd, by *Prophetick* Spirit :
 Which He alone, and his brave SPANIARDS merit)

87.

Taking up with her by the hand, ſhe led
 Unto a *Mountain's* top, high and divine ;
 Where a rich *Pyle* erected the proud head,
 Of cryſtal all, with maſſive gold and fine.
 Here all the live-long day they rioted
 In full delight. and ſports to ſports that joyn.
 Within the *Palace* ſhe enjoys her love :
 The others theirs within the flow'ry *Grove*.

88:

Thus, the fair *Bevy*, thus the *Valiant Crew*,
 Divide the *Hours* by innocent, by chaſt
Delights, and ſuch as *Mortals* never knew,
 In recompence of ſo long labours paſt.
 And thus the *meed*, to ſuch high Actions due
 Of noble *Proweſs*, ev'n the *World* at laſt
 Pays (in deſpight of *Envy*) with the ſound
 Of a great *Name*; which *Time*, nor *Place* ſhall bound.

89.

For theſe fair *Daughters* of the OCEAN,
 THESE, and the *Angelick* penſil'd ISLE,
 Are nothing, but ſweet *Honour*, which Theſe wan;
 With whatſoever makes a *life* not vile.
 The *priviledges* of the MARTIAL MAN,
 The *Palm*, the *Lawrell'd Triumph*, the rich ſpoile;
 The *Admiration* purchac't by his ſword,
 Theſe are the joys, this *Iſland* doth afford.

So

90.

So those *false Godships* which *ANTIQUITY*,
 To all *illustrious Men* a zealous Friend,
 In *Starry Heav'ns* created, to which *shee*
 Made them on towring wings of *Fame* r'ascend,
 For honorable *Acts* they did, for free
 And noble *Suff'rings* (*VERTUE's path*, the end
 Whereof, is *smooth* and *pleasant* like our *Isle*,
 Though it self *craggie*, *steep*, and full of *toile*.)

91.

What meant they, but an *Immortality*
 Giv'n by the *World* for *Actions* Sovereign,
 To *such* as *ARTS*, or *ARMS*, advanc'd t'a high
 And *heav'nly* pitch, being born of *humane* strain?
 For *JOVE*, *APOLLO*, *MARS*, and *MERCURY*,
ÆNEAS, *ROMULUS*, the *THEBANS* *TWAIN*,
JUNO, *DIANA*, *CERES*, *PALLAS*; *All*
 Dwell (as *you* doe) in brittle *Earthen* Wall.

92.

But *FAME* (the *Trumpet* of deeds great and good)
 Gave them *new* Names and *Titles* on the Earth;
 Gods of the *whole*, and Gods of the *half-blood*,
 Gods by *Adoption*, and Gods by *Birth*.
 If ye love *Fame* then, if make *These* ye wou'd,
 (As *Men*) your *patterns*, though (as *Gods*) your *Mirth*,
 Fly Sloath; by *which* the *Soule*, which *Heaven* gave
 To be the *BODY's Queen*, becomes its *Slave*.

93.

Curbe, with a *Bit* of *Iron*, *AVARICE*;
AMBITION curb, to which y'are too too prone;
 And curb the black and detestable *Vice*
 Of *TYRANNY*, and base *OPPRESSION*.
 " For these *vain Honours*, this *false Gold*, give price
 " (Unless he have it in *himself*) to *none*,
 " Better *deserve* them, and to goe *without*;
 " Then *have* them *undeserved*, without doubt.

94.

Either in *peace* promote *impartiall Laws*,
 That so *great Fish* devour not the *small Fry*;
 Or (armed) tear out of the *Great Turks* jaws
 The *Christians* prey, on which he stretcht doth lye.
 The *Kingdoms* *greatness*, by this means ye'll cause;
 Nor *lessen*, but *augment*, your *own*, thereby.
 In *Riches* merited ye will abound;
 And with *true Honor* have your *Temples* crown'd.

And

95.

And to your KING ye so pretend to prize,
 Ye shall bring honour; now, with *Councils* grave:
 Now, with your *Swords*, which will immortalize
 You, as they have done your *Fore-Fathers* brave.
 I ask you not *Impossibilities*:
 "He That will, always can. Then, each shall have
 A HERO's place: or (if that more may move)
 Be Deniz'd into this ISLE OF LOVE.

End of the ninth Canto.

Tenth Canto.

STANZA. I.

BUT now the *Lariffsean* Lasses Frend
 (Who for a wealthier *Lover* did foregoe
 The *God of Verse*) his setting Steeds did bend
 O're the great *Lake* of silver *MEXICO*;
 SOL's burning Rays *FAVONIUS* did suspend
 With that cool breath which makes, where it doth blow;
 Becalm'd *Jesamines* erect their heads,
 And naked *Lillies* sit up in their *Beds*:

2.

When the fair *Nymphs* and *Lovers*, two abreast,
 Now Friends and well contented, hand in hand
 Towards the *Palace* bright their steps address,
 Which upon *Pillars* of pure gold did stand;
 To a most splendid and *Opipetrous Feast*.
 All summon'd thither, by the *Queen's* command
 Who had prepar'd it for them, to repaire
 Consumptive *Nature* with delicious *Fare*.

3.

There, in rich *Chaires* of substance *crystalline*,
 They sit by *Two's* and *Two's*, *Gallant* and *damsel*.
 At th' upper end, in *other* of *gold* fine,
 Sits the fair *GODDESS* with renown'd *DE GAMES*.
 With *Viands* delicate in *sauce* divine
 (Such as to *CLEOPATRA'S* *Board* ne're came)
 Are heapt the *dishes* of red burnisht *gold*:
 Part of the *Treasure* which their *seas* infold.

C c

The

4.

The fragrant Wines not onely are above
Falernian Liquor of *Italian* growth,
 But that choice-*Nectar* sent about by *JOVE*
 When Rebel *Giants* felt *IMMORTALS* wroth.
 In *Di'mond-Cups* (tempting to mirth, and love)
 The *Ruby* sparkles: bubbles the curl'd froth
 With the pow'r'd spring. Thus, of their *Lovers* true
 The greatest *Foe*, the watry *Nymphs* subdue.

5.

A thousand pleasant *Arguments* they touch,
Still-laughters pass, quick witty *Repartees*,
 'Twixt *dish* and *dish*; whereby, without too much
 Of *These*, to whet the appetite to *These*.
Musical Instruments not wanting (such,
 As to the *damned spirits* once gave ease
 In the dark *Vaults* of the *Infernal Hall*)
 Joyn'd with a *SIREN'S Voice Angelical*:

6.

The fair *Mus* sang, and with her shrill *Accents*
 (Which from the lofty *Battlement* rebound)
 In equal harmony the *Instruments*,
 Keeping just time, their softer *Notes* confound.
 A sudden *Silence* curbs the *Winds*, indents
 With the hoarse *waves* to whisper under ground.
 And the *bruis* *Creatures* in their *Houses* (made
 By *Nature's* hand) asleep are *swag* and *playd*.

7.

With a sweet *Voyce* she rises to the *skies*
 Rare men to come into the world; whose clear
Ideas were beheld by *PROTEUS* wife
 In a *Diaphane* and *Phantastick Sphere*,
 Which in a *Dream* *JOVE* shew'd to his shut *Eyes*;
 And after, *He*, by *Prophecy* appear
 Made it *humid Realms*: where this *Nymph* (took
 Therewith) got the brave *story* without book:

8.

Matter for *Buskin*'tis, and not for *Sock*,
 In the *VAST LAKE* that which the *Mermaid* heard;
 Beyond what *POPAS* knew, or *DEMODOKE*.
 This King *ALEXANDER*'s, *THE* Queen *DIDO*'s *Bard*.
 Now, my *CALIOPE*, I *Thee* invoke
 To my *last Labour*: begging, for reward
 Of all I write (which I in vain pretend)
 I may come off with a good *smug* intend:

9.

I sink into the *Vale* of years; and, past
 My *Summer's* pride, to *Autumn* speed amain.
 And my *Wit* (more then years) *MISFORTUNES* blast;
 Which *Wit* I own not now, nor boast my *Vein*.
Sighs blow me to that *Port*, where all must cast
 The *Anchor* never to be weigh'd again.

Yet, great *Queen* of the *Muses*, grant that I
 May close my *NATION's Poem* ere I dye.

10.

The *SIREN* sang, how from the *Tagan* shore,
 Through *Seas* first open'd by *Dè Gama*, now
 Should *Navies* come; which all within the *Rore*
 Of *Indian Seas* shall to that *Empire* bow:
 And how each *Pagan King*, who the sweet *Lore*
 And *yoak* those *Guests* will bring, shall from them throw;
 With *fire* and *sword* by their brave *Arm* so bit
 Shall be, that they shall yield to *Death*, or *It*.

11.

She sang of *One*, who (being dignify'd,
 With the *High-Priesthood* of all *MALABAR*)
 Because, the knots of *Friendship* he had ty'd,
 He would not break with men so singular;
 Shall let his *Fields* and *Cities* be destroy'd
 With *fire* and *sword*, and all the rage of *war*,
 Before him, By the potent *SAMORIM*:
 So hateful shall those *strangers* be to *Him*.

12.

And sings, in *BETHLEM* there, how shipt shall be
 The *Sov'raign remedie* of this *Disease*;
 The great *PACHECO* knowing not, that He
 Carries with *Him* the *Pelian Lance* through *Seas*.
 But the *Sea* shall; when, to such great *Guests* she
 Unus'd, shall feel his *weight*: The *groaning Trees*
 Of his *proud ship* shall know't, which two foot more
 Shall draw of *water*, then it did before.

13.

But, treading now the *Oriental Strand*,
 And left, the *Pagan King* of spoyld *COCHIM*
 Toayd, of *PORTINGALS* with a small *Band*,
 Upon the salt and crooked *River's* *Brim*;
 Rout shall he, at the pass of *CAMBALAND*,
 Th'infernal *NAYRES*, That *there* set on *Him*:
 Turning with fear the burning *ORIENT* cold,
 So much done with so little to behold.

14.

The SAMORIM shall raise an Army new;
 The *Kings* shall come of BIPUR and TANORE
 From Highlands of NARSINGA; what they'll do
 For their *chief Lord*, making large Brags before.
 All the arm'd NORTH he shall assemble too,
 Which lyes 'twixt CALICUT and CANANORE,
 Of both *Religions*, 'gainst the *True* that band,
 The MOORS by *Sea*, the PAGAN POWR's by *Land*.

15.

And once more *All* defeats on *Land* and *Mayn*
 The bold PACHECO, Thunderbolt of War;
 The multitude unnumberd of the slain
 Amazing all the *Realms* of MALABAR.
 The undespairing *Emperor* again
 Shall hast to try his Fortune militar;
 Rating his *Men*, pouring vain *prayrs* and *tears*
 To his vain *Gods* That have nor eyes nor ears.

16.

Your *Troops* shall *passes* now no more defend,
 But burn the PAGAN's *Houses*, *Towns*, and *Fanes*.
 The *Dog* (inrag'd to see they make no end
 Of laying flat his goodly *Towns*) ordains
 His *Men*, whom he doth prodigally spend,
 PACHECO's then divided in two Lanes,
 To charge between them. *He* together brings
 His *Faws*, and makes two *Pincers* of his *Wings*.

17.

In person then the SAMORIM shall come
 To see what's done, and reinforce his men.
 Dasht (by a shot which through the Aire doth humme)
 In his high *Chair* with blood he shall be then.
 That *Force*, nor *Policy* can overcome
 This *Warriour*; now he shall to see begin.
Treasons, and *Poisons* base he shall invent;
 Which *Heav'n* (PACHECO's keeper) will prevent.

18.

That a *sev'nth* time he shall return, the fings,
 To fight the brave unconquer'd PORTINGALL;
 Whom no Toyls tyre, who dreads no dreadful Things,
 Yet this a little *discompose* him shall.
 To horrid battail the fell *Tyrant* brings
Engines of Wood, dire and unusuall,
 To board the *Caravels* upon the *Mayn*,
 Which he till then shall have assay'd in vain.

Moun-

19.

Mountains of Fire shall on the water float
 The little *Navy* to consume with flame.
 The great *PACHACO* (like himself) this hot
 And fierce *Bravade* shall in a trice make vain.
 No *Master* in the *Art* of War (That got
 Never so high upon the wings of *Fame*)
 With all his *Palms* can neer this *WORTHY* come:
 Pardon me noble *GREECE*, and nobler *ROME*.

20.

For with a hundred men, or little more,
 Unto the end so many *Battails* fought;
 With such high *Stratagems* unseen before,
 On *Warlike-Hoasts* so many wonders wrought;
 Seem either *Fables* dreamt by men that snore,
 Or that *celestial Quires* (with *Pray'rs* down brought)
 Their *Champion* in those *Exigencies* Ayd
 With *Wit*, *Sleight*, *Force*, and courage undismaid.

21.

He, who in *Marathonian* Fields of old
 O're vast *DARIUS*'s pow'rs victorious was;
 Nor *He*, who, with three hundred *SPARTANS* bold,
 Of fam'd *THERMOPILE* maintain'd the *Pass*;
 Nor *ROME*'s young *COCLUS*, who at bay did hold
 All the proud *Tuscan* pow'r, till cut he has
 The *Bridge* behind him: nor old *FABIUS* is
 Or *wise*, or *valiant*, when compar'd with *This*.

22:

But at this point, her high and ratling tone
 The *Nymph* abasing, made it hoarse and sad;
 And with low *Voyce* (drown'd in her *Tears* did moan
 Of so strange *Valour* a Requital bad.
O BELISARIUS (said she) That art *One*
 Who by the *MUSE* will still in price be had;
 If *MARS* himself *affronted* were in *Thee*,
 Here is a man that may thy *Comfort* be.

23.

Here thou a *Rival* hast, as in thy *Deeds*,
 So in their cruel and unjust *return*;
 In *Thee*, and *Him*, misused *VERTUE* bleeds:
 In *Thee*, and *Him*, doth begging *VALOUR* mourn:
 Both *Bulwarks* of your *KINGS*, Both of your *CREEDS*:
 Both dye in *HOSPITALS* ragged and torn.
 This those *Kings* do, whose *justice* is their *will*,
 Their *Evidence* what *MALICE* shall instill.

This

24.

This those *Kings* do, who (with smooth Tales mislead
 Of *Flatterers*, by whom asleep th'are sung,
 Give the *Rewards* by *A J A X* merited
 Unto the fraudulent *U L Y S S E S*'s tongue.
 But 'tis reveng'd at full, when, hand o'rehead,
 They deal their *Boons* those *SYCOPHANTS* among:
 By *whom*, of their ill choice they will be made
 Ashamed first, and afterwards betray'd.

25.

But *Thou*, That such a man couldst leave, to *S C O R N*
 And *W A N T*, O *K I N G* unjust in *this alone*!
 If *Thou*, to build *his Fortunes* were't, not born;
 He was, to give to *Thee* a potent *Throne*.
 And (credit me) whilst *P H E B U S*'s locks unshorn
 To light the *Earth* and *Heaven* shall be known,
 Like that *Sun* glorious shall *P A C H E C O* be,
 And *Thou* in *this Eclipse* thy *Majestie*.

26.

Another, loe! (proceeding in her *Song*)
 Comes, with a *Regal Title*, and his *Son*;
 Who, on the *Sea* shall do such things e're long,
 As by no antient *R O M A N* were out-done.
 They *Both*, shall win by armed *Hand* and strong
 Wealthy *Q U I L O A*, and shall sack it, *won*:
 Placing therein a mild and loyal *King*
 For a false *Tyrant*, whom they out shall fling.

27:

Also, the City of *M O M B A S S A* (Crown'd
 With sumptuous *Houses*, and aerial *Spires*)
 Shall by them *Both* be levell'd with the ground,
 For an *old fault* which a *new road* requires.
 But, afterwards, upon the *INDIAN SOUND*
 (Cover'd with *Ships* and *Artificial Fires*
 T'o'rewhelm the *P O R T I N G A L L S*) with *Oare*, and *Sayle*,
 Alone the young *L O R E N Z O* shall prevaile.

28.

The *C A R A C K S* of the potent *E M P E R O R E*
 (Peopling the scorched *Ayre* with *Iron Ball*
 Which from the burning *Brafs*, like *Thunder*, roare)
 Tear shall be, *Canvas*, *Rudder*, *Mast* and all.
 His *grappling-hooks* thrown resolutely o're
 Her lofty *Decks*, *Himself* their *Admiral*
 Shall enter first; and cleer, with *Lance* and *Sword*
 Four hundred *M O O R S* she will have then aboard.

But

29.

But GOD (whose secret doom is over All;
 Best judge, of whar's his service, and Man's good)
 Shall bring him *then*, where *Wis* nor *Proverbs* shall
 Have pow'r to stop his Foes prevailing Flood.
 Neer CHOU L (where cheaply yet he shall not fall:
 The purpled Sea *there* boyling o're with blood)
 He will be forc't, to leave his life behind,
 By *Fleets* of EGYPT and CAMBAYA joyn'd.

30

There shall *ennumerable* Enemies
 (Who, with great force alone, great *Vertue* are)
 The *Wind* that fails, *Danger* that multiplies,
 Upon the *Sea*; against him *All* conspire.
 Now from their *Graves* let all the *Antients* rise,
 A pattern to behold of *noble* Ire:
 They shall behold another *SCYLLA*, skill'd
 How to dye piece-meal, but not how to yield.

31.

Rob'd of a *Thigh* (which an unlucky shot
 In splinters with it through the ayre shall beare)
 Still does he use his *Arms*; These fail him not,
 Nor his great *Heart*, incapable of *Fear*:
 Until another *Bullet* breaks the knot
 Wherewith his *Soul* and *Body* marryed were.
 The prison open, she escapes: and straight
 Doth find her self in a triumphant state.

32.

SOULE, go in *Peace*; from furious *War* retire;
 In midst of which *Thou* inward *Peace* shalt find.
 The BODY, *Him* who got it, will inspire
 With high revenge, when he shall see't disjoyn'd.
 I hear a rumbling storm, I see the fire
 Of *Sacres*, *Drakes*, and *Basilisks*, combin'd
 With fell and home destruction to rebuke
 The fierce CAMBAYAN and black MAMALUEE.

33.

Behold! the *Father* comes a mad man like,
 In whom for many *Griefs* with *Fury* rages;
 Whilst at one time paternal love doth strike
 Fire on his *Heart*, pumps *madness* from his *Eyes*.
 A noble *Anger* whispers him, his *Pyke*
 Shall blood his *Foes*, so that the *Tyde* shall rise
 In their drown'd *Docks* and *deep* *Naves* shall bear,
INDUS shall see his *Blows*, and *GANGES* hear.

34.

As a *Corrival'd Ball*, That (practising
 For a fierce *duel*) fences with the *Oaks*;
 Or, at the Trunk of a broad *Beech*, doth fling
 In Thrusts, and with his *Horns* the Ayre provokes:
 So DON FRANCISCO (e're his *Fleet* he bring
 Inswoln CAMBAYA'S *Gulph* to desp'rate strokes)
 On DABUE'S wealthy City whets his Blade,
 The *Mountain* of her *Pride* a *Level* made.

35.

Then enters (horrid with *her blood*) the *Bay*
 Of DIO: fam'd for *Sieges*, and *pitch-Fields*.
 The great but *Coward-Fleet* his look doth fray
 Of CALICUT: which *Oars* for *Lances* weilds.
 That of MELIQUE YAZ (which makes away
 More slow) with *Bolts* of VULCAN he unbuilds;
 To the low *bottom* of the OCEAN sent:
 Cold *matrice*, of the *humid Element*.

36.

But that of MIR HOZEM (which with close *bords*
 The rowzed wrath of the *Avenger* stands)
 Shall swimming see, ith' *Ocean* of their *Lords*,
Hands without *Bodies*, *Bodies* without *Hands*.
 The rage-blind *Victors*, waving their bright *Swords*,
 Shall seem to tofs so many *flaming Brands*.
 What *there* shall be perceiv'd by *Ears*, and *Eyes*,
 Will be *Smoke* onely, *Iron*, *Fire*, and *Cryes*.

37.

But ah! Of a defeat great MARS might boast
 (Bound for his Native-*Tagu* back again)
 The Fame and glory shall he lose almost
 By a sad traverse I foresee too plain.
 The CAPE OF STORMS (which in it's Desert Coast
 His *Bones* and *Memory* shall ay retain)
 Shames not to ravish from the world a *Soule*
 Whole INDIA could not, and EGYPT whole.

38.

By savage CAPRES, there, shall *that* be done
 Which dext'rous *Enemies* could not perform:
 And by rude *Clubbs* (hardned with fire) alone,
 What *Arrows Show'r* could not, *Bulles's storm*.
 GOD'S secret judgements are not to be known.
 Vain GENTILES (being a *Book* above their *form*)
 Call it ill *Fate*, cross *Fortune*, *star maline*;
 Being solely, purely, PROVIDENCE DIVINE.

39.

O! What *new lights* beginneth *there* to bud
 (The SIREN said, and rais'd her Voyce thereat)
 From the *Melindian Sea*, dy'd with the blood
 Of LAMO, OCHA, BRAVA, all laid flat
 By great DE CUNIA; who through all the *Flood*
 Which laves the *Southern-Isles* and *shores* (but *That*
 Of MADAGASCAR chiefly) the wide mouth
 Of FAME shall fill, and threat the unknown *South*.

40.

This *light* is of those *flames* and glitt'ring *Arms*
 Wherewith the stubborn PERSIANS of ORMUZ;
 Spurning the *yoake*, and valiant to their harms,
 Fierce ALBURQUERQUE afterwards subdues.
There shall the hissing *Shafts* (like living swarms)
 Turn'd in the Ayre, their *shooters* Helmets bruize;
 That they may see, with *Eyes* though ne're so dim;
 How GOD will fight for *Them*, that fight for *Him*.

41.

The MOUNTAINS then of SALT will not be able
 To keep those *Bodies* from corruption
 Which on the *Coasts* shall lye out (miserable)
 Of CALAYAT, MASCATE, and GERUN;
 Until the easie *yoake* and honorable
 They learn (with all their fierceness) to put on:
 Forc't by the *Conquerours*, to pay to *Them*,
 Rich Tribute of their *Pearles* of BAHREEM.

42.

What glorious *Palms* do I see weaving *There*,
 With which his forehead VICTORY will crown
 When without shadow or least touch of fear
 He shall win GOA's Isle of bright renown!
 But then (the *Storm* obeying) will not bear
 So great a *Sayle*, and takes that *Bones* down:
 To reattempt the thing in fitter season.
 "FORTUNE and MARS fear *Valour* joyn'd with Reason."

43.

And (see) he does it; charges undismay'd
 Through *walls*, through *Pykes*, through *Bullets*, and through *fire*;
 Opens the quilted *Squadrons* with his *Blade*
 Of MOORS and PAGANS knit in *Leagues* intire!
 His gallant *Soldiers* in more blood shall wade
 Then *Lions* pin'd, *Bulls* prick't with love and Ire;
 Upon the *Feast* (as pat as by designe)
 Of EGYPT'S *Virgin Martyr*, KATHERINE.

D d

Nor

44.

Nor *Him* shalt *Thou* (though potent) scape, and flye,
(Though sheltred in the Bosome of the *Morn*)

MALACCA (and the Apple of her Eye)

Proud of thy wealthy Dow'r as her *first-born*.

Thy *poysen'd Arrows*, those *Auxiliary*

CRYSES I see (thy *Pay* That do not scorn)

MALACCANS amorous, valiant *JAVANS*,

Shall all obey the *LUSITANIANS*.

45.

More *Stanza's* had the *SIREN* in the praise

Of the illustrious *ALBULQUERQUE* sung;

But she remembers one harsh *Act*, which weighs

Him down, though through the world his *Fame* be rung.

"A great Commander (whom to crop bright *Bays*

"On precipitious *Cliffs* his *Fate* hath hung)

"Should to his *Men* a *Comrade* rather be,

"Then a *Judge* made up of *Severitie*.

46.

But in a time of *Famine*, and hard *Toyle*,

Of *Sickness*, *Arrows*, and of thund'ring *Ball*,

Of *Season* sad, of *discommodious* soyle,

And the poor *Soldier* patient under *All*;

It seems to me of *Savage Breasts* the style,

Of an *inhumane* and *insulting* Gall,

To make a *Man* for such a fault to dye

As *Love* and *humane* frailty qualifie.

47.

Incest's detested Brand it shall not be,

Nor boyst'rous *Rape* upon a *Virgin* pure,

Nor blot injurious of *Adulterie*,

But with a *Slave* lascivious and obscure.

Then whether fir'd with *Zeale*, or *jealousie*,

Or else to keep his bloody hands in *Ure*,

Against his *own* he give his rage the reins,

With a *black Action* his *white Fame* he stains.

48.

With his *CAMPASPE ALEXANDER* spy'd

APELLES took, and upon *Him* bestows

Her cheerfully: being not his *Soldier* try'd

Nor serving at a *Siege* of desp'rate *Foes*.

That sower *ARASPAS* in the *Rays* is fride

Of his fair Charge *PANTHERA*, *CYRUS* knows;

Having profess'd to be her *Guardian* true,

And that no ill desire should *Him* subdue.

But

49.

But the illustrious PERSIAN, seeing love
Is in the fault ('gainst whom there's no defence)
Acquits him streight, and onely doth remove,
Where he may serve him well in recompence.
The Iron BALDWIN (much his Rank above)
By stealth Espouses JUDITH; yet th'offence
Her great Sire pardons (needing such a man)
And gives them FLANDERS, whence those Earls began.

50.

But her long Song the Nymph continuing,
Of SUAREZ (who his Standard doth display
On the red coast of ARABIE) did sing:
ABASIA's hindmost shore, and BARBORA
(Neighb'ring ZEYLA'S Emporium) fear the Thing
She feels; nor less then Mecha, and GIDDA,
Filthy MEDINA quakes, where MAHOMET
In his Steel-Hamac lies in a cold swee.

51.

Also the noble Isle of TAPOBRANE:
For by *that name* it was as fam'd of yore
As by *another now 'tis Sovereign*
Of the hot fragrant Barke, of which 't has store.
Of which, she to the STANDART LUSITANE
Shall pay sweet Tribute: when (percht proudly o're
COLUMBO's highest steeple) *that shall be*
More fear'd by Her, then by her Neighbours, *she.*

52.

Through the Red-Sea SEQUEYRA a new way
To Thee, vast Land of PRESTER JOHN, shall show;
CANDACE'S Nest, and Her's, who, to survey
The Wisdome of great SOLOMON, did go.
From Cisterns water'd, He, shall see MACUA:
Shall see her neighb'ring Port of ARCHICE:
And cause *new Isles* to be discover'd, which
With Modern wonders shall the World enrich.

53.

MENSESES comes the next, whose sword shall serve
In AFFRICK for the wreaths he here shall weare.
He prowd ORMOOZ (That from her faith will swerve)
A double Tribute shall constrain to beare.
Thou GAMATOO (who wilt it well deserve
Which two exiles) the third time thou com'st there
(An Earl, Vice-Roy, and Admiral) the Land
Which thou hast now discover'd, shalt command.

54.

But then that rude *Necessitie* (which none
Can scape, who from a humane womb doth spring)
Arrests thee in thy *Robes*, and painted Throne,
Where thou shalt out the person of thy *King*.
Streight will another *MENNES* (old alone
In *wisdome*) have the *Sov'raign* managing
Of the *Affairs*: (And Happy *HENRY* shall
Behind him leave a name perpetual.

55.

For he shall quell not onely *MALABARS*,
Razing *PANANE* and *COULET*'s walls,
Incounting *Cannon*, clapping on *Petars*,
And hurling *wild-fire* in sulphureous Balls;
But (arm'd with *Vertues* past the *Sphere* of *MARS*,
Quell the *SOULE*'s *Enemie*'s sev'n *Generals*:
Quell *Avarice*, quell foul *Incontinence*,
In a young man the sum of excellence.

56.

His *Stars* now calling *Him* to tread on *Them*,
Thou, valiant *MASKARENIA*s shouldst succeed:
But (if usurpt on) know, a *Diadem*
It self, thy *brighter honor* will not need.
Thy courage, *Admiration* and *Esteem*
(Although not *love*) ev'n in thy *Foes* shall breed,
If unjust *FORTUNE* shall deny the *might*,
VERTUE will give the *merit*, *LAW* the *Right*.

57:

Great *Actions* in the *Kingdom* of *BINTAN*
Thou shalt perform, *MALACCA*'s *Foe*: her *score*
Of *Ills* in one day *paying*, which *That* ran
Into, for many a hundred year before.
With patient courage, more then of a man,
Dangers, and *Toyles*, sharp *Spikes*, *Hills* always hoare,
Spears, *Arrows*, *Trenches*, *Bulwarks*, *Fire* and *Sword*,
That thou shalt break, and quell, I pass my word.

58.

Meane while *Ambition*, *Avarice* to boot,
In *INDIA* setting up with open face
Against *GOD*, and his *just fire*, are a *Root*
Of *discontent* to thee, but not *disgrace*.
"To trample on *weak Right* with a proud *Foot*,
"Prefuming on the *pow'r*, and upper place,
"No *Conqueror* is: *He* conquers with *Renown*.
"Who dares be just ev'n though it lose a *CROWN*;

Yet

59.

Yet I deny not, but *SAMPAYO* shall
 Be of rare Valour for all this; on *Seas*
 Shewing himself a thund'ring *GENERAL*,
 Which he shall people with *Foes* Carcasses.
 In *BACANORE* begins he to appall
 The *MALABAR*, that he may after teafe
 (Prepar'd with that rough *Prologue* to submit)
 Bold *CUTIALE*, and his num'rous *Fleets*:

40

Ev'n that of *DIO* (so resolv'd and great
 That his at *CHOUL* will give it self for lost)
 By *HECTOR OF SILVEYRA* shall he beate,
 And to *peccavi* turn their furious boast.
 The *LUSITANIAN HECTOR*: who shall get,
 Upon the always-arm'd *Cambayck Coast*,
 A name, that *He* doth *GUZARATS* annoy,
 No less then *GREEKS* the *HECTOR* did of *TROY*.

41.

CUNIA is fierce *SAMPOYO*'s successour.
 The *Ship of State* he long doth wisely steer.
 Of *CHALE* he erects the lofty Tower,
 Whilst famous *DIO* quakes to be so neer.
 The strong *BAZAIN* shall render to his pow'r,
 But with much blood; *MELIQUE* groaning here
 To see a way o're his prow'd *Rampire* made
 By the sole dint of *Lusitanian Blade*.

42.

After *Him* comes *NORONIA*, whose good *Star*
 From *DIO* the fierce *RUMES* packing sends:
DIO, which the through-practis'd Breast in War
 Of *ANTHONY SILVEYRA* well defends.
Death's Wriss upon *NORONIA* served are:
 When a brave Branch of Thine (*O GAMAL*) bends
 His shoulders to the *Government*; the fright
 Of whose great name shall turn the red *Sea* white.

43.

Out of thy *STEPHEN'S* hand shall take the rain
 One in *BRASILE* before high fame that wan;
 The great *French Pyrat* overcome and slain,
 Who shall be terrour of that *Ocean*.
 Made after *Gen'ral* of the *INDIAN MAIN*
 The no less prow'd, then fortifide *DAMAN*,
 He enters first: where, having made a breach,
 'Tis clos'd with *Flames*, and *Shafts*, his way 'tis impeach.

To

64.

To *Him* *CAMBAYA'S* King, *prowd* above measure,
 Of wealthy *DIO* gives the famous *Fort*;
 Against the *GREAT MAGUL*, mighty in treasure,
 To ayd him his *Dominions* to support.
 Then doth he in his yet unquencht displeasure,
 The Pagan King of *CALICUT* take short
 That would have past him: with no little loss
 Sending him home again by weeping crosse.

65.

Destroy shall *He* the City *REPELIM*
 Making her *King* with many quit the place,
 And after by the *Cape* of *COMORIM*
 Perform a deed that shall the *Nine* disgrace.
 The *Navy Royal* of the *Samorim*,
 That thinks it may to all the world give chace,
 With fire and sword he overcomes, and breaks.
 In *BRADALA* shall his *Blade* play *Rex*.

66.

INDIA, thus weeded with his *Sword* of *Foes*,
 He comes to rule with *Scepter* afterward;
 Finds dangers *none*, finds none so bold t'oppose.
All hush, *All* tremble like a *Lark* that's dar'd.
 Onely *BATICALA* a longing shows
 To fare as well as *BRADALA* far'd.
 She's fill'd with blood and *Trunks* in dead heaps cast:
 With *fire* and *Ball* disfigur'd and defac't.

67.

This shall be *MARTIN*, or a little *MARS*,
 From whom his *Deeds* he'll take, as well as *name*:
 As *stout* for execution in all *Wars*,
 As *wise* to play the fairest of his *Game*.
CASTRO succeeds; advancing to the stars
 Of *PORTUGAL* the *Standart* and the *Fame*.
 Fit successour to *MARTIN*: *DIO'S Fort*
 The *one* shall raise, the *other* shall support.

68.

Fierce *PERSIANS*, *Abassins*, *RUMES* (who boast
 Their name from *ROME*) complexions various,
 And various *Modes* (for to this *Leaguer* post
 A thousand *Nations* keen and furious)
 Heav'n to the world accuse with labour lost;
 That so few men should nestle in their House.
 In blood of *PORTUGALLS*, by their *no faith*
 They swear, their turn'd up whiskers they wil bathe.

Drakes

69.

Drakes, horrid Basilisks, Engines of Wood
 As bad as *either*, secret *Mines* and *Plots*,
 Hath MASCARENIA with his Men withstood,
 Meeting their certain Deaths with willing Throats:
 When, in the utmost strefs of Flesh and Blood,
 CASTRO (their *Freer*) his two Sons devotes,
 That everlasting Honour they may gain,
 And *Sacrifices* to their GOD be slain.

70.

FERNAND (this lofty *Cedar's* highest *Bough*,
 Where with a hideous crack a close *Mine* sprung
 Th'unrooted Wall into the Ayre will blow)
 Shall in a sheet of Fire to *Heav'n* be flung.
 ALVAR, when *Winter* swathes the Earth in Snow,
 And hath on humid Gates cold Padlocks hung;
These burst, through dangers to seek dangers goes,
 And fights the *Elements* to fight the *Poes*.

71.

Loe, now the *Father* follows with full sail,
 And the Remainder of the *Lusian* force!
 He with strong *Hand* and *Head* of more avail,
 Gives a brave lucky Battail to the *MORRIS*.
 Where no way is, he makes one with his Flail;
 And where there is, the *Rampires* are his dore.
 Such that day's *Feates*, so terrible the *Blowes*,
 They will not stand in *Verse*, nor lye in *Prose*.

72:

Then (loe!) he to the great CAMEYAN KING
 Presents himself a *Victor* in the Field:
 Pale *Fear* into the *Face* of him doth fling,
 And of his furious *Horse*, which ground shall yield.
 Nor HYDALCAN shall from the Conquering
 Army, with all his might, his Country sheild.
 DABUL sack'd on the *Coast*, Inland PONDIA
 Scapes not it self, by being out of the way.

73.

These, and the like, into all *Quarters* hurl'd,
 (All worthy wonder, and *Fame's* strongest blast)
 Making themselves brave *MARRIS* in the *World*,
 The joyes of *VENU'S* Isle shall fitly tast;
 Trayling triumphant *Standarts* through the curl'd
Amphisheater of the *Ocean* vast:
 And they shall find those *Nymphs*, these furnish'd *Bords*,
 Which are the Harvest of Victorious Swords.

Heer,

74.

Heer the *NYMPH* ended: And the others *All*
 Give their applause with an Harmonious noyse;
 Congratulating this grand Nuptiall:
 Where, look how many *Hearts*, so many *joys*.
 THOUGH FORTUNE STANDS UPON A TOTTERING BAL
 (They all reiterate as with one Voyce)
 RENOWNED PEOPLE YOU SHALL NEVER LACK,
 WEALTH, VALOR, FAME, till the WORLDS HANGES CRACK:

75.

When now Corporeall Necessity
 Suffic'd with noble Nutriment they had;
 And seen the Acts the *Nymph* did prophecy
 In Musickall Pottick Raptures clad:
 THETYS, adorn'd with grace and gravity;
 (That she of glory may new quilass add
 To the high blifs of that triumphant day)
 Unto the Happy GAMA thus did say.

76.

The SUPREME WISDOME hath vouchsaf'd thee, *Knight*,
 The grace to see with thy corporeall Eyes
 What the vain Science, what the erring Light,
 Of miserable Man cannot comprize.
 Then, with the rest, up this dark Cops forth-right
 Follow me, strong and constant, stout and wise.
 This having said, shee hands him through a Wood,
 Steep, thick with Thorns, and hard to flesh and blood.

77.

They marcht not long, when of the arduous Hill
 They gain the top; where an inameld Flat
 (In a Field Em'rauld) powdered Rubies fill,
 Making them think old PARADISE was That
Heer, in the Ayre a GLOBE, (by wondrous skill
 So fram'd with Thorough Lights) they contemplat,
 That th'unresisted Eye the Center sees,
 As plainly as the superficies.

78.

The matter of it did their Eye-sight pose:
 That it consisted yet discern'd they well
 Of orbs, which the Divine Hand did compose,
 And in the middle did the Center dwell.
 Rouling, it sometimes fell, and sometimes rose,
 And yet it never rose, it never fell:
 Throughout one Face, throughout its period,
 Begins throughout. In fine, the Works of GOD.

Infinite,

79.

Infinite, perfect, uniform, self-poiz'd;
 Brief, like the ARCHITECT that made the same.
 Seeing this admirable *Globe*, surpriz'd
 With wonder and desire was our DE GAMER.
 To whom the GODDESS thus, Epitomiz'd
 I show thee heer the UNIVERSALL FRAME,
 That thou maist read, in *Print* and *Volume* small,
 Whether Thou goest, and shalt goe, and Thine shalt

80.

The WORLD's great *Fabrick* thou dost heer descry
Heav'nly and *Elementall*: for just so
 'Twas made, by that *All-wisdome*, that *All-eye*,
 Which no *beginning* knew, no *end* shall know:
 Which *interweaved* in each *part* doth lye,
 And round the fair *Work* like a *Border* goe:
 'Tis GOD: But what GOD is, poses *Man's* wit,
 Nor can *short Line* fathome the INFINIT.

81.

This, which is *first*, and doth (as in a *Nest*
of Boxes) all the other *Orbs* comprize,
 Darting such radiant *Beames*, as *Mortall Brest*
 Cannot *conceive*, much less *behold* *Mans Eyes*;
 Is call'd the EMPYREAN, where the *blest*
 Enjoy that *good*, the *World* wants *similies*
 To cast a shadow of, and which *good* None
 Can understand, except *it self* alone.

82

There is no *true*, no glorious GOD, but *There*:
 For SATURN, JANUS, JUNO, JOVE, and I,
 Vain *Creatures* only, and blind *Figments* were
 Betwixt *Mans* *pride*, and *Mans* *Idolatry*,
 To stick as *Stars* in the *Poetick Sphere*:
 From whence again w' are borrow'd, by and by,
 For to distinguish the *true Stars* in *Heav'n*,
 To which ASTRONOMERS our Names have giv'n.

83.

As likewise because HOLY PROVIDENCE
 (Which shadow'd is by JUPITER in Verse)
 Doth by a thousand *Ministers* dispence
 His *Gifts* to the supported UNIVERSE,
 And sacred *Prophets* oft impart their sence
 In mystick *Parables* which they reherse;
 And tell us Men are favoured by the *good*,
 By the *ill spirits* hurt, unless withstood:

E e

Now

84.

Now comes THE PORT, who would teaching please,
 And pleasing teach; and mix variety;
 And He the self-same Names bestows on These
 The HEATHENS did upon their Gentils
 And feigned Gods; for I can shew with Ease,
 That ANOELS ev'n in holy Poetry
 Are called Gods; nor Sacred Writ denies
 That ev'n the *It* this glorious Name belyes.

85.

In fine ALMIGHTY GOD (who rules the round
 World, by his Second Causes) He commands:
 But (to return to open the profound
 And heav'nly operations of his Hands)
 Within this Spheare, where the pure Soules abound
 In endless Blifs (which sphere unmoved stands)
 Another runs for *fast*, and so still,
 'Tis not perceiv'd: 'Tis the FIRST MOVABLE.

86.

The motion rapt of this FIRST MORIL draws
 All the rest after, which with it are linkt.
 The hurried SUN from his own bent and laws
 Makes Night and day by this RAPT ORB'S instinct.
 The NINTH moves next, so curb'd, with so great pawse,
 That whilst SOL'S lamp (which never is extinct)
 Ends it's true course about the ZODIAKE
 Two hundred times, This but one step doth make.

87.

Behold the EIGHTH goes under That, imboist
 With Sleek and radiant Bodies! These likewise
 Besides the motion rapt with which they post.
 Move on their proper AXE with twinkling Eyes.
 See with how rich a Belt this orb is crost!
 How broad, how glitt'ring with Embroyderies!
 Where the twelve Starry Animals do make
 The SUN'S twelve Houses in the ZODIAKE.

88.

Behold in other Parts what knots of Gold
 This FIRMAMENT displays! the DRAGON there
 Behold! CHARLES-WAYN, and CYNOSTRA cold!
 ANDROMEDA, and her old Sire severe!
 CASSIOPEA'S sparkling eyes behold!
 And turbulent ORION, Sea-men's feare!
 Behold the SWAN, which dying is not mute,
 The HARE, the DOG, the SHEEP, and the sweet, LUTE.
 Under

89.

Under this great and spangled Canopy,
 Loe, in the SEVENTH dull SATURN takes his place!
 Propitious JOVE inthron'd in the SIXT sky:
 Next (Foe to Man) MARS rides with fiery Face:
 Plac't in the MIDDLE is the WORLD'S GREAT EYE:
 The QUEEN OF BEAUTY the THIRD ORB doth grace:
 Eloquent HERMES rules the SECOND SPHEAR:
 Three-shapt DIANA marches in the Rear.

90.

In all these PLANETS motions different
 Thou maist perceive, some *speedy*, and some *slow*:
 Now climbing nearer to the FIRMAMENT,
 Now stooping closer to the Earth below,
 As seem'd best to the OMNIPOTENT,
 Who made the Fire and *Ayre*, the Wind and Snow:
Those (clos'd within the *Heav'ns*) each other enter;
 And both the *Waves*, and *Earth*: the common Center.

91.

Upon this Center is the seat of MAN:
 Who, not content in his presumptuous pride
 T' expose to all Earth's Mischiefs his life's span,
 Trusts it to the unconstant Ocean-wide.
 Behold the various Parts that Ocean
 With interfused dangers doth divide!
 Where various Nations dwell, various Kings reign,
 Who various *Worships*, various *Laws* maintain.

92.

See CHRISTIAN EUROPE, higher by the head
 In Arms and civill Arts then all the rest!
 See untill'd AFFRICK, covetous, ill-bred,
 Wanting ev'n things whereof free is posselt,
 With her great CAPE (by you discovered)
 Which NATURE towards the South Pole address!
 See all this Neck with People infinite
 Almost, who neither *doe* nor *know* what's right!

93.

See the great Empire of MONOMOTAPÉ,
 With naked savage People black and grim;
 In which the good GONZALVO shall not scape
 A cruell death for CHRIST, who dy'd for Him!
 In this blinde HEMISPHERE (short of the CAPE)
 The Mistle grows for which pale Mortals swim
 Through Seas of Sweat, and Blood. See that great Lake
 From whence, with QUAMA, Nile this way doth make!

94.

Behold the NEGROES Hopfes, without doores,
 Whom both the Poverty of their *Straw-mats*,
 The *Laws*, and *justice* of their King secures,
 And the black *Candor* of their Neighbours Brefts:
 Loe, a vast Army of these brutish MOORES,
 Like a dark Band of *Stares* (devouring Guests)
 Against SOFALA'S batter'd Fort will bend
 Their strength, which NAYA bravely shall defend.

95.

See there the very Spring, and Head of Nile,
 Which fled (though dearly fought) the ANTIENTS eyes!
 See how it laves (spawning the CROCODYLE)
 The ABBASIN, who upon CHRIST relies!
 See where (a better Fence then Walls) a File
 Of Hills they man against their Enemies!
 See MERQ, an Isle of antient Fame:
 Which now NOWA the Natives of it name!

96.

In this In-land a Son of Thine great fame
 Shall win against the proud CIRCASSIAN;
 And DON CRISTOVAL shall be that Son's name:
 But against Fate can stand no mortal man.
 See, see, that way thy shatter'd Navy came
 MELINDA'S dear and hospitable stran!
 Mark well the RAPTO (Natives call't OBE)
 Which at QUILMANCE roul's into the Sea.

97:

See the Cape call'd of old AROMATA,
 But GUARDAFU which now the *Dwellers* call;
 Where the RED-SEA (so famous) doth Embray,
 Dy'd with her Bottome's shade! This is the Wall
 Or running Boundarie, which ASIA
 Divides from AFFRICK: And the principal
 Cities, that on the Affrick-side are seen,
 Are ARCHICHO, MACUA, and (chief) SUANQUEN.

98.

See farthest SUEZ, HEROPOLYS of old,
 City of Heroes (so do some conceive)
 Others, that this was the ARABNO'S hold:
 But EGYPT'S *Nawies* it doth now receive!
 The very place great MOSES past, behold,
 When with his Rod he did the Waters cleave!
 ASIA begins. Her self she doth present
 In limits vast, in Kingdoms opulent.

99.

Mount SINAI see, and tremble ev'ry kin,
 From whence when MOSES came his face did shine
 See TORO, and GIDDA, in *wealth* that swim,
 Yet want *Spring-water* pure and crystalline
 See the *Streight's* other jaw, having for Brim
 The Realm of dry ADEN; which doth confine
 With Mountains of ARZIRA, which (they tell)
 Are all one Rock, whereon *Raine* never fell.

100

Behold the THREE ARABIAS, so wide-spread,
 All Tawny-Moors, All Thieves therein that dwell:
 Whence come the Horses for the Warrior-bred,
 Of noble Race, Fleet, lasting, terrible.
 Behold the Coast by which thine Eyes are led
 T'another Gulph (the Persian) there to swell
 Into a CAPE; which by FARTACHE's name
 (Ow'd to the *there* known City) shuts the same.

111.

See famous DOPAR, which did ever boast
 The sweetest smoke to make the Altar steam.
 Mark here (where ROSOLGAT your eye hath lost
 And barren shores) begins ARMUZA's Realm!
 It lyes extended all on the Sea-Coast,
 And shall fit FAME with an immortal Theam,
 When TURK's fierce Fleet, and blushing Moons dismayd,
 Shall see unbeathe'd CASTELBRANC O's Blade.

112.

Behold the CAPE OF ASABOR, they call
 At present MOSANDAN who sail that way;
 At bottom of the Gulph, which hath for wall
 Rich PERSIA here, There BLEST ARABIA
 Mark well BAREM, an Island bord'ed all
 With Pearls, whose colour mocks the springing day.
 In the salt waves commanded by her eye
 The famous TIGRIS and EUPHRATES dye.

113.

The noble Empire of great PERSIA see,
 Always on horse-back, always in the War:
 Who think it base to have *Artilerie*,
 Or Hands not hardned with the Cymetar.
 But mark the Isle GERUN, what a proof she
 Is of the pow'r of TIME to make, and how she
 Of ORMUZ City (which was once elsewhere)
 She now the glory and the name doth bear.

104.

Heer DON PHILIP OF MENESES shall
 Approve himself a glorious *Man at Arms*,
 When with a very few of PORTUGALL
 He shall at LARA quell whole *Persian* swarms.
 Likewise shall SOUSA on their Quarters fall,
 Give them bold *charges*, give them sharp *Allarms*,
 And the *Reversion* of that *Sword*, whose dint
 Struck fire before, on raz'd AMPAZA'S flint.

105.

But let us leave the *Streights*, and *Cape* well known
 Of JASQUES (call'd CARPELLA anciently)
 With all that *Land* (which *Nature* doth not own
 By any Act of *Liberality*)
 Whilom CARMANIA, *Habitation*
 Of the old ITIOPHAGES. Now wipe thine Ey,
 And see fam'd INDUS, born in yonder Mountain,
 Near which flows GANGES from a higher Fountain:

106.

See heer, where *Nature* prodigall hath bin,
 The *Kingdom* of ULCINDE; and the long
Bay of JAQUITE, where the *Waves* flow in
 With speed incredible, as fast out-throng!
 CAMBAYA see, where this *Gulph* doth begin,
 In *wealth* and *people* infinite and strong!
 A thousand *Cities* here un-nam'd I leave,
 Which shall the *yoke* of PORTUGALL receive.

107.

See where the celebrated *Indian* shore
 Runs *Southward* to the CAPE of COMORRE
 (Call'd in old time CORRE) which lyes right ore
 Against CEYLAN (TRAPROBANE anciently)
 Along this Sea the LUSIAN (who, with more
 Forces shall be dispatched after Thee)
 Lands, *Victories*, and *Cities* shall obtain,
 In which they many *Ages* shall remain.

108.

Behold in various *Countries* (plac'd betwixt
 These *Rivers*) *Nations* almost infinite:
 Some *Pagans*, some *Mahumetans* (well mixt)
 To whom the *Devil* did their *Laws* indite!
 Behold NARSINGA'S *Realm*, to which is fixt
 A *holy Relique* of a blessed Wight,
 St THOMAS'S body, who was not deny'de
 To thrust his *Fingers* into JESUS'S side!

Here

109.

Heer stood the City call'd *MELIOPOLIS*,
 Beautifull, wealthy, and magnificent;
 The *Idols* ancient she did adore
 As still doe those of her prophane descent:
 Farr was she seated then from the Sea-shore,
 Whenas the Gospel through the whole world sent,
 THOMAS came preaching there; and did the same
 In all the *Provinces* through which he came.

110.

Arrived preaching, and administering
 Life to the dead, and health unto the sick;
 The Sea chanc'd hither on a day to bring
 A floating Tree, unmeasurably thick.
 For a vast Pyle in hand desires the King
 To frame a Beame of this prodigious stick,
 And makes account on shore to drag it then,
 By force of Engines, Elephants, and Men.

111.

So heavy 'tis, All these have not the might
 To stir the Log that on the Water lyes.
 But the true CHRIST's true Nuntio hath a flight
 To doe it without trouble, without noyse.
 He draws it to him like some Matter light
 With a small Cord, which to the Trunk he tyes:
 Wherewith a sumptuous House for God to raise,
 To stand a pattern for succeeding days.

112.

Full well he knew, with lively faith if Hee
 Should say unto a Mountain deaf, Remove;
 Ev'n that deaf Mountain would removed bee:
 As CHRIST once said, and THOMAS now doth prove.
 This doe the people stand aghast to see,
 The BRAMENS know it must be from Above:
 Seeing his Miracle, seeing his life,
 These fear the fall of their prerogative.

113

They are the HEATHENS PRIESTS, in whom alone
 Envie the bowels of her Gall hath shed.
 A thousand plors and Trains they think upon,
 How THOMAS may be slend, or be dead.
 A horrid Act performs, as ere was known,
 The Chief of These That wear the Triple-shred:
 Which proves, "No Foe so bloody, to sever,
 "As Hypocritick Vertue to sincere.

114.

He murders his own Son, and charges it
 Forthwith on THOMAS who was innocent:
False witness brings (There nothing hard to git)
 Through which, the *Man's* condemn'd incontinent.
 The *Saint* (having no way to be acquit,
 But by *Appeal* to the OMNIPOTENT)
 Resolves, in presence of the *King* and *Court*,
 To work a *Miracle* of the great sort.

115.

He bids the *Corps* be laid in view of *All*,
 That it may rise and be examin'd There
 Touching the question'd Fact, and whom *that* shall
 Accuse, let *him* be held the *murderer*.
 In name of JESUS crucifi'd, i th' *Hall*
 They see the *Youth* stand up, record to bear:
 Who (thanking THOMAS for his life) describe
 His *Father* to have been the *Homicide*.

116.

This struck such fear, that streight his *Christendome*
 The *King* receives, and *many* with the *King*.
 Some kiss the *Hem* of THOMAS garment, Some
 The praises of the *God* of THOMAS sing.
 The *BRAMENS* swell with such an odium,
 Through *Envy's* now imposthumating sting,
 That (thereunto periwading the blind *Rour*)
 They vow to put so bright a *Taper* out.

117.

One day, as preaching to the same he was,
 They feign'd a quarrell 'mongst the multitude
 (For CHRIST himself hath sign'd him now his *Past*)
 To climbe to *Heav'n* by way of *Martyr-hood*)
 A showre of Stones, which GOD's commission has,
 Flyes in his Face: who all their Tempest stood.
 One (whose *Bloud-thirstiness* could not abide
 Delay) with cruell *Spear* did broach his side.

118

GANGES and INDUS did Thee, THOMAS, weep;
 Wept thee the Countreys all which thou hadst trod:
 But, *holy Shepherd*, wept thee most thy *sheep*,
 Whom thou didst deck with *Faith*, (the *Cloth* of GOD).
 Only the ANGELS holy-day did keep
 For Thee, whom God did comfort with his Rod:
 Laughing, and Singing, These thy *Saule* transport
 With golden *sails* to her *celestiall Port*.

119.

You then, who claim the honor (like this *Saint*)
 To be the great *Ambassadors* of *God*;
 (Pray give me leave) why are ye lame, and faint,
 When with your *Errand* ye should go abroad?
 If, *y^e are the Salt o^f the Earth*, and at home taint
 (No *Prophet* being esteem'd in his *Abode*)
 Who now shall salt (I bayte you *Paganism*)
 So much of *Heresie*, so much of *Scism*.

120.

But tread we light a bog so dangerous,
 Returning to the *Coast* from whence we stray'd.
 With this great *City* and illustrious,
 Begins the *GULPH GANGETICK* to be made;
NARSINGA, next, lies rich and populous;
 Next *ORYXA* her cloth of gold doth trade;
 Fam'd *GANGES* at the bottom of the *Bay*
 To the *Salt-Realm* doth *Silver-Tribute* pay:

121.

GANGES, in which his Borderers dye lav'd;
 Holding it as a certain principle
 That (be they ne're such *Sinners*) they are sav'd,
 Bath'd in those streams that flow from *Sacred Well*.
 The *CITY CATHIGAN* would not be waid,
 The fairest of *BENGALA*: who can tell
 The plenty of this *Province*? but *it's past*
 (Thou seest) is *Eastern*, turning the *South-Coast*.

122:

The *Realm* of *ARRACAN*, *That of PEGU*
 Behold, with *Monsters* first inhabited!
Monsters, which from a strange commixtion grew:
 Such ill effects oft *Solitude* hath bred.
Here (though a barb'rous misbegotten Crew)
 Into her way was erring *Nature* led
 By an invention rare, which a *Queen* fram'd,
 To cure the *Sin*, that is not to be nam'd.

123.

Behold the *City* of *TAVAY*, with which
 The spacious *Empire* of *SIAM* begins!
TENASSERI! *QURDA*: with pepper rich
 For which the praise she from all other wins!
MALACCA see before, where *y^e shall pitch*
 Your great *Emporium*, and your *Magazines*:
 The *Rendezvous* of all that *Ocean* round
 For *Merchandise* rich that *there* abound.

Ff

From

124.

From *this* (*tis said) the Waves impetuous course;
 Breaking a passage through, from *Main* to *main*,
 SAMATRA'S noble *Iste* of old did force,
 Which *then* a Neck of Land therewith did chain:
 That *this* was *CHERSONESE* till that divorce,
 And from the wealthy *mines*, that *there* remain,
 The *Epithite* of *GOLDEN* had annex:
Some think, it was the *OPHYE* in the *Text*:

125.

But, at that *Point* doth *CINGAPUR* appeare:
 Where the pinch *Streights* leaves *Ships* no room to play.
Heer the *Coast*, winding to the *Northern Beare*,
 Faces the fair *AURORA* all the way.
 See *PAN*, *PATANE* (ancient *Realms* that were)
 And long *SYAN*, which *These*, and *more*, obey!
 The copious *River* of *MENAM* behold,
 And the great *Lake* *CHIAMAY* from whence 'tis roll'd!

126.

In this vast *Tract* see an *Infinite*
 Of *Names* and *Nations* to your *WORLD* unknown!
LAOS, in *Land* and *men* That potent bee!
AVAS, *BRAINAS*, in those long *Hills* o'regrown!
 In yon far *MOUNTAINS* other *Nations* see
 (*GUEOS* they're call'd) and savage ev'ry one!
 They eat *Mans* *flesh*, and paint their *own* in knots
 With *fire*, as ye doe *Rooms* with *watering-pots*.

127.

The *River* *MECON* (which they *Captain* style
 Of *Waters*) see; *CAMBOYA* on his brink!
 He overflows the *Land* for many a mile:
 So many other *Rivers* doth he drink.
 Set times he hath of *flowing* (like cool *NYLON*):
 The near *Inhabitants* *brutishly* think,
 That *pain* and *glory*, after this *Life's* end
 Ev'n the *brute* *Creatures* of each kind attend.

128.

Upon his soft and charitable *Brim*
 The wet and ship-wrackt *SONO* receive shall *Hee*
 Which in a lamentable plight shall swim
 From shoals and *Quicklands* of tempestuous *Sea*,
 (The dire effect of *Exile*) when on *Him*
 Is executed the unjust *Decree*:
 Whose repercussive *LYRA* shall have the *Fate*
 To be renowned more than *Fortunate*.

Heer

129.

Heer, (mark it!) runs the Coast that's call'd **CHAMPA**,
 Whose *Groves* smell hot of *Calambuco* wood:
 Heer **CAUCHINCHINA**, and heer **AYNAM's Bay**;
 Both *One* and *t'Other* little understood.
 Heer the great *Empire* (famous for large *sway*,
 And its vast *Wealth's* unfathomable *Flood*)
 Of **CHINA** runs: calling *all this* her *Own*
 From burning *Cancer* to the *frozen Zone*.

130.

See the stupendious *Monster* of a **WALL**!
 'Twixt *this* and the **TARTARIAN EMPIRE** set:
 A witness to the World perpetuall
 Of *Regall Pow'r* immeasurably great!
 The **KING** these have, was *born* no *Prince*; nor shall
 Reign after him the *Children* he shall get:
 But one chose by the People of Renown
 For *qualities* proportion'd to a **CROWN**.

131.

Much of the **WORLD** being now conceal'd from *you*,
 A time will come when it shall *all* be show'd.
 But by all means the *Islands* thou must view,
 Where *Nature* seems most cost to have bestow'd.
 This, shadow'd half, which **CHINA** answers to,
 (By which, at distance flanking it, 'tis *Woody*)
JAPAN is, yeelding the best *Silver-mine*:
 Which th'*Evangellick Furndee* shall refine.

132.

Through all these *Oristall* Seas Behold,
 Sown infinite of *Isles* that have no name!
TIDORE see! **TERNATE**, whence are roll'd
 (Holding black *Night* a *Torch*) thick *Plumes* of *FAME*!
 See *Trees* of burning *Cloves*, that shall be sold
 For **LUSIANS** blood, and water'd with the same!
 Heer are those *golden Birds*, which to the ground
 Never descend; and only *dead* are found.

133.

See **BANDA's Isles**, inameld curiously
 With various *Colours* which the *red Fruit* paints;
 With various *Birds*, from *Tree* to *Tree* that fly,
 To take their *tribute* of the **NUTR-O-PLANT**!
 Behold **BORNEO** likewise, in which dry
 Coagulated *Liquor* never wants
 From a fat *Tree* which **CAMBOJA** they name,
 For which this *Isle* is in the *Book* of **FAME**!

992

Ff 2

There

134.

There (look you!) is *TIMOR*, that sends the Wood
 Call'd *Saunders*, *Physick* and *Odorem*.
 See *SUNDA*, painted at half face, so broad
 That the *South-side* lies now quite hid from *Us*!
 The *Natives* here (and *These* who from abroad
 Travail the *Land*) of a miraculous
River report; which, where it slides alone,
 The wood that falls therein, converts to *Stone*.

135.

In that (which *TIME*, I told you, made an *Isle*;
 Which likewise trembling flames with smoke expels)
 Two wonders see, a *Fountain* that runs *Oyle*,
 And *Balsamum* that from *Another* wells,
 Sweeter then that, *ADONIS* Mother vile
 Weeps in the *BLEST ARABIA* where she dwells.
 And see, how having *these* (which none else have)
Shee with soft *silk* too, and fine *Gold* is brave!

136.

See in *CEYLAN* a mountain whose proud Head
 Above the Cloudy Region doth appear!
 The *Natives* count it *holy* for the tread
 Of a *Man's* foot which on a *Stone* is there.
 In the *MALDIVA ISLANDS* a *Plant* is bred
 (Of vertue under-water) which doth bear
 The *COCO-APPLE*, against working *Bane*,
 An *Antidote* approved *Sovereign*.

137.

Against the *RED-SEA'S* mouth *SOCOTORA*
 Fam'd for the bitter *Aloes* behold!
 See other *Isles* of fardie *AFRICA*,
 Whose Coast too ye shall conquer! *Hither* roll'd
 That *Lump* is, which *Divine PANNICHA*
 Out-smels: of unknown birth, more rare then *Gold*!
 Behold *St LAWRENCE*, his renowned *Isle*,
 Which otherwise they *MADAGASCAR* stile!

138.

Thus hast thou all the *Regions* of the *EARTH*,
 Which by *Thee* giv'n unto the *WORLD* is now;
 Opening a way with an undaunted *Breast*
 Through that vast *Sea* which none before did plough,
 But it is likewise reason, in the *WORLD*
 That of a *LUSIAN* too one *Action* Thou
 Shouldst understand, who (angry with his *King*)
 Attchieves a great and memorable *Thing*.

See

139

See *there* another *World*, which from the *North*
 Extends it self to the oppos'd *Pole*,
 And shall be one day proud to have brought forth
 The *Ore*, that imitates the beams of *Sol*
 Your Friend *CASTLE* (as *guerdon* of her worth)
 Shall throw the *Collar* on this ragged *Ford*:
 Where various *Nations* dwell, various *Kings* reign,
 Who various *warships*, various *Laws* maintain.

140

But *PORTUGALL* shall have her share there too;
 Mark't with *red wood*, and *SANTACRUZ* call'd than;
 Descry'd by the first Fleet, *she* after *you*
 Shall send, by Tempest thrown upon that *stran*.
 Alongst this *Coast* (to find out, and to view
 The end thereof) shall wander *MAGELLAN*,
 Who in reality of *Fact* shall be
 A *PORTINGALL*, but not in *loyalty*.

141.

When he shall thus have past above half way
 Towards the *POLE ANTARTICK* from the *LINE*,
 Men of *Gigantick* bulk he shall surway,
 Inhabiting the *parts* which *there* adjoin;
 And (farther on) that *STREIGHT*, which shall for ay
 Be honor'd with his name. *This* leads in fine
 To a new *Sea*, and by a new *Land* brings,
 Which the *South-wind* will hide with his cold wings.

142.

Thus farr, O *PORTINGALLS*, ye are allow'd
 Your *Nation's* future *Actions* to surway,
 Which through the *Sea* by *you* left ope, her proud
 And never wearied *Ensigns* shall display:
 Now then, since ye have found not to be bow'd
 Under *Herculean labours*, is the way
 To please your *Angell-Spirits* bright and fair,
 That knit immortal *Garlands* for your *Hair*.

143. 841

Ye may embarque (for *Wind* and *Weather* fit,
 And the *Sea* courts you) for your *Ward* dear,
 Thus said *shee* to them, and they forthwith quie
 The *Isle of Love*, the *Habit* of good cheer,
 Noble *Provisions* they make out of *It*,
 Take their desir'd *definitive* to bear
 Them company: *For* nothing shall *disorder*
 Whilst in the *Sea* the *Ship* shall run his *course*.

144.

Thus went *They* ploughing the appeased *MAIN*
 With always *prosp'rous Gale*, and always *fair*;
 Till fight long wish'd, much long'd for, they obtain
 Of that dear *Earth* where first they suck't the *Ayr*:
 Sweet *TAGUS's* Mouth they enter once again:
 Where to their *King*, and *Master* (whom they fear
 And love) for having sent them, the *Renown*
 They give, and add *new titles* to his *CROWN*.

145.

No more, my *MUSE*; no more; my *Harp's* ill strung;
 Heavy, and out of tune, and my *Voice* hoarse:
 And, not with *singing*, but to see I've sung
 To a deaf people and without remorse.
Favor (that wont t'inspire the *Poet's* *tongue*)
 Our Country yields it not; she minds the *Pursuit*
 Too much, exaling from her *gilded Mud*
 Nothing but *gross* and *melancholy* blood.

146.

Nor know I by what *fate*, or duller *Chance*,
Men have not *now* that *life*, and gen'ral *gust*,
 Which made them with a cheerfull countenance
 Themselves into perpetuall *Action* thrust.
 You then, O *KING*! whom *Heav'n* reserv'd t'advance
 At this time to the *Throne* to scoure our *Rust*,
 Behold (mark else what other *Nations* doe)
 The Best of *Subjects* doe belong to *You*!

147:

Behold how cheerfully, a thousand ways,
 Like *fearlesse Lions* and *wilde Bulls* they run;
 Expos'd to *watch* whole *Nights*, to *fast* whole *days*,
 To *fire* and *sword*, the *Arrow* and the *Gun*,
 To *torrid Regions*, and to *frozen Bays*,
 To *MOORS*, and People that adore the *Sun*;
 To unknown perils a *new World* to find,
 To *Whales*, to *shipwracks*, to *tempestuous Wind*

148.

To doe and suffer All for *You* prepar'd;
 And to obey in the remotest *Land*
 (Though ne'r so *bitter*, and though ne'r so *hard*)
 Without *Reply*, or *stop* what *You* command.
 With *You* they'll charge the *Devill* and his *Guard*
 Ev'n to the *Gates of Hell*, did *You* but stand
 A meer *Spectator* by, and never *seer*:
 But they will make you too *Victorious* *there*.

Sunt

Then

149.

Then warm and glad them with your *present* Rayes,
Sweetly majestick, and severely kind:
 Their shoulders of their heavie *Taxes* ease:
 Thus, thus, the path to *Honour* you shall find.
 Men of *Experience* to your COUNCELL raise;
 If with *Experience* they have goodnes joyn'd:
 For such have a more certain *Rule* to tell
 The *How*, the *When*, the *Where* to do things well.

150.

In their respective *PLACES* count'nance *All*;
 But choose Men rightly qualifi'd thereto.
 Let *REV'REND CHURCHMEN* to their *Prayers* fall,
 That *GOD* would bless the *Government* in you;
 And (for the *NATION'S* sins in generall)
 To *Disciplines* and *Fastings*: for the true
CHURCHMEN (exempted from *Ambition's* heat)
 Seeks neither to be *Rich*, nor to be *Great*.

151.

Your *NOBLES* and your *GENTRY* highly prize,
 For *they* their boyling blood undaunted spend,
 Thereby not only *Christianitie's*,
 But ev'n your *Empire's* limits to extend:
 And *He* who to a *Clyme* so distant flies
 Your *Royall Service* duely to attend,
 O'recomes *two* *Enemies*; the *Living* first,
 Excessive *Toile* the *second* and the worst.

152.

Great Sir, let never the astonisht *GALL*,
 The *ENGLISH*, *GERMAN*, and *ITALIAN*,
 Have cause to say, the fainting *PORTUGALL*
 Could not *advance* the *GREAT WORK* he *began*.
 Let your *ADVISERS* be *experienc'd* *All*,
 Such as have seen the *World*, and studied *man*.
 For, though in *SCIENCE* much contained bee,
 In speciall Cases *PRACTICE* more doth see.

153

PHORMIAN (an elegant *Philosophar*)
 You may have read how *HANNIBAL* did foole;
 When, in *his* *presence*, of the *ART OF WAR*
 He made a long *Discourse* by *Square* and *Rule*.
 No, no, the brave *PROFESSION MILITAR*
 Is not learnt, *SIR*, by *Fancy* in the *Schoole*,
Dreaming, *contemplating*, to *spelling* held;
 But *seeing*, *sweating*, *fighting* in the *FIELD*.

But

154

But I, who speak in rude and humble *Rhyme*
 Not known nor dreamt of by my *LING* at all;
 Know yet from *mouths of little ones* sometime
 The praise of *GREAT ONES* doth compleatly falsing out
 I want not *honest studies* from my *Prime*;
 Nor *long Experience* since to mix withal;
 I want not *Wit* (such as in *thy* you see)
 Three things, which rarely in *Conjunction* be.

155

An *Arm* (to serve you) *trayn'd* in *War* have I;
 A *Soul* (to sing you) to the *Muses* bent;
 Onely I want acceptance in your *Eye*,
 Who owe to *VERTUE* fair encouragement.
 If *HEAV'N* afford me, This, and *you*, some high
 And brave *EXPLOIT*; worthy a monument
 Of *Virtue*, as my *prophetic* Thoughts presage
 By what I see now in your tender Age:

156

Making *MOUNT-A-TLAS* tremble at your fight,
 More then at *that* of dire *MEDUSA'S* Head;
 Or putting in *AMPLEUSIAN FIELDS* to flight
 The *MOORS* in *FEZ* and black *MOROCCO* bred;
 I'll gage my *MUSE* (then in *esteem* and *plight*)
 You in such manner through the *WORLD* shall spread,
 That *ALEXANDER* shall in *you* respire,
 Without envying the *MEOMANLY*

FINIS.

